The Works

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

6400/8

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EFFIGY OF KING JOHN IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME VIII.

THE WINTER'S TALE.
KING JOHN.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

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The Winter's Tale.

INTRODUCTION.

The story of the Winter's Tale is constructed upon the incidents of one of the most popular of the English novels which were in circulation in this country during the latter part of the sixteenth, and the whole of the seventeenth century; one, indeed, of the few which retained its place, in an abridged form, amongst the vernacular chap-books of Great Britain to a period within the memory of many who are now living. The tale was, in all probability, familiar to the audience before whom this drama was produced; and Shakespeare in this, as in several other instances, judiciously increased the attractions of the play by adopting the transactions recorded in a contemporary novel that had already secured the favorable verdict of the public. The fictitious narrative here referred to was first published in the year 1588, under the following title,—"Pandosto:—The Triumph of Time; wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie, that, although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spight of fortune it is most manifestly revealed.—Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content.—Temporis filia veritas.—By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge.—Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.—Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere unto the North doore of Paules, 1588." It is possible that this work may have been translated from some foreign novel, notwithstanding that the author's language, in the preface and

dedication, implies that it was an original composition; but no extraneous origin has yet been discovered. The title of a French translation, published at Paris in 1615, is scarcely a reliable evidence in this matter; the story is there stated to be "traduit de la langue Bohëme en Anglois, et mis en François." The English novel was, in all probability, reprinted several times during the reign of Elizabeth, although no copy of any edition published between the years 1588 and 1607 is known to exist. The editions of the tale, in its full proportions, as far as at present known, appeared in the years 1588, 1607, 1609, 1614, 1619, 1629, 1636, and 1655. In 1655, it was also issued in an abridged form, which is thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company,—"27th of Aprill, 1655.—Ed. Blackmore. Entred for his copie or booke a booke called the History of Dorastus and Fawnia, very pleasant and delightfull lively expressing the whole history, being epitomized in one sheete and halfe." This version was several times republished, and a still more limited narrative, formed from the same story, appeared about the same time in the shape of a penny merriment, which continued to be issued, with modernizations, until the close of the last century. One of the later editions, now before me, a duodecimo tract of twenty-four leaves, printed about the year 1775, is entitled, "The History of Dorastus and Faunia, setting forth their Loves, Misfortunes, and Happy Enjoyment of each other at last: Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-yard, Bow Lane, London." This edition is divided into six chapters, and is embellished with five rude woodcuts. It is a more genuine version than is a more extended one, first published in 1735, which seems to be merely an uninteresting modernization of the work as it originally appeared, and is entitled,—"The Fortunate Lovers, or the History of Dorastus, Prince of Sicily, and Fawnia, only Daughter and Heir to the King of Bohemia;" the editor, one Hugh Stanhope, professing to have newly translated the story "from the originals written in the Bohemia and Grecian tongues." This chap-book was probably intended to supersede the abridged copies that had become popular after the Restoration, which are, however, of much greater interest and importance. One of the rarest of these latter is entitled,—"The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, Pleasant for Age to shun drousy Thoughts, Profitable for Youth to avoid other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired Content. By Robert Green, Master of Arts in Cambridge. London, Printed

Fortunes Tennis-Ball:

OR,

The most Excellent History

OF

DORASTUS and *FAWNIA.*

Rendred in delightful English Verse; and worthy the perusal of all sorts of PEOPLE.

By *S. S.* Gent. *Lucit Anacreon.*

London, Printed by *A. P.* for *Tho Vere*, at the sign of the Angel without *Newgate.* 1672.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, fac sim
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

The most Excellent History

OF

Dorastus and *Fawnia.*

CANT. 1.

Bohemiah's *King is visited*
By Sicil's *Prince (who had been bred*
In King Pandosto's *Royal Court:)*
Who doubts his Queen, and he do sport
Between the sheets, and (though in vain)
Contrives a way to have him slain:
Egistus *sees the snare, and flyes*
By Sea, to scape these treacheries.

INspire me gentle Love, and Jealousie
Give me thy Passion and thy Extasie;
While to a pleasant Air I strike the strings,
Singing the fates of Lovers and of Kings.
Fertile *Bohemia* (fam'd in *German* Stories,
For happy Goverment, and of her glories,)
Had once a King *Pandosto* nam'd, by birth
Exceeding Royal, and for innate worth
Every way excellent; His Royal Mate,
Bellaria call'd a Woman blest by Fate

To face p. 5

by H. Brugis for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger," 1684, 4to., to which is prefixed, on a leaf facing the title-page, verses as from Dorastus to Fawnia, a short poem which is repeated in the edition of 1694, and in some other reprints. The great popularity of the story in the seventeenth century is evidenced not merely by these numerous impressions of it as related in prose, but by the appearance, in 1656, of a brief metrical version, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on March 25th, in that year, to Mr. Thomas Vere, as,—"Fortunes Tennis Ball or the most excellent and delightfull history of Dorastus and Fawnia, rendred in delightfull Engl: verse by S. S. gent." Another edition was "printed by A. P. for Tho. Vere at the sign of the Angel without Newgate, 1672;" and a third "by A. M. for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guilt-Spur Street, 1688." The tale, as might be expected, entered into the ballad literature of the time, but in a short composition of little merit commencing, "In Bohemia dwelt a king, Pandosto hight by name;" and it even appears to have formed a subject for representation in tapestry. At least in the Mock-romance of Don Zara del Fogo, 1656, p. 146, mention is made of a velvet tapestry embroidered with the story of "the loves of Dorastus and Fawnia."

The popularity of Greene's tale, in the time of Shakespeare, and the rapidity with which it attracted attention after its first publication, may be collected from the somewhat unusual circumstance that it was chosen by a contemporary author, Francis Sabie, as the subject of a poem written in blank verse, which was published early in the year 1595. It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on November 21st, 1594, to Richard Jones, as "a booke intituled the fishermans tale conteyninge the storye of Cassander a Gretian Knight." The title of the printed work is as follows,—"The Fissher-mans Tale, of the famous Actes, Life and Love of Cassander a Grecian Knight: Written by Francis Sabie.—Imprinted at London by Richard Johnes, at the Rose and Crowne, neere S. Andrewes Church in Holburne. 1595." The author, in his Dedication, speaking of his "untutor'd lines," observes, "the ground where they grew, as it needed much manuring and diligent tillage, even so the gardener, to make amendes, was none of the skilfullest, but lacked that cunning which riper yeares and longer experience might peradventure have supplyed, whereby the fruit, which otherwise would have bene delicate, be changed and turned to

meere wildings." Sabie does not otherwise acknowledge that the source, whence he obtained the incidents of his poem, was from the writings of a predecessor. The second part is entitled, "Flora's Fortune, the Second Part and finishing of the Fisherman's Tale, containing the strange accidentes which chaunced to Flora, and her supposed father, Thirsis; also the happie meeting with her desired Cassander." The blank verse, or rather the ordinary verse in which rhyme is neglected, in which this narrative is composed, is insufferably tedious; and the whole merely deserves notice as an evidence of the popularity of the source employed by Shakespeare.

In the year 1664, Thomas Jordan, the professed pageant-writer and poet-laureat of the City of London, and a prolific compiler of ballads, employed the story of the Winter's Tale in the composition of a wretched song entitled, The Jealous Duke and the Injur'd Dutchess, a story; tune, the Dream. This piece was published in a little work called the Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie, 8vo. 1664, perfect copies of which are of exceedingly rare occurrence, the few which exist being generally defective in respect to the Shaksperian ballads. The jealous duke is here represented as the Duke of Parma, who directs the child to be taken to a wilderness in a foreign country, and there deserted. The infant is left in the territory of the Duke of Padua, whose son some years afterwards falls in love with her, while, as in the play, she is tending sheep for her foster parent. The lovers escape to Parma, and are on the point of being married, when the ceremony is forbidden by the two dukes, their fathers, and the affianced pair sentenced to instant death, a catastrophe which is only prevented by the timely revelation of the shepherd, who produces a paper and jewels that identify the intended bride to be the duke's child. It is evident that this ballad is constructed from the incidents of Shakespeare's play, not from the prose story of Dorastus and Fawnia. A later production, which was probably not composed until the commencement of the eighteenth century, entitled the Royal Courtly Garland, with a second title, Joy after Sorrow, in some copies, was certainly derived from the latter source. It is written in the lower ballad style that was popular with the uneducated classes of the people, but there are no indications to be observed in the composition that would lead to a supposition it was of a higher antiquity than the period here assigned. The conduct of the story, and its close relation to the novel of Pandosto, will be

gathered from the following analysis of the contents of the garland, which is given on the title-page of one of the old chap-book editions of it:—1. How the King of Bohemia, having married a most virtuous queen, and being afterwards visited by a foreign prince, of whom the king became jealous, and hired his cup-bearer to poison him; the prince, being acquainted with it, went to his own country, and was soon after crowned there. 2. How the king put his wife in prison, where she was delivered of a daughter, who was, by the king's order, put into a boat, and left to the mercy of the sea. 3. How the king in a vision being assured of his wife's innocency, released her, who soon afterwards died with grief. 4. How the child was drove into that country where the prince reigned, taken up by a shepherd, and kept as his own. 5. How the king's son fell in love with her, and embarked with her, and the old shepherd for Italy. 6. Being by a storm drove into Bohemia, were confined, and how the king thereof knew she was his own daughter.

Although it is certain, from several adaptations of Greene's language in the play, that Shakespeare used the English tale of Pandosto in the construction of this drama, yet the requirements of his art suggested the necessity of some important alterations in the conduct of the story, and there are other variations which seem to be accidental, or, at least, which may be ascribed to the probable circumstance that the poet, when occupied in the process of dramatizing the present or other tales of a popular character, was in no sense of the word a transcriber, but relied on his memory for the incidents, the similarities of thought or diction in particular sentences being ascribed to a powerful recollection. On any other supposition, it seems difficult to account for the singular transposition of the circumstances respecting the history of the King of Sicily, and those related in the novel of the King of Bohemia. Most of the other deviations made from the prose tale are of a more important character. In the novel, the process of the King's jealousy is gradual, not instantaneous, as in the play; the child, erroneously supposed by him to be the offspring of infidelity, is exposed in an open boat, and left to the mercy of the elements; and the queen, condemned by her husband to die, insists upon the formality of a trial, at which, feeling her innocence no protection against the judgment of a court influenced by the acknowledged opinion of the sovereign, successfully invokes him to have recourse to the oracle of Apollo. The boat, in which

the infant was exposed, is driven by the winds to the coast of Sicily, where it is discovered by a shepherd, who cherishes the princess, and rears her up as his own child, an incident followed by the loves of the young prince of Bohemia and the royal shepherdess, both of which are faithfully reproduced by the dramatist. The rest of the chief incidents are, however, greatly altered. The prince, urged by his father to contract a marriage suitable to his rank, attempts to escape to Italy in company with Fawnia, but the vessel in which they are embarked is driven by adverse winds to the coast of Bohemia, where they are compelled to land, and where the discovery of the real station of the princess is effected by incidents differing from the corresponding scenes in the play. Bellaria, the Hermione of the novel, dies in earnest, not merely in appearance, and Pandosto, after the discovery of his daughter, and her marriage with her lover, falls into a state of melancholy depression, and commits suicide. Other variations will readily be discovered by any reader, who institutes a comparison between the Winter's Tale and the novel of Pandosto, one of the few relics of Elizabethan prose fiction which is deeply interesting, not on account of its intrinsic merits, but from the dignified use to which it has been applied. The following reprint is chiefly taken from the earliest known edition, published in 1588, compared with some of the later impressions. Mopsa is the only name adopted by Shakespeare. Egistus corresponds to Polixenes; Pandosto to Leontes; Bellaria, to Hermione; Garinter, to Mamillius; Dorastus, to Florizel; and Fawnia, to Perdita:—

To the Gentlemen readers, Health.—The paultring Poet Aphranius, being blamed for troublinge the Emperor Trajan with so many doting poems, adventured notwithstanding stil to present him with rude and homely verses, excusing himselfe with the courtesie of the Emperour, which did as friendly accept, as he fondly offerd. So, gentlemen, if any condemne my rashnesse for troubling your eares with to many unlearned pamphlets, I will straight shroud my selfe under the shadowe of your courtesies, and with Aphranius lay the blame on you, as well for frendly reading them, as on my selfe for fondly penning them. Hoping, though fond, curious, or rather currish backbiters breathe out slaunderous speeches, yet the courteous readers (whom I feare to offend) will requite my travell at the least with silence: and in this hope I rest, wishing you health and happines.—ROBERT GREENE.

To the Right Honorable George Clifford, Earle of Cumberland, Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and vertue.—The Rascians, right honorable, when by long gazing against the sunne they become halfe blinde, recover their sightes by looking on the blacke loade-stone. Unicornes, being glutted with brousing on roots of licquoris, sharpen their stomacks with crushing bitter grasse. Alexander

vouchsafed as well to smile at the croked picture of Vulcan, as to wonder at the curious counterfeite of Venus. The minde is sometimes delighted as much with small trifles as with sumptuous triumphs; and as wel pleased with hearing of Pan's homely fancies, as of Hercules' renowmed laboures. Syllie Baucis coulde not serve Jupiter in a silver plate, but in a woodden dish. Al that honour Esculapius decke not his shrine with jewels. Apollo gives oracles as wel to the poor man for his mite, as to the rich man for his treasure. The stone Echites is not so much liked for the colour, as for vertue, and giftes are not to be measured by the worth, but by the will. Mison, that unskilfull painter of Greece, adventured to give unto Darius the shielde of Pallas, so roughlie shadowed, as he smiled more at the follie of the man, then at the imperfection of his arte. So I present unto your honour the triumph of time, so rudelie finished, as I feare your honour wil rather frowne at my impudencie, then laugh at my ignorancie; but I hope my willing minde shal excuse my slender skill, and your honours curtesie shadowe my rashnes. They which feare the biting of vipers doe carie in their hands the plumes of a Phœnix. Phydias drewe Vulcan sitting in a chaire of ivory. Cæsar's crow durst never cry, Ave, but when she was pearked on the Capitol. And I seeke to shroude this imperfect pamphlet under your honours patronage, doubting the dint of such invenomed vipers, as seeke with their slaunderous reproches to carpe at al, being oftentimes most unlearned of all; and assure myselfe, that your honours renowmed valure, and vertuous disposition shall be a sufficient defence to protect me from the poysoned tongues of such scorning sycophants; hoping that as Jupiter vouchsafed to lodge in Philemons thatched cotage, and Phillip of Macedon to take a bunch of grapes of a country pesant, so I hope your honour, measuring my worke by my will, and wayghing more the mind than the matter, will, when you have cast a glaunce at this toy, with Minerva, under your golden target cover a deformed owle. And in this hope I rest, wishing unto you, and the vertuous Countesse your wife, such happy successe as your honours can desire or I imagine.—Your Lordships most duetifully to commaunde, ROBERT GREENE.

The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia.—Among al the passions wherewith humane mindes are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restlesse despight as the infectious soare of jealousie; for all other griefes are eyther to bee appeased with sensible perswasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worne out, jealousie only excepted, which is so sawsed with suspitious doubtes, and pinching mistrust, that whoso seekes by friendly counsaile to rase out this hellish passion, it foorthwith suspecteth that he geveth this advise to cover his owne guiltinesse. Yea, who so is payned with this restlesse torment doubteth all, dystrusteth him-selfe, is alwayes frosen with feare and fired with suspition, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his miserie. Yea, it is such a heavy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing betweene the married couples such deadly seedes of secret hatred, as love being once rased out by spightful distrust, there oft ensueth bloudy revenge, as this ensuing hystorie manifestly prooveth: wherein Pandosto, furiously incensed by causelesse jealousie, procured the death of his most loving and loyall wife, and his owne endlesse sorrow and misery.

In the countrey of Bohemia, there raygned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towardes his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue wanne the greatest commendations. These two, lincked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content that their subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene

married long, but Fortune, willing to increase their happines, lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and the joy of their commons; in so much that the Bohemians, to shewe their inward joyes by outwarde actions, made bonefires and triumphs throughout all the kingdome, appointing justes and turneyes for the honour of their young prince: whither resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to shewe their friendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowesse and valour. Pandosto, whose minde was fraught with princely liberality, entertayned the kings, princes, and noble men with such submisse curtesie and magnifical bounty, that they all sawe how willing he was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feast for all his subjects, which continued by the space of twentie dayes; all which time the justes and turneys were kept to the great content both of the lordes and ladies there present. This solemne tryumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria, the young sonne, who was called Garinter, was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of his parents. Fortune, envious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, king of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships and sayled into Bohemia to visite his old friend and companion; who hearing of his arrivall, went himselfe in person, and his wife Bellaria accompanied with a great traine of lords and ladies, to meete Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who, to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loved, intertayned him with such familiar curtesie as Egistus perceived himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsbacke, and rode toward the citie, devising and recounting howe being children they had passed their youth in friendely pastimes: where by the meanes of the citizens Egistus was receyved with triumphs and shewes, in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they coulde make such preparation. Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes, they rode on to the pallace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sycilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slave that was knowne to come from Sycilia was used with such curtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honored for his friendes sake. Bellaria, who in her time was the flower of curtesie, willing to shewe how unfaynedly shee looved her husband by his friend's intertainement, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other; in so much that, when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of

Pandosto, drave him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comelines and braverie of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all lawes, and therefore to be staied with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that Egistus was a man and must needes love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtfull thoughtes, a long time smoothering in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspition, grewe at last to a flaming jealousie that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowely to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures, and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they two seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowring countenance to Bellaria; who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in herselfe a cleare conscience, ceassed to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, as he thought, that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play: whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the tricke of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe, he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to geve him a thousande crownes of yearely revenues. His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloudy request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, shewing him what an offence murther was to the gods; how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did seldome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them; that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance; how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow a perpetuall enmity between the Sycilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion, for so was his cupbearer called, could no whit prevaile to disswade him from his divellish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination, his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason, he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baites, preferment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus, he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience.

Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented, as soon as opportunity would give him leave, to dispatch Egistus; wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restles sorrow. While thus he lived in this hope, Franion being secret in his chamber began to meditate with himselfe in these termes,—Ah, Franion, treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all; unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a king and must obey at command; yet, Franion, against law and conscience it is not good to resist a tyrant with armes, nor to please an unjust king with obedience. What shalt thou doe? Folly refused gold, and frenzie preferment; wisdome seeketh after dignity, and counsell looketh for gaine. Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy soveraigne: thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Thinke this, Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tunne of lead; great gifts are little gods; and preferment to a meane man is a whetstone to courage: there is nothing sweeter then promotion, nor lighter than report. Care not, then, though most count thee a traitor, so all call thee rich. Dignity, Franion, advaunceth thy posteritie, and evill report can but hurt thy selfe. Know this, where eagles builde falcons may prey; where lyons haunt, foxes may steale. Kings are knowne to commaund, servants are blamelesse to consent: feare not thou then to lift at Egistus; Pandosto shall beare the burthen. Yea but, Franion, conscience is a worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth; that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites will never be hot. Flesh dipped in the sea Ægeum will never be sweete: the hearbe Trigion beeing once bit with an aspis never groweth, and conscience, once stained with innocent blood, is alwaies tyed to a guiltie remorse. Prefer thy content before riches, and a cleare minde before dignity; so beeing poore thou shalt have rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet. Franion having muttered out these or such like words, seeing either he must die with a cleare minde, or live with a spotted conscience, he was so cumbred with divers cogitations that hee could take no rest, untill at last he determined to breake the matter to Egistus; but fearing that the king should eyther suspect or heare of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunitie would permit him to reveal it. Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commaunded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reportes or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causelesse mischiefe, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his maisters credite. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limmes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shaddow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller, and saide that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet beene any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to disswade his subjects from their allegeance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should moove Pandosto to seeke his deathe, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to oddes. Franion staying him in the middst of his talke, told him that to dally with princes

was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that, if the Bohemians had intended any such mischiefe, it might have beene better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie: therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor; and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found not such a practise to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. Egistus, hearing the solemne protestations of Franion, beganne to consider that in love and kingdomes neither faith nor lawe is to bee respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sycilia. These and such doubtes throughly weyghed, he gave great thankes to Franion, promising if he might with life returne to Syracusa, that he would create him a duke in Sycilia, craving his counsell how he might escape out of the countrie. Franion, who, having some small skill in navigation, was well acquainted with the ports and havens, and knew every daunger in the sea, joyning in counsell with the maister of Egistus navie, rigged all their ships, and setting them a-flote, let them lie at anchor to be in the more readines when time and winde should serve. Fortune, although blinde, yet by chaunce favouring this just cause, sent them within six dayes a good gale of winde; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspition, the night before they should sayle he went to him, and promised that the next day he would put the device in practice, for he had got such a forcible poyson, as the very smell thereof wold procure suddain death. Pandosto was joyfull to heare this good newes, and thought every houre a day till he might be glutted with bloudy revenge; but his suit had but ill successe. For Egistus, fearing that delay might breede danger, and willing that the grass should not be cut from under his feete, taking bagge and baggage, by the helpe of Franion conveied himselfe and his men out at a posterne gate of the cittie, so secretly and speedily that without any suspition they got to the sea shoare; where with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboord. Weighing their anchors and hoisting sayle, they passed as fast as wind and sea would permit towards Sycilia, Egistus being a joyfull man that he had safely past such treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the sea, so Pandosto and his cittizens were in an oproare; for seeing that the Sycilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some treason, and the king thought that without question his suspition was true, seeing the cup-bearer had bewrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure; in so much that, incensed with rage, he commaunded that his wife should be carried straight to prison untill they heard further of his pleasure. The guards, unwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging, they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter, unto whom with tears doing their message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall. But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage, and whose unbridled follie was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wreake all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the Queene and Egistus had, by the help of Franion, not onely committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death; whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly

imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddain and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them, the circumstances throughly considered, to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pittyed her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would admit no pitty, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wives falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should never be glutted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the trechery of Egistus with a fatall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw that Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve, for he married the Emperour's daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, then hunt after revenge, dishonor and losse; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price. Remayning thus resolute in his determination, Bellaria continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the proclamation, knowing that her minde was never touched with such affection, nor that Egistus had ever offered her such discurtesie, would gladly have come to her answere, that both shee might have knowne her just accusers, and cleared herselfe of that guiltlesse crime. But Pandosto was so inflamed with rage and infected with jelousie, as he would not vouchsafe to heare her, nor admit any just excuse: so that shee was faine to make a vertue of her neede, and with patience to beare those heavie injuries. As thus shee lay crossed with calamities, a great cause to increase her griefe, she founde herselfe quicke with childe, which as soone as she felt stirre in her body, she burst forth into bitter teares, exclayming against fortune in these termes,—Alas, Bellaria, how infortunate art thou, because fortunate! Better thou hadst beene borne a beggar then a prince, so shouldest thou have bridled fortune with want, where now shee sporteth her selfe with thy plentie. Ah happy life, where poore thoughts and meane desires live in secure content, not fearing fortune because too low for fortune. Thou seest now, Bellaria, that care is a companion to honor, not to povertie; that high cedars are crushed with tempests, when low shrubs are not touched with the winde; pretious diamonds are cut with the file, when despised pibbles lye safe in the sand. Delphos is sought to by princes, not beggers, and Fortune's altars smoke with kings presents, not with poore mens gifts. Happie are such, Bellaria, that curse fortune for contempt, not feare, and may wish they were, not sorrow they have beene. Thou art a princesse, Bellaria, and yet a prisoner; borne to the one by descent, assigned to the other by despight; accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care, for patience is a shield against fortune, and a guiltlesse minde yeeldeth not to sorrow. Ah, but infamy galleth unto death, and liveth after death: report is plumed with Time's feathers, and envie oftentimes soundeth Fame's trumpet; the suspected adultery shall fly in the aire, and thy knowne vertues shall lye hid in the earth; one moale staineth the whole face, and what is once spotted with infamy can hardly be worne out with time. Die then, Bellaria, Bellaria, die; for if the gods should say thou art guiltlesse, yet envie would heare the gods, but never beleeve the gods. Ah, haplesse wretch, cease these termes; desperate thoughts are fit for them that feare shame, not for such as hope for credite. Pandosto hath darkened thy fame, but shall never discredite thy vertues. Suspition may enter a false action, but proofe shall never put in his plea: care not then for envie, sith

report hath a blister on her tongue, and let sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultlesse. But alas, poor soule, how canst thou but sorrow? Thou art with childe, and by him that in steed of kinde pittie pincheth thee in cold prison. And with that, such gasping sighes so stopping her breath that shee could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streames of teares, shee passed away the time with bitter complaints. The jaylor, pitying those her heavie passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with childe, he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in al hast and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellarias complaint was; who no sooner heard the jaylor say she was with childe, but as one possessed with a phrenzie he rose up in a rage, swearing that shee and the basterd brat she was big withall, should die, if the gods themselves said no; thinking that surely by computation of time that Egistus and not he was the father to the childe. This suspitious thought galled a-fresh this halfe-healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest untill he might mittigate his choller with a just revenge, which happened presently after; for Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter, which no sooner Pandosto hearde, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles hearing of the kings cruell sentence sought by perswasions to divert him from his bloodie determination, laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loved and honoured him so tenderly that without due proofe he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy then to punish with extremity, and more kingly to be commended of pitty than accused of rigour: and as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mother's offence, it were to strive against nature and justice: and that unnatural actions doe more offend the gods then men; how causelesse cruelty, nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that, Bellaria being an adultreesse, the childe was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last, seeing his noble men were importunate upon him, he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this devise, that seeing, as he thought, it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune, and therefore he caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas and the destenies. From this his peeres in no wise could persuade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their maisters message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her mercilesse husband, but she fell downe in a swound, so that all thought she had bin dead; yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise,—Alas, sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before envied by fortune! would the day of thy birth had been the terme of thy life; then shouldest thou have made an ende to care, and prevented thy fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hatefull revenge; thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy untimely death must pay thy mother's debts, and her guiltleese crime must bee thy gastly curse! And shalt thou, sweete babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spited by fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour, and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie, and the salt sea fome in steede of sweete milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What father would be so cruell, or what gods will not revenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lippes, sweete infant, and

wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chayne about thy little necke, that, if fortune save thee, it may helpe to succour thee. Thus, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou maist fare well. Such, and so great was her griefe, that, her vitall spirits, being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, having her sences so sotted with care that, after shee was revived, yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoide of pity, commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor rudder to guid it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweet countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the child's hard fortune: but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene boughs made a homely cabben to shrowd it as well as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat, they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves, that the shipmen thought it could not continue long without sincking; yea, the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare.—But leaving the childe to her fortunes, we will return to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge devised which way he should best increase his wives calamitie. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, and feeling in herselfe a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde, and desired that she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousie was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their wordes were sufficient witnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault; but her staid countenaunce should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited. Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, tolde her husband Pandosto that he spake upon choller and not conscience, for her vertuous life had beene ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever staine it. And if she had borne a frendly countenaunce to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lusting affection; therefore, if she were condemned without any further proofe it was rigour and not law. The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that her accusers might be openly examined and sworne, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, for seeing she was a prince, she ought to be tryed by her peeres, then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answere that, in this case, he might and would dispence with the law, and that, the jury being once panneld, they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of

them repent it. The noble men, seeing the king in choler, were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetuall infamie then momentarie death, tolde the king if his furie might stand for a law, that it were vaine to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee woulde graunt her a request; the which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Franion? and if the god Apollo, who by his devine essence knew al secrets, gave answere that she was guiltie, she was content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable, that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise; he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine embassadores dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison. Bellaria, having obtained this graunt, was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the seas then sorrowful for her owne mishap, for of that she doubted: of her selfe shee was assured, knowing if Apollo should give oracle according to the thoughts of her hart, that the sentence should goe on her side, such was the clearenes of her minde in this case. But Pandosto, whose suspitious head still remained in one song, chose out six of his nobility whom hee knew were scarse indifferent men in the queenes behalfe, and, providing all things fit for their journey, sent them to Delphos; they willing to fulfill the kinges commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which, the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose, was soone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on lande, but with great devotion they went to the temple of Apollo, and there offring sacrifice to the god and giftes to the priest, as the custome was, they humbly craved an aunswere of their demaund. They had not long kneeled at the altar, but Apollo with a loude voice saide, Bohemians, what you finde behinde the altar take and depart. They forthwith obeying the oracle, founde a scroule of parchment, wherein were written these words in letters of golde,—

The Oracle.—Suspition is no proofe: jealousie is an unequall judge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: his babe innocent, and the king shall live without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde.

As soone as they had taken out this scroule, the priest of the god commaunded them that they should not presume to read it before they came to the presence of Pandosto, unlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leave of the priest with great reverence, departed out of the temple, and went to their ships, and, as soon as wind would permit them, sailed toward Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived; and with great tryumph issuing out of their ships went to the kinges pallace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other noble men. Pandosto no sooner saw them, but, with a merrie countenaunce, he welcomed them home, asking what newes? they told his majestie that they had received an aunswere of the god written in a scroule, but with this charge, that they should not reade the contents before they came in the presence of the king, and with that they delivered him the parchment; but his noble men entreated him that, sith therein was contayned either the safetie of his wives life and honesty, or her death and perpetuall infamy, that he would have his nobles and commons

assembled in the judgment hall, where the queene, brought in as a prysoner, should heare the contents. If shee were found guilty by the oracle of the god, then all should have cause to thinke his rigour proceeded of due desert; if her grace were found faultlesse, then shee should bee cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the king so, that he appointed the day, and assembled al his lords and commons, and caused the queene to be brought in before the judgemente seate, commaunding that the inditement shoulde bee read wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus, and of conspiracy with Franion. Bellaria hearing the contentes was no whit astonished, but made this chearefull aunswer:—If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions, as no doubt they are, I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit. For although lying report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie, yet where vertue keepeth the forte, report and suspition may assayle, but never sack; how I have led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me, the gods onely know, and I hope will presently reveale; that I loved Egistus, I can not denie; that I honored him, I shame not to confesse; to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope myselfe to be found without spot; for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure; and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myself to the devine oracle. Bellaria had no sooner sayd, but the king commaunded that one of his dukes should reade the contentes of the scroule, which after the commons had heard, they gave a great showt rejoysing and clapping their hands that the queene was cleare of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie and false suspected jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly, that he entreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and loving husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to have practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne Garinter was sodainly dead, which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame joy and now suppressed with heavie sorrowe, her vitall spirites were so stopped that she fell downe presently dead, and could never be revived. This sodaine sight so appalled the kinges sences, that he sanck from his seate in a sound, so as he was fayne to be carried by his nobles to his pallace, where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache. His commons were, as men in dispaire, diversly distressed; there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al Bohemia; their young prince dead, their vertuous queene bereaved of her life, and their king and soveraigne in great hazard. This tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes, not men; yet somewhat to comfort their heavie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe, and had recovered his speache, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speaches:—O miserable Pandosto! what surer witnesse then conscience? what thoughts more sower then suspition? what plague more bad then jealousie? unnaturall actions offend the gods more than men, and causelesse crueltie never scapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloudy fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah, jealousie! a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage; a worse passion than phrensie, a greater plague than madnesse. Are the gods just? then let them revenge such brutishe crueltie. My innocent babe I have drowned

in the seas; my loving wife I have slaine with slaunderous suspition; my trusty friend I have sought to betray, and yet the gods are slack to plague such offences. Ah, unjust Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the faulte; why should Garinter, seely childe, abide the paine? Well, sith the gods meane to prolong my dayes to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie bloud a sacrifice to those sackles soules whose lives are lost by my rigorous folly. And with that he reached at a rapier to have murdered himselfe, but his peeres being present, stayed him from such a bloudy acte, perswading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish that wanted a sheepheard; wishing that if hee would not live for himselfe, yet he should have a care of his subjects, and to put such fancies out of his minde, sith in sores past help salves doe not heale but hurt, and in thinges past cure, care is a corrosive. With these and such like perswasions the kinge was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his minde; so that as soone as he could goe abroad, hee caused his wife to bee embalmed, and wrapt in lead with her young sonne Garinter; erecting a rich and famous sepulchre wherein hee intombed them both, making such solemme obsequies at her funeral as al Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly; causing this epitaph to be ingraven on her tombe in letters of golde:—

The Epitaph.—HERE LYES ENTOMBDE BELLARIA FAIRE,
FALSLY ACCUSED TO BE UNCHASTE:
CLEARED BY APOLLOS SACRED DOOME,
YET SLAINE BY JEALOUSIE AT LAST.
WHAT ERE THOU BE THAT PASSEST BY,
CURSSE HIM THAT CAUSDE THIS QUEENE TO DIE.

This epitaph being ingraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowe, and no other harmonie but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant, who, being tossed with winde and wave, floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffe to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceassed, and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coast of Sycilia, where sticking uppon the sandes it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shewe that as she hath wrinckles on her browes so shee hath dimples in her cheekes, thought after so many sower lookes to lend a fayned smile, and after a puffing storme to bring a pretty calme, shee began thus to dally. It fortuned a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by keeping other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him, for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce, wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea ivy, whereon they doe greatly feede; but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a child crie, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleatyng of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowely, as he cast his eye to the sea he spyed a little boate, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw a little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke. The sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little god, and began

with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry a-fresh, whereby the poore man knew that it was a childe, which by some sinister meanes was driven thither by distresse of weather; marvailing how such a seely infant, which by the mantle and the chayne could not but be borne of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore sheepheard, perplexed thus with divers thoughts, tooke pitty of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the king, that there it might be brought up according to the worthinesse of birth, for his ability could not afforde to foster it, though his good minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the chylde in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together the better to defende it from colde, there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde; which sight so revived the shepheard's spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with feare; joyful to see such a summe in his power, and feareful, if it should be knowne, that it might breede his further daunger. Necessitie wisht him at the least to retaine the golde, though he would not keepe the childe; the simplicity of his conscience scared him from such deceiptfull briberie. Thus was the poore manne perplexed with a doubtfull dilemma, untill at last the covetousnesse of the coyne overcame him; for what will not the greedy desire of golde cause a man to doe? so that he was resolved in himselfe to foster the childe, and with the summe to relieve his want. Resting thus resolute in this point, he left seeking of his sheepe, and as covertly and secretly as he coulde, went by a by-way to his house, least any of his neighbours should perceave his carriage. As soone as he was got home, entring in at the doore, the childe began to crie, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a yong babe in his armes, began to be somewhat jealousse, yet marveiling that her husband should be so wanton abroad sith he was so quiet at home: but as women are naturally given to beleeve the worste, so his wife, thinking it was some bastard, beganne to crow against her goodman, and taking up a cudgel, for the most maister went breechles, sware solemnly that she would make clubs trumps if hee brought any bastard brat within her dores. The goodman, seeing his wife in her majestie with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bowe for feare of blowes, and desired her to be quiet, for there was no such matter: but if she could holde her peace, they were made for ever; and with that he told her the whole matter, how he had found the child in a little boat, without any succour, wrapped in that costly mantle, and having that rich chaine about the neck. But at last, when he shewed her the purse full of gold, she began to simper something sweetely, and, taking her husband about his neck kissed him after her homely fashion, saying that she hoped God had seene their want and now ment to relieeve their poverty, and seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heed in any case, quoth the shepherd, that you be secret, and blabbe it not out when you meet with your gossippes, for if you doe, we are like not only to loose the golde and jewels, but our other goodes and lives. Tush, quoth his wife, profit is a good hatch before the doore; feare not, I have other thinges to talke of than this; but I pray you let us lay up the money surely, and the jewels, least by any mishap it be spied. After that they had set all things in order, the shepheard went to his sheepe with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby at home with her yong babe, wrapping it in a homely blanket in sted of a rich mantle; nourishing it so clenly and carefully as it began to bee a jolly girle, in so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing as it waxed in age so it increased in beauty. The shepheard every night at his comming home would sing and daunce it on his knee and prattle, that in a short time it began to speake, and call him Dad, and her Mam; at last when it grew to riper

yeeres that it was about seven yeares olde, the shepheard left keeping of other mens sheepe, and with the money he found in the purse he bought him the lease of a pretty farme, and got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when Fawnia, for so they named the child, came to the age of ten yeres, hee set her to keepe, and shee with such diligence performed her charge as the sheepe prospered marveilously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had ben her father, and Mopsa her mother, for so was the shepheard and his wife called, and honoured and obeyed them with such reverence that all the neighbours praised the duetifull obedience of the child. Porrus grewe in a short time to bee a man of some wealth and credit, for fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter, so that divers rich farmers sonnes came as wooers to his house; for Fawnia was something clenly attired, being of such singular beautie and excellent witte, and whoso saw her would have thought shee had bene some heavenly nymph and not a mortal creature, in so much that when she came to the age of sixteene yeeres, shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage; but the people thinking she was daughter to the shephard Porrus, rested only amazed at her beauty and wit; yea, she won such favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her beautie was not onely praysed in the countrey, but also spoken of in the court; yet such was her submisse modestie, that although her praise daily increased, her minde was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled herselfe as became a country mayde and the daughter of a poore sheepheard. Every day she went forth with her sheepe to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence as al men thought she was verie painfull, defending her face from the heat of the sunne with no other vale but with a garland made of bowes and flowers, which attire became her so gallantly as shee seemed to bee the goddesse Flora herselfe for beauty. Fortune, who al this while had shewed a frendly face, began now to turne her back and to shew a lowring countenaunce, intending as she had given Fawnia a slender checke, so she would give her a harder mate; to bring which to passe, she layd her traine on this wise. Egistus had but one only son, called Dorastus, about the age of twenty yeeres; a prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature, so fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not onely his father joyed to have so good a sonne, but al his commons rejoyced that God had lent them such a noble prince to succeede in the kingdom. Egistus placing al his joy in the perfection of his sonne, seeing that hee was now marriageable, sent embassadors to the king of Denmarke to intreate a mariage betweene him and his daughter, who, willingly consenting, made answer that the next spring, if it pleased Egistus with his sonne to come into Denmarke, hee doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus resting satisfied with this friendly answer, thought convenient in the meane time to breake with his sonne; finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he spake to him in these fatherly tearmes:—Dorastus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worst, and mine age to provide the best. Oportunities neglected are signes of folly; actions measured by time are seldome bitten with repentance. Thou art young, and I olde; age hath taught me that which thy youth cannot yet conceive. I therefore will counsell thee as a father, hoping thou wilt obey as a childe. Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave, and thy freshe colour fruite for time and fortune, so that it behooveth me to thinke how to dye, and for thee to care how to live. My crowne I must leave by death, and thou enjoy my kingdome by succession, wherein I hope thy vertue and prowesse shall bee such, as though my subjectes want my person, yet shall they see in thee my perfection. That nothing either may faile to satisfie thy minde, or increase thy dignities, the onely care I have is to see thee well marryed before I die and thou become olde

Dorastus, who, from his infancy, delighted rather to die with Mars in the fielde then to dally with Venus in the chamber, fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverent answere,—Sir, there is no greater bond then duetie, nor no straiter law then nature; disobedience in youth is often galled with despight in age. The commaund of the father ought to be a constraint to the childe; so parentes willes are laws, so they passe not all laws. May it please your Grace therefore to appoint whome I shall love, rather then by deniall I should be appeached of disobedience. I rest content to love, though it bee the only thing I hate. Egistus hearing his sonne to flie so farre from the marke, began to be somewhat chollericke, and therefore made him this hastie aunswere,—What, Dorastus, canst thou not love? Commeth this cynicall passion of prone desires or peevish frowardnesse? What! dost thou thinke thy selfe too good for all, or none good inough for thee? I tel thee, Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter then youth, nor swifter decreasing while it is increasing. Time past with folly may bee repented, but not recalled. If thou marrie in age, thy wives freshe couloures, will breed in thee dead thoughtes and suspition, and thy white hayres her lothesomnesse and sorrowe; for Venus' affections are not fed with kingdomes, or treasures, but with youthfull conceits and sweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to shake the tree, but Mars allowed to reape the fruite. Yeelde, Dorastus, to thy father's perswasions, which may prevent thy perils. I have chosen thee a wife, faire by nature, royall by birth, by vertues famous, learned by education, and riche by possessions, so that it is hard to judge whether her bounty or fortune, her beauty or vertue bee of greater force. I mean, Dorastus, Euphrania, daughter and heire to the king of Denmarke. Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his son should make him answere, and seeing that he stoode still as one in a trance, he shooke him up thus sharply,—Well, Dorastus, take heede; the tree Alpya wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dewe: that which love nourisheth not, perisheth with hate. If thou like Euphrania, thou breedest my content, and in loving her thou shalt have my love; otherwise——and with that hee flung from his sonne in a rage, leaving him a sorrowfull man, in that he had by deniall displeased his father, and halfe angrie with himselfe that hee could not yeeld to that passion whereto both reason and his father perswaded him. But see how fortune is plumed with time's feathers, and how shee can minister strange causes to breede straunge effectes! It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmer's daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired herself in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepheards use. As the evening grew on, and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke to see if they were well folded, and as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus, who all that daye had bene hawking, and kilde store of game, incountred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia he was halfe afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seene Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature. As thus he stoode in a maze, one of his pages told him that the maide with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the faire shepheardesse whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her minde with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had bin trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpnesse of witte, that Dorastus thought her outward beautie was but a counterfait to darken her inward qualities, wondring how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage,

and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, beauty, seeing him at discovert, thought not to lose the vantage, but strooke him so deepely with an invenomed shafte, as he wholy lost his libertie, and became a slave to love, which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poore shepheardesse, who before refused the offer of a rich princesse; for the perfection of Fawnia had so fired his fancie as he felt his minde greatly chaunged, and his affections altered, cursing love that had wrought such a chaunge, and blaming the basenesse of his mind that would make such a choice; but thinking that these were but passionat toies that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the syren that inchaunted him he put spurs to his horse, and bad this faire shepheardesse farwell. Fawnia, who all this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus, seeing his face so wel featured, and each lim so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long till she found her selfe faultie, and perceived that if she waded but a little further she might slippe over her shooes; shee, therefore, seeking to quench that fier which never was put out, went home and faining herselfe not well at ease, got her to bed; where, casting a thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest; for if she waked, she began to call to minde his beautie, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleepe, she then dreamed of his perfection. Pestered thus with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers. Dorastus, who all this while rode with a flea in his eare, could not by any meanes forget the sweete favour of Fawnia, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty, as hee could take no rest. He felt fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind readie to yeeld as vanquished; yet he began with divers considerations to suppresse this frantick affection, calling to minde that Fawnia was a shepheardesse, one not worthy to be looked at of a prince, much lesse to bee loved of such a potentate: thinking what a discredite it were to himselfe, and what a griefe it would be to his father, blaming fortune and accusing his owne follie that should bee so fond as but once to cast a glaunce at such a country slut. As thus he was raging against him selfe, Love fearing, if she dallied long, to loose her champion, stept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh wounde as it pearst him at the heart, that hee was faine to yeeld, maugre his face, and to forsake the companie and gette him to his chamber, where, being solemnly set, hee burst into these passionate tearmes,—Ah, Dorastus, art thou alone! No not alone, while thou art tired with these unacquainted passions. Yeld to fancy thou canst not by thy father's counsaile, but in a frenzie thou art by just destinies. Thy father were content if thou couldest love, and thou therefore discontent, because thou doest love. O, devine love! feared of men because honoured of the gods, not to be suppressed by wisdome, because not to be comprehended by reason; without lawe, and therefore above all law. How now, Dorastus! why doest thou blaze that with praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses? yet why should they curse love that are in love? Blush, Dorastus, at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love; thy thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy affections without discredit. Ah Fawnia, sweete Fawnia, thy beauty Fawnia! Shamest not thou, Dorastus, to name one unfitte for thy birth, thy dignities, thy kingdomes? Dye, Dorastus, Dorastus, die! Better hadst thou perish with high desires, then live in base thoughts. Yea, but beautie must be obeyed because it is beauty, yet framed of the gods to feede the eye, not to fetter the heart. Ah, but he that striveth against love, shooteth with them of Scyrum, against the winde, and with the cockeatrice pecketh against the steele. I will therefore obey, because I must obey. Fawnia, yea, Fawnia shall be my fortune in spight of fortune. The gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne, Jupiter Io, and why not I then Fawnia? one something inferiour to these

in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie, borne to be a shepheardesse, but worthy to be a goddesse. Ah, Dorastus, wilt thou so forget thyselfe as to suffer affection to suppresse wisdome, and love to violate thine honour? how sower will thy choice be to thy father, sorrowfull to thy subjects, to thy friends a griefe, most gladsome to thy foes! Subdue then thy affections, and cease to love her whome thou couldst not love unlesse blinded with too much love. Tushe, I talke to the wind, and in seeking to prevent the causes I further the effectes. I will yet praise Fawnia; honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day followe content, not counsaile. Doo, Dorastus: thou canst but repent. And with that his page came into the chamber, whereupon hee ceased from his complaints, hoping that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, so poore Fawnia was diversly perplexed; for the next morning getting up very earely shee went to her sheepe, thinking with hard labours to passe away her new conceived amours, beginning very busily to drive them to the field, and then to shifte the foldes. At last, wearied with toile, she sate her down, where, poore soule, she was more tryed with fond affections; for love beganne to assault her, in so much that, as she sate upon the side of a hill she began to accuse her owne folly in these tearmes,—Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore infortunate because Fawnia! thy shepherds hooke sheweth thy poore state, thy proud desires an aspiring mind: the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No bastard hauke must soare so hie as the hobbie, no fowle gaze against the sunne but the eagle; actions wrought against nature reape despight, and thoughts above fortune disdaine. Fawnia, thou art a shepheardesse, daughter to poore Porrus; if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stande; if thou climbe, thou art sure to fal. The herb Anita growing higher then sixe ynches becommeth a weede. Nylus flowing more than twelve cubits procureth a dearth. Daring affections that passe measure are cut shorte by time or fortune; suppresse then, Fawnia, those thoughts which thou mayest shame to expresse. But ah, Fawnia, love is a lord who will commaund by power, and constraine by force. Dorastus, ah, Dorastus is the man I love! the woorse is thy hap, and the lesse cause hast thou to hope. Will eagles catch at flyes? will cedars stoupe to brambles, or mighty princes looke at such homely trulles? No, no; thinke this: Dorastus disdaine is greater then thy desire; hee is a prince respecting his honour, thou a beggars brat forgetting thy calling. Cease then not onely to say, but to thinke to love Dorastus, and dissemble thy love, Fawnia; for better it were to dye with griefe, then to live with shame. Yet in despight of love I will sigh, to see if I can sigh out love. Fawnia somewhat appeasing her griefes with these pithie perswasions began, after her wonted maner, to walke about her sheepe, and to keepe them from straying into the corne, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate, and with the impossibilities of her love; thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very destinies did deny her to obteine. But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions, for love so fiercely assayled him, that neither companie nor musicke could mitigate his martirdome, but did rather far the more increase his maladie: shame would not let him crave counsaile in this case, nor feare of his fathers displeasure reveyle it to any secrete friend: but he was faine to make a secretarie of himselfe, and to participate his thoughtes with his owne troubled mind. Lingring thus awhile in doubtfull suspence, at last stealing secretely from the court without either man or page, hee went to see if hee could espie Fawnia walking abroade in the field; but as one having a great deal more skill to retrive the partridge with his spaniels then to hunt after such a straunge pray, he sought but was little the better; which crosse lucke drave him into a great choler, that he began to accuse both love and fortune. But as he was readie to retire, he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a

hill, making a garland of such homely flowres as the fields did afoord. This sight so revived his spirites that he drewe nigh, with more judgement, to take a view of her singular perfection, which hee found to bee such as in that countrey attyre shee stained al the courtlie dames of Sicilia. While thus he stoode gazing with pearcing lookes on her surpassing beautie, Fawnia cast her eye aside and spyed Dorastus, which sudden sight made the poore girle to blush, and to die her christal cheeks with a vermilion red, which gave her such a grace as she seemed farre more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the prince with such modest curtesies as he wondred how a country maid could afoord such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her curtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parlie with her on this manner,—Faire maide, quoth he, either your want is great, or a shepheard's life very sweete, that your delight is in such country labors. I cannot conceive what pleasure you should take, unlesse you meane to imitate the nymphes, being yourselfe so like a nymph. To put me out of this doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a shepherdes life, and what pleasures you have to contervaile these drudging laboures. Fawnia with blushing face made him this ready aunswere,—Sir, what richer state then content, or what sweeter life then quiet? we shepheards are not borne to honor, nor beholding unto beautie; the lesse care we have to feare fame or fortune. We account our attire brave inough if warme inough, and our foode dainty if to suffice nature: our greatest enemie is the wolfe; our only care in safe keeping our flock: instead of courtly ditties, we spend the daies with country songs; our amorous conceites are homely thoughtes: delighting as much to talke of Pan and his cuntrey prankes, as ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toyes. Our toyle is in shifting the fouldes and looking to the lambes, easie labours; oft singing and telling tales, homely pleasures; our greatest welth not to covet, our honor not to climbe, our quiet not to care. Envie looketh not so lowe as shepheards; shepheards gaze not so high as ambition. We are rich in that we are poore with content, and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud. This wittie aunswer of Fawnia so inflamed Dorastus fancy, as he commended himselfe for making so good a choyce, thinking, if her birth were aunswerable to her wit and beauty, that she were a fitte mate for the most famous prince in the worlde. He therefore beganne to sifte her more narrowely on this manner,—Fawnia, I see thou art content with country labours, because thou knowest not courtly pleasures. I commend thy wit, and pitty thy want; but wilt thou leave thy fathers cottage and serve a courtlie mistresse? Sir, quoth she, beggers ought not to strive against fortune, nor to gaze after honour, least either their fall be greater, or they become blinde. I am borne to toile for the court, not in the court, my nature unfit for their nurture: better live, then, in meane degree, than in high disdaine. Well saide, Fawnia, quoth Dorastus; I gesse at thy thoughtes; thou art in love with some countrey shephearde. No, sir, quoth she; shepheards cannot love that are so simple, and maides may not love that are so young. Nay, therefore, quoth Dorastus, maides must love because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though olde, is painted with fresh coloures. I graunt, quoth she, age may be painted with new shadowes, and youth may have imperfect affections; but what arte concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in the other. Dorastus seeing Fawnia helde him so harde, thought it was vaine so long to beate about the bush; therefore he thought to have given her a fresh charge, but he was so prevented by certaine of his men, who, missing their master, came posting to seeke him, seeing that he was gone foorth all alone; yet before they drewe so nie that they might heare their talke, he used these speeches. Why, Fawnia, perhappes I love thee, and then thou must needes yeelde, for thou knowest I can commaunde and constraine. Trueth, sir, quoth she, but not to love; for

constrained love is force, not love; and know this, sir, mine honesty is such, as I hadde rather dye then be a concubine even to a king, and my birth is so base as I am unfitte to bee a wife to a poore farmer. Why then, quoth he, thou canst not love Dorastus. Yes, saide Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a shepheard. And with that, the presence of his men broke off their parle, so that he wente with them to the palace and left Fawnia sitting still on the hill side, who, seeing that the night drewe on, shifted her fouldes, and busied herselfe about other worke to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not prevaile; for the beautie of Dorastus had made such a deepe impression in her heart, as it could not be worne out without cracking, so that she was faine to blame her owne folly in this wise. Ah, Fawnia, why doest thou gaze against the sunne, or catch at the winde? starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hande; thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires; falles come not by sitting low, but by climing too hie. What then, shal al feare to fal because some happe to fall? No, lucke commeth by lot, and fortune windeth those threedes which the destinies spin. Thou art favored, Fawnia, of a prince, and yet thou art so fond to reject desired favours; thou hast deniall at thy tonges end, and desire at thy hearts bottome; a womans fault to spurne at that with her foote, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia, and yet seemest to lower. Take heede; if hee retire, thou wilt repent; for unles hee love, thou canst but dye. Dye then, Fawnia, for Dorastus doth but jest; the lyon never prayeth on the mouse, nor faulcons stoupe not to dead stales. Sit downe then in sorrow; ceasse to love and content thyselfe that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh ho! ah, foole, it were seemelier for thee to whistle as a shepheard, then to sigh as a lover. And with that she ceassed from these perplexed passions, folding her sheepe and hying home to her poore cottage. But such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to thinke on the witte and beautie of Fawnia, and to see how fond hee was being a prince, and how forward she was being a beggar, that he began to loose his wonted appetite, to looke pale and wan; instead of mirth, to feede on melancholy, for courtly daunces to use cold dumpes; in so much that not onely his owne men, but his father and all the court began to marvaile at his sudden change, thinking that some lingring sicknes had brought him into this state. Wherefore he caused phisitions to come, but Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his urine; but remained stil so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in himselfe a farther inconvenience. His honor wished him to ceasse from such folly, but love forced him to follow fancy. Yea, and in despight of honour, love wonne the conquest, so that his hot desires caused him to find new devises; for hee presently made himselfe a shepheards coate, that he might goe unknowne, and with the lesse suspition, to prattle with Fawnia, and conveied it secretly into a thick grove hard adjoyning to the pallace, whither finding fit time and oportunity he went all alone, and putting off his princely apparel got on those shepheards roabes, and taking a great hooke in his hand, which he had also gotten, he went very anciently to finde out the mistres of his affection. But as he went by the way, seeing himselfe clad in such unseemely ragges, he began to smile at his owne folly and to reprove his fondnesse in these tearmes, Well, said Dorastus, thou keepest a right decorum; base desires and homely attires; thy thoughtes are fit for none but a shepheard, and thy apparell such only as becomes a shepheard. A strang change from a prince to a pesant! what, is it thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly? Is it thy cursed destinies, or thy crooked desires, that appointeth thee this penance? Ah, Dorastus, thou canst but love; and unlesse thou love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet, fond foole, choose flowers, not weedes; diamondes, not peables; ladies which may honor thee, not shepheards

which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in silkes, not in ragges; and Cupid treadeth on disdaine, when he reacheth at dignitie. And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepheards weede; the heavenly godes have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepheard; they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love. Devising thus with himselfe, hee drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her shepe, who casting her eye aside, and seeing such a manerly shepheard, perfectly limmed and comming with so good a pace, she began halfe to forget Dorastus and to favor this prety shepheard, whom she thought shee might both love and obtaine. But as shee was in these thoughts, she perceived then that it was the yong prince Dorastus, wherefore she rose up and reverently saluted him. Dorastus taking her by the hand repaied her curtesie with a sweete kisse, and praying her to sit downe by him, he began thus to lay the batterie,—If thou marvell, Fawnia, at my strange attyre, thou wouldest more muse at my unaccustomed thoughtes; the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward sences. I love, Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no lesse. I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst but graunt my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he ceast to be a prince, and to become a shepheard, and see I have made the change, and therefore not to misse of my choice. Trueth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear cowles are not monkes; painted eagles are pictures, not eagles. Zeuxis grapes were like grapes, yet shadowes; rich clothing make not princes, nor homely attyre beggers; shepheards are not called shepheardes because they were hookes and bagges, but that they are borne poore and live to keepe sheepe; so this attire hath not made Dorastus a shepherd, but to seeme like a shepherd. Well, Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a shepherd, I could not but like thee, and, being a prince, I am forst to love thee. Take heed, Fawnia; be not proud of beauties painting, for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossome. Those which disdayne in youth are despised in age. Beauties shadowes are tricked up with Time's colours, which, being set to drie in the sunne, are stained with the sunne, scarce pleasing the sight ere they beginne not to be worth the sight; not much unlike the herbe Ephemeron, which flourisheth in the morning, and is withered before the sunne setting. If my desire were against lawe, thou mightest justly deny me by reason; but I love thee, Fawnia, not to misuse thee as a concubine, but to use thee as my wife. I can promise no more, and meane to performe no lesse. Fawnia hearing this solemne protestation of Dorastus, could no longer withstand the assault, but yeelded up the forte in these friendly tearmes,—Ah, Dorastus, I shame to expresse that thou forcest me with thy sugred speeche to confesse; my base birth causeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as kings, and yet my desires reach as high as princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a shepherdesse; but the gods know I have honored Dorastus, pardon if I say amisse, yea, and loved Dorastus with such dutiful affection as Fawnia can performe, or Dorastus desire. I yeeld, not overcome with prayers but with love, resting Dorastus handmaid ready to obey his wil, if no prejudice at all to his honour, nor to my credit. Dorastus hearing this freendly conclusion of Fawnia, embraced her in his armes, swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune, should diminish his affection; but that in despight of the destinies, he would remaine loyall unto death. Having thus plight their troath each to other, seeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sycilia, for that Egistus consent woulde never bee graunted to so meane a match, Dorastus determined, as sone as time and oportunitie would give him leave, to provide a great masse of money, and many rich and costly jewels for the easier cariage, and then to transporte themselves and their treasure into

Italy, where they should leade a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his father, or els by sucession come to the kingdome. This devise was greatly praysed of Fawnia, for she feared if the king his father should but heare of the contract, that his furie would be such as no lesse then death would stand for payment. She therefore tould him that delay bred daunger; that many mishaps did fall out betweene the cup and the lip; and that to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to passe out of Sycilia, least fortune might prevent their pretence with some newe despight. Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire, promised to dispatch his affaires with as great hast as either time or oportunitie would geve him leave, and so resting upon this point, after many imbracings and sweete kisses, they departed. Dorastus, having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the grove where hee had his rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, hiding up his shepheard's attire till occasion should serve againe to use it, he went to the pallace, shewing by his merrie countenaunce that either the state of his body was amended, or the case of his minde greatly redressed. Fawnia, poore sowle, was no lesse joyful, that, being a shepheardesse, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, hoping in time to be advaunced from the daughter of a poore farmer to be the wife of a riche king; so that she thought every houre a yeere, till by their departure they might prevent danger, not ceasing still to goe every daye to her sheepe, not so much for the care of her flock, as for the desire she had to see her love and lord, Dorastus, who oftentimes, when oportunitie would serve, repaired thither to feede his fancy with the sweet content of Fawnia's presence. And although he never went to visit her but in his shepheards ragges, yet his ofte repaire made him not onely suspected, but knowne to divers of their neighbours; who for the good will they bare to old Porrus tould him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keepe his daughter at home, least she went so ofte to the field that shee brought him home a yong sonne, for they feared that Fawnia, being so beautifull, the yong prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was striken into a dump at these newes, so that thanking his neighboures for their good will, he hyed him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his handes and shedding forth teares, he brake the matter to her in these tearmes,—I am afraid, wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made herselfe so fine, that she will buy repentance too deare. I heare newes, which, if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is tould me by my neighbours that Dorastus, the king's sonne, begins to looke at oure daughter Fawnia; which if it be so, I will not geve her a halfepeny for her honestie at the yeeres end. I tell thee, wife, now-adaies beautie is a great stale to trap young men, and faire wordes and sweete promises are two great enemies to a mayden's honestie; and thou knowest, where poore men intreate and cannot obtaine, there princes may commaund and wil obtaine. Though kings sonnes daunce in nettes, they may not be seene; but poore mens faultes are spied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where kinges lustes are lawes, and that they should binde poore men to that which they themselves wilfully breake. Peace, husband, quoth his wife, take heede what you say: speake no more than you should, least you heare what you would not; great streames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force, and princes to be perswaded by submission, not by rigor. Doe what you can, but no more than you may, least in saving Fawnias mayden-head you loose your owne head. Take heede, I say; it is ill jesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with kinges. The wolfe had his skinne puld over his eares for but looking into the lion's den. Tush, wife, quoth he, thou speakest like a foole; if the king should knowe that Dorastus had gotten our daughter with childe, as I feare it will fall out little better, the king's furie would be such as, no doubt, we should both loose

our goodes and lives. Necessitie, therefore, hath no lawe, and I will prevent this mischiefe with a newe devise that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the king nor displease Dorastus. I meane to take the chaine and the jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carrie them to the king, letting him then to understand how she is none of my daughter, but that I founde her beaten up with the water, alone in a little boate wrapped in a riche mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this meanes I hope the king will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chaunceth, shal be blamelesse. This device pleased the good wife very well, so that they determined, as soone as they might know the king at leisure, to make him privie to this case. In the meane time Dorastus was not slacke in his affaires, but applyed his matters with such diligence that he provided all thinges fitte for their journey. Treasure and jewels he had gotten great store, thincking there was no better friend then money in a strange countrey; rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and, because he could not bring the matter to passe without the helpe and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his, called Capnio, who had served him from his childhood, privie to his affaires; who seeing no perswasions could prevaile to divert him from his setled determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause that within short space hee had gotten a ship ready for their passage. The mariners, seeing a fitt gale of winde for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delayes, least, if they pretermitted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a fayre winde. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night time conveyed the trunckes full of treasure into the shippe, and by secrete meanes let Fawnia understand that the next morning they meant to depart. She upon this newes slept verie little that night, but gotte up very early, and wente to her sheepe, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus, who taried not long for feare delay might breede daunger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke Fawnia up behinde him and rode to the haven where the shippe lay, which was not three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the marriners were readie with their cockboate to set them aboard, where, being coucht together in a cabben, they past away the time in recounting their old loves till their man Capnio should come. Porrus, who had heard that this morning the king would go abroade to take the ayre, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holyday hose and his best jacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wenche, brought him all things fitte, and spungd him up very handsomlie, giving him the chaines and jewels in a little boxe, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosom. Having thus all his trinkets in a readines, taking his staffe in his hand, he bad his wife kisse him for good lucke, and so hee went towards the pallace. But as he was going, fortune, who meant to shewe him a little false play, prevented his purpose in this wise. He met by chaunce in his way Capnio, who, trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer under his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus, whome he knewe to be Fawnia's father, going towardes the pallace, being a wylie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him by the way, and askt him whither he was going so earely in the morning? Porrus, who knew by his face that he was one of the court, meaning simply, told him that the king's son Dorastus dealt hardly with him: for he had but one daughter who was a little beautifull, and that his neighboures told him the young prince had allured her to folly; he went therefore now to complaine to the king how greatly he was abused. Capnio, who straight way smelt the whole matter, began to soth him in his talke, and said that Dorastus dealt not like a prince to spoile any poore manes daughter in that sort; he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an hones

man. But, quoth Capnio, you lose your labour in going to the pallace, for the king meanes this day to take the aire of the sea and to goe aboord of a shippe that lies in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in redinesse, and if you wil follow my counsaile, turne back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fitte place as you may speake to the king at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnio's smooth tale, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advise, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaintes of Dorastus, yet concealing secretlie the chaine and the jewels. As soone as they were come to the sea-side, the marriners seeing Capnio came a-land with their cock-boote, who still dissembling the matter demaunded of Porrus if he would go see the ship? who, unwilling and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brooke the sea, and therefore would not trouble him. Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes hee could not get him aboord, comaunded the mariners that by violence they should carrie him into the shippe; who, like sturdy knaves, hoisted the poore shepheard on their backes, and, bearing him to the boate, launched from the land. Porrus, seeing himselfe so cunningly betraied, durst not crie out, for hee sawe it would not prevaile, but began to intreate Capnio and the marriners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate; hee was but a poore man that lived by his labour. They, laughing to see the shepheard so afraide, made as much haste as they could, and set him aboorde. Porrus was no sooner in the shippe, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia; yet he scarse knew her, for she had attired herselfe in riche apparell, which so increased her beauty, that shee resembled rather an angell then a mortall creature. Dorastus and Fawnia were halfe astonished to see the olde shepherd, marvailing greatly what wind had brought him thither, til Capnio told them al the whole discourse; how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the king, if by policie he had not prevented him, and therefore now, sith he was aboord, for the avoiding of further danger it were best to carry him into Italy. Dorastus praised greatly his man's devise, and allowed of his counsaile; but Fawnia, who stil feared Porrus as her father, began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should either incure daunger or displeasure. The old shephard hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sodaine be caried from his wife, his country, and kinsfolke, into a forraine lande amongst straungers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreate Dorastus, that, pardoning his unadvised folly, he would give him leave to goe home; swearing that hee would keepe all thinges as secret as he could wish. But these protestations could not prevaile, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the mariners hoisting their maine sailes waied ankers, and hailed into the deepe, where we leave them to the favour of the wind and seas, and returne to Egistus, who, having appointed this day to hunt in one of his forests, called for his sonne Dorastus to go sport himselfe, because hee saw that of late hee began to loure: but his men made answer that hee was gone abroade none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walke all alone, as his custome was to doe every day. The king, willing to waken him out of his dumpes, sent one of his men to goe seeke him, but in vaine, for at last he returned, but finde him he could not, so that the king went himselfe to goe see the sport; where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, hee asked for his sonne, but hee could not be heard of, which drave the king into a great choler; whereupon, most of his noblemen and other courtiers poasted abroad to seek him, but they could not heare of him through all Sicilia, onely they missed Capnio his man, which againe made the king suspect that hee was not gone farre. Two or three daies being passed, and no newes heard of Dorastus, Egistus began to feare that he was devoured with some wilde beastes, and upon that made out a

greate troupe of men to go seeke him; who coasted through all the countrey, and searched in everie daungerous and secrete place, untill at last they mette with a fisherman sitting in a little covert hard by the sea-side, who was mending his nettes when Dorastus and Fawnia tooke shipping; who being examined if he either knewe or heard where the kinges sonne was, without any secrecie at all revealed the whole matter, how he was sayled two dayes past, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus, and his faire daughter Fawnia. This heavie newes was presently caryed to the king, who, halfe dead for sorrow, commaunded Porrus wife to bee sent for. She being come to the pallace, after due examination, confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the king's sonne was too familier with Fawnia, her daughter; whereuppon, her husband, fearing the worst, about two dayes past, hearing the king should goe an hunting, rose earely in the morning, and went to make his complaint; but since she neither heard of him, nor saw him. Egistus perceiving the woman's unfeyned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, conceiving such secret greefe for his sonnes recklesse follie, that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage by so base a choise to dishonor his father and discredit himselfe, that with very care and thought he fel into a quartan fever, which was so unfit for his aged yeeres and complexion, that he became so weake as the phisitions would graunt him no life. But his sonne Dorastus little regarded either father, countrie, or kingdome, in respect of his lady Fawnia; for fortune smyling on this young novice, lent him so luckey a gale of winde for the space of a day and a night, that the maryners lay and slept upon the hatches; but on the next morning, about the breake of day, the aire began to be overcast, the winds to rise, the seas to swel, yea, presently there arose such a fearfull tempest, as the ship was in danger to be swallowed up with every sea, the maine-mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over boord, the sayles were torne, the tacklings rent in sunder, the storme raging still so furiously that poore Fawnia was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three dayes, at which time the mariners everie minute looked for death, and the aire was so darkned with cloudes that the maister could not tell by his compasse in what coast they were. But upon the fourth day, about ten of the clocke, the wind began to cease, the sea to wax calme, and the sky to be cleare, and the mariners descryed the coast of Bohemia, shooting off their ordance for joy that they had escaped such a fearfull tempest. Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bad her be of good cheare: when they tolde him that the port belonged unto the chiefe cittie of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the king himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus; this considered, he was halfe afraide to goe on land, but that Capnio counselled him to chaunge his name and his countrey, until such time as they could get some other barke to transport them into Italy. Dorastus, liking this devise, made his case privy to the marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to saye that he was a gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or hee might wish; and uppon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the citie, where after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their mariage, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was spread throughout all the citie, so that it came to the eares of Pandosto; who, then being about the age of fifty, had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections, so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia; and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his garde to take them; who, being come to his lodging, tolde them the king's

message. Dorastus, no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the court, for they left Porrus to keepe the stuffe, who being admitted to the king's presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his majestie. Pandosto amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia, stood halfe astonished, viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himselfe what hee had to doe: at last with stearne countenance he demaunded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what caused them to land in Bohemia? Sir, quoth Dorastus, know that my name is Meleagrus, a knight borne and brought up in Trapolonia, and this gentlewoman, whom I meane to take to my wife, is an Italian, borne in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a trayne with me is for that her friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapolonia; whither as I was sailing, by distresse of weather I was driven into these coasts; thus have you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voiage. Pandosto, starting from his seat as one in choller, made this rough reply,—Meleagrus, I feare this smooth tale hath but small trueth, and that thou coverest a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt this ladie by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meete for a mighty prince, then for a simple knight, and thou like a perjured traitour hath bereft her of her parents, to their present griefe and her insuing sorrow. Till, therefore, I heare more of her parentage and of thy calling, I will stay you both here in Bohemia. Dorastus, in whome rested nothing but kingly valor, was not able to suffer the reproches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer,—It is not meete for a king without due proofe to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon suspition to inferre beleefe; straungers ought to bee entertained with courtesie not to bee intreated with crueltie, least being forced by want to put up injuries, the gods revenge their cause with rigor. Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these wordes, commaunded that he should straight be committed to prison untill such time as they heard further of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the court with such curtesie as belonged to a straunger of her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the dungeon. Having thus so hardly handled the supposed Trapolonians, Pandosto, contrarie to his aged yeares, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, in so much that hee could take no rest, but cast in his old head a thousand new devises; at last he fell into these thoughtes,—How art thou pestered, Pandosto, with fresh affections, and unfitte fancies, wishing to possesse with an unwilling minde, and a hot desire troubled with a could disdaine! shall thy mynde yeeld in age to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace, Pandosto; blabbe not out that which thou maiest be ashamed to reveale to thyself. Ah, Fawnia is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour, fond foole, to name her that is thy captive, and another man's concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand which my hart would faine refuse; playing like the bird Ibys in Egipt, which hateth serpents yet feedeth on their egges. Tush, hot desires turne oftentimes to colde disdaine: love is brittle, where appetite, not reason, beares the sway; kinges thoughtes ought not to climbe so high as the heavens, but to looke no lower then honour; better it is to pecke at the starres with the young eagles, than to pray on dead carkasses with the vulture: 'tis more honourable for Pandosto to dye by concealing love, than to enjoy such unfitte love. Dooth Pandosto then love? Yea; whome? A maide unknowne, yea, and perhapps immodest, stragled out of her owne countrie; beautifull, but not therefore chast; comely in bodie, but perhappes crooked in minde. Cease then, Pandosto, to looke at Fawnia, much lesse to love her; be not overtaken with a woman's beauty, whose eyes are framed by arte to inamour, whose hearte is framed by nature to inchaunt, whose false teares knowe their true times, and whose sweete wordes pearce deeper then sharpe swordes. Here Pandosto ceased

from his talke, but not from his love; for although he sought by reason and wisedome to suppresse this franticke affection, yet he could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a deepe impression in his heart. But on a day, walking abroad into a parke which was hard adjoining to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whome he uttered these wordes,—Fawnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pittie thy distresse and want; but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus, whose poverty, though a knight, is not able to maintaine an estate aunswerable to thy beauty, and yeld thy consent to Pandosto, I wil both increase thee with dignities and riches. No, sir, answered Fawnia; Meleagrus is a knight that hath wonne me by love, and none but he shal weare me; his sinister mischance shall not diminish my affection, but rather increase my good will; thinke not, though your grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that feare shall make mee yeeld my consent; I had rather be Meleagrus wife and a begger, then live in plenty and be Pandosto's concubine. Pandosto, hearing the assured aunswere of Fawnia, would, notwithstanding, prosecute his suite to the uttermost, seeking with faire words and great promises to scale the fort of her chastitie, swearing that, if she would graunt to his desire, Meleagrus should not only be set at libertie, but honoured in his courte amongst his nobles. But these alluring baytes could not entise her minde from the love of her newe betrothed mate, Meleagrus; which Pandosto seeing, he left her alone for that time to consider more of the demaund. Fawnia, being alone by herselfe, began to enter into these solitarie meditations,—Ah, infortunate Fawnia! thou seest, to desire above fortune is to strive against the gods, and fortune. Who gazeth at the sunne weakeneth his sight; they which stare at the skie fall ofte into deepe pits; haddest thou rested content to have bene a shepheardesse, thou needest not to have feared mischaunce; better had it bene for thee by sitting lowe to have had quiet, then by climing high to have fallen into miserie. But alas, I feare not mine owne daunger, but Dorastus displeasure. Ah, sweete Dorastus, thou art a prince, but now a prisoner, by too much love procuring thine owne losse; haddest thou not loved Fawnia, thou haddest bene fortunate; shall I then be false to him, that hath forsaken kingdomes for my cause? no! would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved! With that, fetching a deepe sigh, she ceased from her complaints, and went againe to the pallace, injoying a libertie without content, and profered pleasure with smal joy. But poore Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burden of colde and heavie irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishappe, that by the disobedience to his parentes he had wrought his owne despight; an other while cursing the gods and fortune, that they should crosse him with such sinister chaunce, uttering at last his passions in these words,—Ah, unfortunate wretch! borne to mishappe, now thy folly hath his desert; art thou not worthie for thy base minde to have bad fortune? could the destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine honor and dignitie? wil not the gods plague him with despight that payneth his father with disobedience? Oh, gods! if any favour or justice be left, plague me, but favour poore Fawnia, and shrowd her from the tirannies of wretched Pandosto; but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome, death. Dorastus, payned with these heavie passions, sorrowed and sighed, but in vaine, for which he used the more patience. But againe to Pandosto, who broyling in the heat of unlawfull lust, coulde take no rest, but still felt his minde disquieted with his new love, so that his nobles and subjectes marveyled greatly at this sudaine alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto, thinking every hower a yeare til he had talked once againe with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his chamber, whither though Fawnia unwillingly comming, Pandosto entertained her very

courteously, using these familiar speaches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

Pandosto.—Fawnia, are you become lesse wilfull and more wise to preferre the love of a king before the liking of a poore knight? I thinke ere this you thinke it is better to be favoured of a king then of a subject.

Fawnia.—Pandosto, the body is subject to victories, but the minde's not to be subdued by conquest: honesty is to be preferred before honour; and a dramme of faith weigheth downe a tunne of gold. I have promised Meleagrus my love, and will performe no lesse.

Pandosto.—Fawnia, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice as to refuse the offer of a king, nor so ingrateful as to dispise a good turne. Thou art now in that place where I may commaunde, and yet thou seest I intreate; my power is such as I may compell by force, and yet I sue by prayers. Yeelde, Fawnia, thy love to him which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus shall be set free, thy countrymen discharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.—I see, Pandosto, where lust ruleth, it is a miserable thing to be a virgin; but know this, that I will alwaies preferre fame before life, and rather choose death then dishonour.

Pandosto, seeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without feare to hate him, flong away from her in a rage, swearing if in shorte time she would not be wonne with reason, he would forget all courtesie, and compel her to graunt by rigour; but these threatning wordes no whit dismayed Fawnia, but that she still both dispighted and dispised Pandosto. While thus these two lovers strove, the one to winne love, the other to live in hate, Egistus heard certaine newes by merchauntes of Bohemia, that his sonne Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him feare greatly that his sonne should be but hardly entreated; yet considering that Bellaria and hee were cleared by the Oracle of Apollo from that crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, he thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his sonne Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. Finding this by the advise of counsaile the speediest remedy to release his sonne, he caused presently two of his shippes to be rigged, and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his nobles embassadoures into Bohemia; who willing to obey their king, and releive their yong prince, made no delayes for feare of danger, but with as much speede as might be sailed towards Bohemia. The winde and seas favored them greatly, which made them hope of some good happe, for within three daies they were landed; which Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrivall, but he in person went to meete them, intreating them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceive how sory he was for the former injuries he had offered to their king, and how willing, if it might be, to make amendes. As Pandosto made report to them, how one Maleagrus, a knight of Trapolonia, was lately arived with a lady called Fawnia in his land, comming very suspitiously, accompanied onely with one servant and an olde shepheard, the embassadours perceived by the halfe, what the whole tale ment, and began to conjecture that it was Dorastus, who, for feare to bee knowne, had chaunged his name; but dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the court, where after they had bin verie solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noble men of Sicilia being gathered togither, they made reporte of their embassage, where they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was sonne and heire to the king Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; and how contrarie to the king's minde, he had privilie convaied away that Fawnia, intending to marrie her, being but daughter to that poore shepheard Porrus; whereupon the king's request was that Capnio, Fawnia, and

Porrus, might be murthered and put to death, and that his sonne Dorastus might be sent home in safetie. Pandosto having attentively, and with great mervaile, heard their embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to Egistus, and to shew him how greatlie he esteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despight of love hee determined to execute Egistus will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who mervailing at this unlooked for curtesie, found at his comming to the king's presence that which he least doubted of, his father's embassadours; who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honored him, and Pandosto, embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a chaire of estate. Dorastus, ashamed that his follie was bewraied, sate a long time as one in a muse, til Pandosto told him the summe of his father's embassage; which he had no sooner heard, but he was toucht to the quicke for the cruell sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia. But neither could his sorrow nor his perswasions prevaile, for Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should bee brought to his presence; who were no sooner come, but Pandosto, having his former love turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these tearmes,—Thou disdainfull vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring minde gazing after honor, how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a prince? by thy alluring lookes to inchant the sonne of a king to leave his owne countrie to fulfill thy disordinate lusts? O despightfull minde! a proud heart in a beggar is not unlike to a great fire in a smal cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it; assure thyselfe that thou shalt die. And thou, old doating foole, whose follie hath bene such as to suffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, looke for no other meede but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the king, and hast consented to the unlawfull lust of thy lord and maister, I know not how justly I may plague thee; death is too easie a punishment for thy falsehood, and to live, if not in extreme miserie, were not to shew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shalt have thine eyes put out, and continually while thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast. The feare of death brought a sorrowfull silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life burst forth into these speeches,—Pandosto, and ye noble ambassadours of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to die, I am yet glad I have opportunitie to disburden my conscience before my death. I will tel you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true. Whereas I am accused that I have bene a supporter of Fawnia's pride, and shee disdained as a vilde begger, so it is, that I am neither father unto her, nor she daughter unto me. For so it happened, that I being a poore shepheard in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens flockes, one of my sheepe straying downe to the sea side, as I went to seeke her, I saw a little boat driven on the shoare, wherein I found a babe of sixe daies olde, wrapped in a mantle of skarlet, having about the necke this chaine. I pittying the child, and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up and set it to keepe sheepe. Heere is the chaine and the jewels, and this Fawnia is the childe whome I found in the boate. What shee is, or of what parentage I knowe not, but this I am assured, that shee is none of mine. Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate and other circumstaunces; which when he found agreeing to his count, he sodainelie leapt from his seate and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, my daughter Fawnia! ah, my sweete Fawnia! I am thy father, Fawnia. This sodaine passion of the king drave them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the king had breathed himselfe a while in this newe joy, hee rehearsed before the embassadours the whole matter, how hee had entreated his wife Bellaria for

jealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee had sent to floate in the seas. Fawnia was not more joyfull that she had found such a father, then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The embassadors rejoyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that those kingdomes, which through enmity had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amitie be united and reconciled. The citizens and subjects of Bohemia, hearing that the king had found againe his daughter, which was supposed dead, joyfull that there was an heire apparent to his kingdome, made bonfires and showes throughout all the cittie. The courtiers and knights appointed justs and turneis to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the king's hap. Eighteene daies being past in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a shepheard made him a knight: which done, providing a sufficient navie to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian ambassadours, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princelie entertained by Egistus; who, hearing this most comicall event, rejoiced greatly at his sonnes good happe, and without delay, to the perpetuall joy of the two yong lovers, celebrated the marriage; which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto, calling to mind how first he betraied his friend Egistus, how his jealousie was the cause of Bellaria's death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his own daughter, moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholie fit, and to close up the comedie with a tragicall stratageme, hee slewe himselfe; whose death being many daies bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his deere friend Egistus, Dorastus, taking his leave of his father, went with his wife and the dead corps into Bohemia, where, after it was sumptuously intoombed, Dorastus ended his daies in contented quiet.

It is singular that in framing the play on the ground-work of the novel, Shakespeare should have reversed the circumstances and actions attributed in the latter to the kings of Bohemia and Sicily. It was this mode of dealing with the subject, which led the poet into the absurdity of giving a sea-shore to Bohemia, which is thus noticed in Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond,—"Sheakspear, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered ship-wrack in Bohemia, wher ther is no sea neer by some hundred miles." There was nothing malicious in this remark, which has been unnecessarily regarded as a proof of Jonson's malignity towards Shakespeare. It was one of those palpable blunders which would have been detected by most readers of the play, and is most readily to be accounted for by the reason above alluded to, independently of the circumstance that Bohemia is also mentioned in Pandosto as a maritime country, and that the dramatist might consider the notion as one familiar to the audience as readers of the popular tale. It is even possible that Shakespeare may inconsiderately have assumed that some of the dependencies or provinces of Bohemia reached to the coast. In the year 1270, according to an anonymous critic, the provinces of Stiria and Carniola were dependent on

the crown of Bohemia. The dependencies on a large empire are often denominated from the seat of government, so that a vessel sailing to Aquileia or Trieste might, in the thirteenth century, be correctly described as bound for Bohemia. At all events, the error made by Shakespeare was venial in comparison with the positive ignorance of a prime-minister of France, recorded by Lord Herbert of Cherbury,—"How unfit this man (Luines) was for the credit he had with the King, may be argued by this, that when there was question made about some business in Bohemia, he demanded, whether it was an inland country, or lay upon the sea?" with which may be compared a passage in Taylor's Travels to Prague, where the author ridicules the aldermen of London for their want of geographical knowledge,—"I am no sooner eased of him, but Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham, catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, and whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." Jonson's conversations with Drummond took place in the year 1619, before the publication of the Winter's Tale. It is, therefore, obvious that Hanmer's proposed substitution of Bythinia for Bohemia cannot be accepted as a restoration of the authentic text of Shakespeare, whose best defence, if any apology be desired for an error of detail in a legendary drama in which all exactitude in particulars of localities and manners are intentionally disregarded, consists in the comparative neglect of geographical education in his time.

In Drummond's memoranda of his conversations with Ben Jonson, above alluded to, in which he records opinions and observations of that poet, often probably without a context that would have materially altered their interpretation, is the brief note,—"That Shakspeer wanted arte." This remark occurs by itself, in the original manuscript at Edinburgh, preceded and followed by notices of other persons and subjects, and has no necessary connexion with the mention of the mistake respecting Bohemia, which occurs in the same manuscript, and which is improperly joined with the above, with an interpolation, in the printed selections that were published in 1711; but it may reasonably be inferred that Jonson alluded to the same play in both of the observations recorded by Drummond. Ben Jonson had little appreciation of the romantic drama, and the Winter's Tale, a comedy written in open defiance of the regulation of the unities of time and space, would naturally be included by him

amongst the compositions in which his friend had paid no attention to what he considered to be the strict rules of dramatic art. The whole is a tale or fable, a medieval romance, in which manners of several ages, localities inconsistent with the plot and with each other, and the wildest anachronisms, are connected with circumstances that can only be referred to a remote antiquity. An audience of the Shaksperian period would be familiar with the system of romance which regarded only the tale, divested of literal adjuncts; and Shakespeare has dramatised a story of this kind, without the slightest attempt to render it historical, or to remove it out of the regions of fancy. The chief inconvenience that has been thus occasioned, consists in the difficulty of reconciling the prominent allusions with a connected illustration of scenery and costume; but this difficulty is best obviated by referring all the transactions represented in the comedy to a period that would sanction the appeal to the oracle of Delphi, and regarding every occurrence and allusion that is inconsistent with this appropriation as simple anachronisms. With respect to the neglect of the unities in this drama, Jonson would have been sanctioned in his complaint by the opinion of many contemporary critics. As early as 1578, Whetstone, in the preface to Promos and Cassandra, speaking of the frequency of the violation of dramatic laws, observes,—"the Englishman in this quallitie is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three hours ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devills from hell," &c. Sir Philip Sydney laments the same defect in his Apologie for Poetrie, written some time between 1579 and 1586. Mentioning the play of Gorboduc, he observes,—"it is faulty both in place, and time, the two necessary companions of all corporall actions; for where the stage should alwaies represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it, should be, both by Aristotles precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many dayes, and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in Gorboduck, how much more in al the rest? where you shal have Asia of the one side, and Affrick of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he commeth in, must ever begin with telling where he is; or els, the tale will not be conceived. Now ye shal have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee

must beleeve the stage to be a garden. By and by, we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, and then wee are to blame, if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the backe of that, comes out a hidious monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bounde to take it for a cave. While in the meane time, two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart wil not receive it for a pitched fielde? Now, of time they are much more liberall, for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love. After many traverces, she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine." Ben Jonson, in the Magnetic Lady, amusingly ridicules this description of plots, and in the prologue to Every Man in his Humour he also alludes to the practice of introducing a child in the early part of a play, who is represented, before its conclusion, as an old man, in a passage which has been thought, with little probability, to refer to the Winter's Tale. Other plays, however, offer similar examples of the violation of the unities, and there is little doubt but that the satire is general in its application. In Lilly's Endymion, the Man in the Moone, 1591, fourty years elapse in three acts, in the course of which Endymion's personal appearance is changed from that of youth to the decrepity of age, the other characters in the play remaining without any corresponding alteration. Patient Grissel, an old play of 1603, exhibits the heroine in the first act as just married, and before its close presenting her lord with twins, one of whom, in the fifth act, is represented as a full grown woman, ready to be married. It is worthy of notice that Dryden expressly blames Shakespeare for constructing the plot of the present comedy on "impossibilities." Speaking of Shakespeare and Fletcher, he says,—"Witness the lameness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they wrote first, for even that age refined itself in some measure, were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as the Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Lost, Measure for Measure, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment."

The date of the production of the Winter's Tale can be determined with a nearer approach to certainty than is the case with the other plays of its illustrious author. The absolute evidences, indeed, will only yield the somewhat vague inference that it was licensed for the stage somewhere between June, 1603, and May, 1611, but there seems to be a reasonable probability that it was produced at the Blackfriars' theatre in the winter season of 1610-11, or at the Globe in the spring of 1611, the former having been the building used by the king's players in the winter time, and the latter that frequented in the summer months, or late in the spring. The facts are these. In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert is the following curious and interesting entry,—"For the king's players. An olde playe called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing profane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623." Now Sir George Buck obtained a reversionary grant of the office of the Master of the Revels in 1603, expectant on the death of Tylney, who died in October, 1610; but it appears that he occasionally licensed plays, as deputy for the latter, some years before he really succeeded to the office, which event did not occur, as is shown by documents at the Rolls, before August, 1610, in short, a few weeks previous to the decease of Tylney. In the absence of any direct evidence to the contrary, it seems, however, unnecessary to suggest that the Winter's Tale may have been one of the dramas that passed under Buck's review during the tenancy of Tylney in the office; and it may fairly, at present, be taken for granted that the comedy was not produced until after the month of August, 1610. In the spring of the following year, on May 15th, 1611, its representation was witnessed at the Globe theatre by the celebrated astrologer, Dr. Simon Forman, who, in an autograph manuscript preserved in the Ashmolean Museum (MS. Ashm. 208) at Oxford, entitled, "The Book of Plaies and Notes therof per Formans for Common Pollicie," has recorded the following singular piece of contemporary criticism, one of the few evidences of the kind that have descended to these times, in which it will be observed that the moral of the piece is noted as centred in Autolycus, rather than in the delineation of the king's fitful jealousy:—

Dr Formans Account of a Representation of the Winter's Tale, as it was performed in Shakespeares time at the Globe Theatre from the original Manuscript preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

For the Winters Tale at the Globe
1611 the 15 of maye Fr.

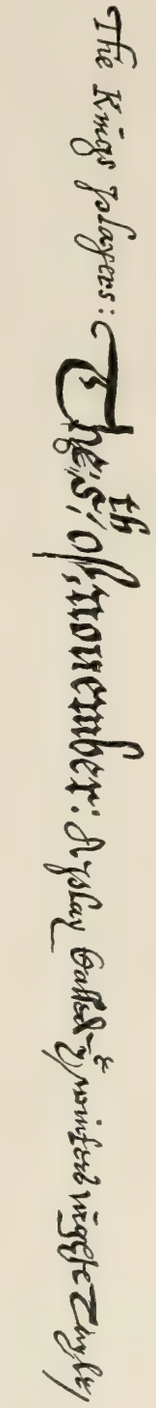
Observe this howe Leontes the kinge of Cicilia was
overcome wth Jelosy of his wife with the kinge of Bo
hemia his friend that came to see him. and howe he
lamented his death and wold fain, had his rep
utacion so fame poisoned. who gave the kinge of Bo
mia warning therof & fled with him to Bohemia
Remember also howe he put to the Oracell of appollo
Cleomenes and Dion sent of appollo. that it was gilt less. and
that the kinge was felonse & howe except the
child was found againe that was lost the kinge should
die without issue. for the child was rayed into Bohemia
Cleomenes land in a forrest & brought up by a shepperd
and

And the kinge of Bohemia his sonne maried that wonder
howe they fled into Cicilia to Leontes. and the
shepperd having showed the letter of the noble man
by whom Leontes sonne was that gold and the
wells found about her. so was knowen to be Leon
tes daughter and was then 16 yeres old
Remember also the Dog that ran in all lattered liberall
pueris. and howe he synned thre sheep & Lais him robbed
all that he had and howe he ponded the poor man all
his money. and after ran to the sheepshere with a good
Lord parte Cleomenes ponded them again all their money
And howe he changed apparell wth the kinge of Bohemia
his sonne. and then howe he like nod Constian or
Steward of Winstinge found Boggard or fawning fellowes

The 2 book of plaies and
Moles herbes & formans
for Common pollicie

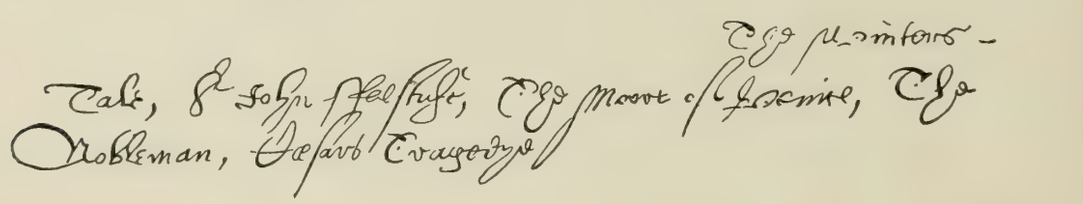
Oxford: Printed by Joseph Cooper Jun.

In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, *the* 15 *of Maye, Wednesday.*—Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cupberer to have poisoned (him) who gave the King of Bohemia warning therof and fled with him to Bohemia.—Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltles, and that the king was jelouse, &c. and howe, except the child was found againe that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue: for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia his sonn maried that wentch; and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed the letter of the nobleman, by whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter and was then 16 yers old.—Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like roll pixci, and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and howe he changed apparrell with the Kinge of Bomia his sonn, and then howe he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.



It clearly follows, from the date of this interesting note, that if the former assumption as to the limit of the earliest time of its license be correct, the play must have been first acted either on the day on which Dr. Forman witnessed its performance, or within a few months previous to that occasion. The "allowed booke," mentioned by Herbert, was probably destroyed by the lamentable fire which consumed the Globe theatre in 1613. The Winter's Tale appears to have been successful in its representation on the Shaksperian stage. That this was the case may have been suspected from the minute account of it given by Forman, but there is corroborative evidence of its popularity. It was played at Whitehall before the king and his court in November, 1611, as appears from the following entry discovered by Mr. P. Cunningham in the Booke of the Revells, a manuscript preserved at the Audit Office,—"The Kings Players: The 5th of November, a play called the Winters Nightes Tayle," this portion of the book bearing the following quaint title,—"The Booke of the Revells ending the last day of October An° Dom: 1612. The Chardges of those

times viz Betwene the last of October 1611 Anno Reg Regis Jacobij Nono untill the first of Novembar 1612 As welby by meanes of the attendinge makinge choyse perusing and reforminge of Playes and Inventions, as was presented and set forthe before the Kinges Matie in times afforsayd: As allso for workmens wages, The Officers Bord wages, wares, workmanship, carredges, and other Expences therto belonging: The names of the Playes and by what Cumpaney played them hearafter followethe; As allso what Maskes and Triumphes att the Tilte were presented before the Kinges Matie in this year 1612." It was again acted at Court in May, 1613, being mentioned in the accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I. for 1613, as having been presented before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, the two latter having left England in the April of that year.—" Paid to John Heminges uppon the counsells warr^t.^, dated att Whitehall, xx°. die Maii, 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes, the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall playes, viz. one playe called Filaster, one other called the Knott of Fooles, one other Much Adoe abowte Nothinge, the Mayeds Tragedy, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, the Tempest, a Kinge and no Kinge, the Twins Tragedie, *the Winters' Tale*, Sr. John Falstafe, the Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Cæsars Tragedye, and one other called Love lyes a Bleedinge, all wch playes weare played w^th^in the tyme of this accompte, viz. p^d^ the some of iiij (xx). xiij.*li.* vj*s.* viij.*d.*" Three other records of its performance, between this date and 1634, have been preserved; the first, in the following entry in a manuscript at the Audit



Office,—" To John Heminges &c upon a warrant dated 20 April 1618 for presenting two severall Playes before his Ma^ty^, on Easter Monday Twelfte night the play soe called and on Easter Tuesday the Winter's Tale, xx.*li.*"—the second and third in notices in the diary of Sir H. Herbert,—" To the Duchess of Richmond, in the king's absence, was given the Winter's Tale, by the K. company, the 18 Janu. 1623.—Att Whitehall." . . . " The Winters Tale was acted on thursday night at Court, the

16 Janua. 1633, by the K. players, and likt." The memorandum, "and likt," attached by Herbert to the last entry, is evidence of the continued success which attended the performance of this comedy, which was styled by the diarist an "olde playe" in 1623, and derived, therefore, no charm from novelty. It is a pleasing record of the appreciation of Shakespeare by the generation that succeeded him.

The Winter's Tale appears to have been neglected by actors after the Restoration, and as lately as the year 1741, it was announced for performance at the theatre at Goodman's Fields, London, as not having been acted for one hundred years; but the revival was unsuccessful, and was withdrawn after the ninth evening of its appearance. The comic portions of it, with the pastoral love-scenes, were formed into a short piece by Macnamara Morgan in 1754, first published in that year under the title of Florizel and Perdita, or the Sheepshearing, and several times reprinted under either title. Garrick, in 1755, made another alteration of the comedy, in which he introduced, in three acts, the courtship of Florizel and Perdita, the discovery of the birth of the latter, the exculpation of Hermione, and the part of Autolycus. This was printed in 1758, and again in 1762, under the title of, Florizel and Perdita, with the addition of a humorous prologue. The success of Garrick's alteration led to the publication of a rival version, The Winter's Tale, a Play alter'd from Shakespear by Charles Marsh, 8vo. Lond. 1756, in which the first fifteen years of the narrative are omitted, by way of preserving the dramatic unity, an object also achieved by the other author in a similar manner. Garrick has retained Bohemia as the scene of the chief events of the drama, but Marsh has followed the reading suggested by Hanmer, and changed it to Bithynia. The only other alteration of the play, worthy of notice, is that by George Colman, acted one night only at the Haymarket Theatre in 1777, and published in that year as, The Sheep-shearing, a dramatic pastoral in three acts, taken from Shakespeare, 8vo. Not one of these alterations of the Winter's Tale has the slightest literary merit, when viewed in connection with the work from which they are derived, nor do any of them yield an useful illustration of either the history or the text of Shakespeare's play.

It appears from Sir George Buck's accounts of the expenses of the Revels, 1611-12, preserved at the Audit Office, that the Tempest, as well as the Winter's Tale, was performed before

the Court at that period; and it has been conjectured that both were new plays, but that the Tempest claims to priority in the date of composition, the incident of the exposure of the child in a boat, "having neither sail nor rudder to guide it," occurring both in that play and in Greene's Pandosto, a circumstance which leads to the inference that Shakespeare, having already introduced a similar contrivance, purposely made a variation from the novel in the construction of the Winter's Tale. Indications of this kind are clearly insufficient in themselves, even to be useful as pieces of corroborative evidence. The incident of the exposure of the child in an open boat is a very common one in early English romances, and as Shakespeare has made other variations from Pandosto in the Winter's Tale, it is an unnecessary assumption to presume that the alteration was effected with reference to any other play. With equal probability, it might be conjectured that Shakespeare, having omitted the incident in the construction of the Winter's Tale, introduced it in the Tempest as one especially suited to a romantic drama of that description.

It has been thought that Ben Jonson alludes to the Tempest and the Winter's Tale in the following passage in the Induction to his Bartholomew Fair, first acted in the year 1614, which is thus printed in the original edition of the play that appeared in 1631, the distinctions of italics and capital letters not being peculiar to this quotation, and therefore of little value in the consideration of the opinion respecting the allusion,—"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says? nor a nest of *Anticks?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." As the Tempest and the Winter's Tale were both acted at Court shortly before the production of Bartholomew Fair, and were probably then in great estimation with the public, there would be some grounds for the conjecture that Shakespeare's plays are here alluded to, were it not for the circumstance that Jonson can hardly be considered to refer to regular dramas. In the comedy of Bartholomew Fair, he ridicules those primitive dramatic exhibitions, which, known as motions or puppet-shows, were peculiar favorites with the public at that festival. In some of these, tempests and monsters were introduced, as in the motion of Jonah and the Whale. The "nest of anticks," which is supposed to allude to the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival,

does not necessarily refer even to the spurious kind of drama here mentioned. The "servant-monster," and the "nest of anticks," may merely mean individual exhibitions. If the latter really does relate to a dramatic representation, it may very likely be in allusion to the fantastic characters so frequently introduced in the masques of that period; but the context seems to imply that Jonson is referring to devices exhibited at the fair.

The title of the Winter's Tale, an acknowledgment that although a regular drama it was also a romance or tale suited for the evenings of winter, is perhaps a reason for the supposition that it originally appeared at the Blackfriars, a theatre, as before noticed, which restricted its season to the winter months. The longer appellation, the Winter Night's Tale, as the play is called in the Book of the Revels, confirms the suggestion that it was considered in the light of a history appropriate to the long nights of winter; but the observation of Mamillius, in the second act,—"a sad tale's best for winter,"—that is, best suited to the gloomy character of the season, can scarcely be imagined to have any intimate connection with the selection of the title of the comedy. This title may almost be considered an old proverbial phrase for a tale suitable for recitation in a long evening. Thus Robinson, in his Rewarde of Wickednesse, 1574, speaks of the time—"When men delight to keepe the fire side,—And *winter tales* incline their eares to heare." Again, in Dido Queene of Carthage, 1594,—"Who would not undergoe all kind of toyle—To be well stor'd with such *a winter's tale?*" and Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles,—"pass the night, while *winter tales* we tell, of many things which long ago befell." The rehearsal of stories and romances, as an evening recreation for the family circle, is a fashion that has long passed away. In Shakespeare's time, the country fire-side attracted many a narrator, whose knowledge of the vernacular traditional and imaginary tales current at the time would have sufficed to explain more than one allusion in contemporary literature, that has baffled the collective efforts of modern enquirers. Many a winter's tale has shared the fate of that of Wade and his boat Guingelot, which was then so universally known that an editor of the time excuses himself from giving even an outline of the story, but the slightest further trace of which has escaped the careful researches of all who have treated on the series of romances to which it is supposed to have belonged.

The Winter's Tale was not printed in the life-time of Shakespeare. It is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the date of November 8th, 1623, to Blount and Jaggard, as one of the "copies as are not formerly entred to other men." Blount assigned his interest in it to Allott in June, 1630. In the former entry, this drama is placed in the list of comedies, but the editors of the first folio appear to have felt some hesitation in assigning its place in the classification, for the one immediately preceding it concludes with a blank page, as if the comedies were intended to end with Twelfth Night. The probability is that the Winter's Tale was originally placed amongst the tragedies. A piece with a similar title was published by E. White in 1594, entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 22d in that year, as, "a booke entituled a Wynter Nightes Pastime," and again in June, 1624, as assigned by White's widow to Alldee. Although the original titles of Shakespeare's plays were sometimes changed, there is no probability that the work here mentioned was in any way connected with the following comedy.

Notices of the Winter Nights Pastime, 1594, and other works, copied from the original Entries in the Books of the Stationers' Company.

Secundo die maij (1594)

Peter Short / Entred unto him for his copie under mr warden Darwoods hande a booke intituled a pleasant conceyted historie called the Cayninge of a Shrowe — vj d.

9 may (1594)

Mr Harrison Sen — Entred for his copie under the hande of mr Darwood warden a booke intituled the Aldermen's Sermon of Lenten — vj d. c.

xiiij mai / (1594)

Thomas Creede / Entred for his copie under hande of mr Darwood warden a booke intituled the famous victories of Henry the fifth containinge the honorable battaile of Agincourt — vj d. c

viij to die Maij. (1594)

~~Adam Islip~~ Edward White / Entred also for his copie under hande of both the wardens a booke intituled the most famous chronicle historye of three kings of England and his three daughters — vj d. c.

xxij do die Maij (1594)

Edward White / Entred for his copie under hande of both the wardens a booke entituled a wynter nightes pastime — vj d. c

25 Junij (1594)

Mr. Harrison Sen. Assigned over unto him from Richard Jones in open court vj d. for this day a booke called Venus and Adonis — the wch was before entred to Richard Jones 18. aprill 1593

Ashbee & Day (facsimile printers) 22 Bedford Street (Bedford Square)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia:*
MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} *Sicilian Lords.*
Another Sicilian Lord.
ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of judicature.
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia:*
FLORIZEL, *his Son.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
A Mariner.
Goaler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.
HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
MOPSA,
DORDAS,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

Act the First.

Scene I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot

choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied,[1] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[2] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,[3] makes old hearts fresh; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes: if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Sicilia.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow

No sneaping winds at home,[4] to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between 's then: and in that I'll no gain-saying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to* POLIXENES] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,[5]
To let him there a month, behind the gest,[6]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed,[7] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock[8] behind
What lady she her lord.[9]—You 'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verily.
Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[10]

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot![11]
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;

The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.[12]
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;[13]
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace:
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love;[14] then did'st thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,[15]
And well become the agent; it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are: and making practis'd smiles,

As in a looking glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks ?[17]
Why, that's my bawcock.[18] What, has smutch'd thy nose ?[19]
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling[20]
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,[21] and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me :—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing : But were they false
As o'er-died blacks,[22] as wind, as waters ; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn[23] 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye :[24] Sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop !—Can thy dam ?—may't be ?
Affection ! thy intention stabs the center.[25]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams ;—(How can this be ?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;
(And that beyond commission ; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. Ho, my lord !

Leon. What cheer ? how is 't with you, best brother ?[26]

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction :
Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest,—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil[27]
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[28]
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover,[29] he 's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line,
Go to, go to! [*Aside. Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neb,[30] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.[31]

Leon. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,[32]
"Sicilia is a so-forth:"[33] 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking,[34] will draw in

More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,[35]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't:[36]—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward:
Which hoxes honesty behind,[37] restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,[38] 'twas a fear

Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that 's past doubt: you have: or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think,[39])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse;[40] deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,[41] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink:[42]
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,[43]—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to 't?—would I do this?
Could man so blench?[44]
Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided, that when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;

Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands,[45] that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.[46] Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i 'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,

Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;[47] and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:[48]
I have look'd on thousands,[49] who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[50]—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I 'll tell you;
Since I 'm charg'd in honour, and by him,

That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.[51]

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best![53]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the greatest infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over[54]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine:[55] My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good Expedition be my friend,[56] and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father; if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns; Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Have been royally attornied.*

In other words, nobly substituted. It has been proposed to read, *so royally*, but, in the old English language of this period, that additional particle was frequently understood before *that*. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona,—"And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that," &c.

[2] *As over a vast.*

Vast, a waste, or vast space. The word was used substantively in Shakespeare's time, and it is curious to observe that, owing to the changes the English language underwent before the year 1632, the editors of the second folio added the word *sea*. The "vast of night" is mentioned in the Tempest in the sense of, waste or deserted space. "Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges," Pericles. The term *vast* is still used in Warwickshire as a substantive for a vast quantity, *e. g.*, "a vast of folks," &c. According to Henley, Shakespeare refers in this passage to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, joined in token of friendship.

[3] *One that, indeed, physics the subject.*

In other words, acts as a balm and cordial to the people, *subject* being used here for *subjects*, the people generally, the commonalty. The verb *physic* is used in a similar sense in Macbeth. In illustration of ancient crutches, Mr. Fairholt has selected the annexed engraving from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century.

[4] *That may blow no sneaping winds at home.*

In other words, Oh! that there may blow no nipping winds at home to make me say that this apprehension is founded on truth. *That* is often used for, *Oh! that.* So, in an old translation of the famous Alcoran of the Franciscans, quoted by Farmer,—"St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!"

[5] *I'll give him my commission.*

We should read: "—I 'll give *you* my commission." The verb *let* or hinder, which follows, shows the necessity of it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission to *let* or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.—*Warburton.*

" I 'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be used as many other reflective verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself:* then the meaning will be: " I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month," &c. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity—" I 'll give *you* my commission," &c.—*Malone.*

[6] *Behind the gest prefix'd for his parting.*

" Droict de giste, power to lie at the house of a tenant, vassal, or subject in passing along by it; due to the King onely, not to the Queene; though some Dukes, and Earles have had it at the Abbayes, and Monasteries, within their territories; now the great Bishops, and Abbots, by an yearelie allowance in money, have got themselves dispensed withall," Cotgrave. The lodgings and stages for rest in a royal journey were hence generally termed *gests.* Cranmer, in a letter to Cecil, entreated him " to let him have the new resolved upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was." This shows that the list of the gests sometimes included the periods between each, and thus illustrates the correctness of the allusion in the text. This fact is confirmed from the following extract from a MS. account of the reception and entertainment of K. James I. at Oxford in August, 1605, " First of all, the *gests* of his Majestie's progress were thus given out. Saturday 13. July, to Havering (the king's howse) nights four. Wednesday the 17th. to Loughton (Sir Robert Wrothe's) nights three. Saturday the 20th. to Theobald's (the earl of Sarisbury's) nights three. Twesday the 23d. to Hatfield (the king's howse) nights three. Friday the 26. to (Sir John Rotheram's) neare Luton, nights one. Saturday the 27th to Ampthill (the king's howse) nights five. Thursday, the 1. August, to Bletso (the Lord St. John's) nights two. Saturday the 3d. to Drayton (the Lord Mordant's) nights three. Twesday, to Apethorpe (Sir Anthonie Mildmay's) nights three. Friday the 9th. to Rockingham (Sir Edward Watson's) nights three. Monday the 12th. to Harrodon (the Lord Vaux's) nights one. Twesday 13th. to Ashby (the Lord Compton's) nights three. Friday the 16th. to Grafton (Lord Comberland's) nights four. Twesday the 20th. to Hanwell (Sir Anthony Cope's) nights one. Wednesday the 21. to Woodstock (the king's howse.) Twesday the 27th. to Oxford, nights three."

[7] *Good deed.*

In good faith; verily. It seems to be a mere variation of *indeed*, and suits the context better than the reading *good-heed* of ed. 1632, which is repeated, without the hyphen, in eds. 1663, 1685. " *Mal.* Ha yee no foregoers about you? Come, whither *in good deed, law* now? *Bea. In good indeed, law* now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable composd posset with three curds, without anie drinke," Marston's Malcontent, 1604.

[8] *I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind.*

A jar, that is, a ticking of the clock, a single vibration of the pendulum. The term occurs as a verb in Richard the second,—" My thoughts are minutes, and, with sighs, they jar their watches on unto mine eyes."

[9] *What lady she her lord.*

That is, whatever lady loves her lord; in other words, what lady soever loves her lord. *She* is personified in a somewhat similar manner in All's Well that Ends Well, where a lady is called, *doctor she.*

[10] *The imposition clear'd, hereditary ours.*

In other words, leaving out of consideration the penalty derived from our first parents; or, perhaps, we should have even been so entirely innocent, the penalty to which we were subjected from the sins of our common ancestors was condoned.

[11] *Grace to boot!*

Literally, Grace to help; in other words, Grace or Heaven help us. A similar expression, "the bounty and the benison of heaven to boot," occurs in King Lear. Hermione tells Polixenes not to draw any conclusion in the matter, lest in the end he will say his queen and herself are devils.

[12] *At my request, he would not.*

This is probably spoken aside. He has been observing the demeanour and conversation of Hermione and Polixenes, and here his suspicion begins to show itself.

[13] *Ere with spur we heat an acre. But to the goal.*

To heat, to run a heat as in a race, *acre* being here used with reference to the anciently defined length of that portion of land. "But to the goal," to the point, to bear in mind the aim or end of my observations. Some editors make these words part of the preceding sentence, placing a comma after *acre.*

[14] *And clap thyself my love.*

She opened her hand to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—"to clap up a bargain," i.e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611: "——Speak, widow, is't a match?—Shall we *clap* it up?" Again, in A Trick to catch the Old One, 1618:—"Come, *clap* hands, a match." Again, in King Henry V.: "—— and so *clap* hands, and a bargain."—*Steevens.*

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often alludes. So, in Measure for Measure:—"This is the *hand,* which with a *vow'd contract*—Was fast belock'd in thine." Again, in King John:—"*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *close your hands.*—"*Aust.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,—That I did so, when I was first assur'd."

So, also, in No Wit Like a Woman's, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

——————The hour draws on,
At the new-married widow's; there we are look'd-for;
There will be entertainments, sports and banquets;
There these young lovers shall *clap hands* together.

I should not have given so many instances of this custom, but that I know Pope's reading—"And *clepe* thyself my love," has many favourers. The old copy has—A *clap,* &c. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. —*Malone.*

[15] *From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom.*

The construction is, from a fertile bosom, in other words, from a bosom overflowing with kindness. Leontes says, this freedom may be justified by heartiness, hospitality, and excessive natural kindness.

[16] *Then to sigh, as 'twere, the mort o' the deer.*

"Likewyse hunting in hys kind, as to flesh a dogge, to unsupple hounds, to folow them, to kepe standing, to blow the *mort*, called the mote, the retract, the chace, to hallow the time, to holde in time, to let slip in time, so ought a gentleman also to hunt in time, and not at al times," Institucion of a Gentleman, 1568. The mort, or mote, was, in fact, a set of notes blown by the huntsman after the deer was killed, including one prolonged note, which is here compared to a lengthened sigh. "He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees," Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608. "To blow a mote at the fall, or death of a deer, trombettare, e suonar la morte del cervo, per chiamarvi tutti li cacciatori, et i cani; *Hucher et sonner la mort du Cerf, pour y appeller et assembler tous les piquers, et les chiens;* Trompetear la muette del Ciervo, pa ra ilamary juntar todos los monteros, y los perros," Howell's Vocabulary, 1659.

[17] *I' fecks.*

This is supposed to be a corruption of, *in faith.* The expression is still in use in the provinces in the form, *I' fags* and *I' fegs.* A similar oath, *by my feckins,* occurs in Heywood's Edward the Fourth, 1613.

[18] *Why, that's my bawcock.*

Perhaps from *beau* and *coq.* It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock,* a *cock of the game.* The word has already occurred in Twelfth Night, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of King Henry the Fifth.—*Steevens.*

[19] *What, hast smutch'd thy nose?*

Smutch'd, blackened with soot. "The loftie heaven anon with thick and *smutchy* smoake lookes blake," Virgil, translated by Phaer, 1600.

Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath *smutch'd* it.—*Ben Jonson.*
And when thou dost to supper come,
Thou shall sit in a distant room,
That my mantle take no *smutch*
From thy courser garments touch.—*Fletcher's Poems,* p. 101.

[20] *Still virginalling upon his palm.*

That is, playing on his hand, or tickling it, like a person touches the keys on the virginals. "He will take my hand, and tickle the palme," Englishmen for my Money. "The second, instruments with strings, such bee the lute, *virginals,* githorn, cythrone, &c.," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 265. "Virginal (*Virginalis*) Maidenly, Virgin-like; hence the name of that musical instrument, called *Virginals* because Maids and Virgins do most commonly play thereon," Ladies' Dictionary, 1694. "Is she up? nay then, I see she has been down: Lord

ha' mercy on us! we women fall and fall still; and, when we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of us." Decker's Satiromastix. "We shall have them shortly dance like *virginal jacks*," The Wizard, a Play, 1640, MS. The annexed example of a lady playing on the virginals is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a painting on glass executed in the year 1601.

During the great fire of London in 1666, Pepys, who was an eye-witness, tells us that, the river Thames being full of lighters and boats taking in goods, he "observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three, that had the goods of a house, but there was a pair of virginals in it." As these were principally for the use of the fair sex, the cultivation of music could not have declined among them to any great extent, in spite of the long reign and depressing influence of puritanism; or else the revival must have been singularly rapid. The virginals, spinet, and harpsichord (or harpsichon, as it was about this time more generally called), were the precursors of the pianoforte; and, although differing from one another in shape, and somewhat in interior mechanism, were essentially the same instrument. Two "pairs of virginals," manufactured in London, are now in the possession of Mr. T. Mackinlay; the one pair by John Loosemore (the builder of the organ of Exeter Cathedral), bearing the date of 1655, and the second by Adam Leversidge, made in the year of the fire. In shape they resemble "square" pianofortes; but the lids, instead of being flat, are elevated in the centre, and are in three long pieces. The compass of the second is from A to F,—rather less than five octaves, The interiors of the lids are decorated by paintings. [In Wits Recreation, 8vo. 1641, is an "Epigram on a Landskip in the lid of his Mistress Virginals."] To connect the history of the cultivation of music among ladies, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles, it may suffice to quote from two authors; and, as Dr. Nott truly says, "From old plays are chiefly to be collected the manners of private life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," the first shall be a dramatist. Middleton's play, A Chaste Maid, 1630, opens with this question, addressed by the goldsmith's wife to her daughter: "Moll, have you played over all your old lessons o'the virginals?" In his Michaelmas Term, 1607, Quomodo, the hosier, desires his daughter to leave the shop, and to "get up to her virginals." —*W. Chappell.*

[21] *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have.*

Pash is, in Scotland, a jocular term for the head, and, in Cheshire, the front of a bull's or pig's head is called a *bash*, which is perhaps another form of the same word. Hence "a mad pash, a mad-brain, a mad-cap, Chesh.," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033, probably taken from Ray's English Words, 1691. Leontes, by the term *shoots*, probably refers to the budding horns emblematic of cuckoldism; but, having regard to the tendency of his speech, in the first part of which he is chiefly dwelling on the likeness of the boy to himself, it is perhaps possible to construe his words as simply meaning,—you want the rough head, and the beard, to complete your resemblance to me. The following are the notes of the commentators,—

Thou want'st a rough *pash* and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies—"to make thee a *calf* thou must have the *tuft* on thy forehead and the *young horns* that *shoot* up in it, as I have." Leontes asks the Prince:

——How now, you *wanton calf!*
Art thou my *calf?*
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have,
To be full like me.

To *pash* signifies to *push* or *dash against*, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus, Drayton:

They either poles their heads together *pasht.*

Again, in How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602, 4to.:

——learn *pash* and knock, and beat and mall,
Cleave pates and caputs.

When in Cheshire a *pash* is used for a *mad-brained boy*, it is designed to characterise him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing.—*Henley.*

——waving his beam
Upon the *pashed* corses of the kings,
Epistrophus and Cedius.—*Troilus and Cressida*

And again, (as Henley on another occasion observes,) in the Virgin Martyr:

——when the battering ram
Were fetching his career backward, to *pash*
Me with *his horns* to pieces.—*Steevens.*

I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head.* The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning, therefore, of the present passage, I suppose, is this: "You tell me, (says Leontes to his son,) that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the *horned* bull: thou wantest the *rough head and the horns* of that animal, completely to resemble your father."—*Malone.*

[22] *But were they false as o'er-dyed blacks.*

Mourning habiliments were formerly termed *blacks.* "The queen's funeral is like to be deferred for want of money to buy the *blacks* (for Sir Lionel Craufield saith he will not take them up upon credit), till the end of May," Letter dated 1619. "They caused sixe roomes of Richmond House to bee hung with *blackes*," Cleland's Monument of Mortalitie, 1624. "I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many *blacks*,—I'll have the church hung round with a noble a yard,—Or requite him in 'scutcheons," Middleton's Mad World my Masters, 1608. "*Blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,—There is no credit given to 't, it has lost—All reputation by *false* sons and widows:—I would not hear of *blacks*," Massinger's Old Law. "We 'll think 't no sinne, to weare *blacks* without, but other thoughts within," Heywood's English Traveller. These last extracts convey a very common idea, but Shakespeare undoubtedly refers in the text to old cloths of other colours dyed black, that colour being the last in which dresses appeared, and frequently one which did not bear the test of use. "Truly, quoth Camillo, my wool was blacke, and therefore it would take no other colour," Lyly's Euphues and his England, 1580.

[23] *One that fixes no bourn 'twixt his and mine.*

That is, any noted cheat, who would as readily convert my possessions to his use and purposes, as his own, and trick me of them all. In the waste and open countries, *bourns* are the grand separations or divisions of one part of the country from another, and are natural limits of districts and parishes. For bourn is simply nothing more than a boundary. As in the Tempest, a. ii. s. i, "Bourn, bound of land, tilth, &c." And in Antony and Cleopatra, "I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd," a. i. s. i. And in the Winter's Tale, a. i. s. ii, "One that fixes no

bourn 'twixt his and mine." Dover-cliff is called in Lear, "this chalky bourn," that is, this chalky boundary of England towards France, a. iv. s. vi. See Furetiere in Borne, and Du Cange in Borna, Lat. Gloss. In Saxon, burn, or burna, is a stream of water, as is bourn at present in some counties: and as rivers were the most distinguishable aboriginal separations or divisions of property, might not the Saxon word give rise to the French borne? There is a passage in the Faerie Queene where a river, or rather strait, is called a bourn, ii. vi. 10.—"My little boate can safely passe this perilous bourne," but seemingly also with the sense of division or separation.—*Warton.*

[24] *Look on me with your welkin eye.*

That is, with your sky-coloured or blue eye.

[25] *Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.*

The intensity of my affection stabs me to the heart; it creates jealousy by its excess; it makes possible things generally considered incredible; it is allied to dreams. How is this? It acts in concurrence with what is unreal, and holds companionship with a shadow; but then, it is certain that this very excess of imagination induced by my intense affection grows by degrees into a reality, unsanctioned by sufficient authority. The mind of Leontes is rapidly descending into a state of ungovernable jealousy, but he is now disturbed by the reflection it is possible there may be delusion. "Intention," observes Locke, is "when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitations of other ideas." The following commentary on this difficult passage by Mason may interest the reader,—

There is little reason to suppose that this passage is corrupted; yet it seems to be one of the most difficult that occurs in these plays.—All the commentators, however, have passed it over in silence, except Steevens, who has restored the antient reading, and gives an explanation with which he does not seem to be thoroughly satisfied; I shall therefore hazard another conjecture: I cannot think that *affection* implies imagination either in this passage, or in that which he alludes to in the Merchant of Venice; in the latter it rather signifies what is sometimes called *sympathy*, that irresistable and unaccountable propensity in our nature to like or to abhor a particular object, without being able to assign any cause for it; in this place it seems to be taken in its usual acceptation, and means the passion of love, which, from its possessing the powers which Leontes here describes, is often called in Shakespeare by the name of *Fancy*.

Leontes addresses part of this speech to his son; but his wife and Polixenes, who are supposed to be in sight, are the principal objects of his attention; and as he utters it in the utmost perturbation of mind, we are not to expect from him a connected discourse, but a kind of rhapsody, interrupted by frequent breaks and starts of passion. And to show the possibility of Hermione's falsehood, he begins to descant upon the power of love; but has no sooner pronounced the word *affection*, than casting his eyes on Hermione, he says to her, or rather of her, in a low voice, *thy intention stabs the center!* And if we suppose that in speaking these words the actor strikes his breast, it would be a further explanation of his meaning.——After that, he proceeds again in his argument for a line and a half, when we have another break—"How can this be?" He then proceeds with more connection, and says, "if love can be co-active with what is unreal, and have communication with non-entities." It is probable that it may conjoin with something real in the case of Hermione, and having proved it possible, he concludes "that it certainly must be so." The words *beyond commission*, alludes to the commission he had

given Hermione to prevail on Polixenes to defer his departure.—This is the light in which this passage strikes me, but I am by no means confident that my idea of it is just. *Intention* in this passage means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

[26] *What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?*

This line is generally given to Polixenes, but, in acting the play, the arrangement of the original edition is greatly to be preferred. Polixenes calls Leontes, who is standing aside, and, being thus interrupted in his abstraction, hides the agony of his thoughts by an assumption of cheerfulness.

[27] *Methought, I did recoil.*

Methoughts, old eds. In old books, *methought* and *methoughts* are printed indiscriminately, but it is perhaps better to preserve uniformity in such matters in a modern text. *Recoil*, put back; an explanation hardly necessary, had not *recall* been suggested as a plausible alteration. The annexed representation of a boy's costume,—"myself unbreech'd, in my green velvet coat"—is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a monumental brass erected in 1592.

[28] *Will you take eggs for money?*

This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest is said to be *cucullatus*, cuckowed, or cuckold.—*Johnson.*

The meaning of this is, "will you put up affronts?" The French have a proverbial saying, A qui vendes vous coquilles? *i. e.*, whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. "*Mam.* No, my Lord, I'll fight." —*Smith.*

I met with Shakespeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd A Match at Midnight, 1633:—"I shall have *eggs for my money;* I must hang myself."—*Steevens.*

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantery skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery give a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat *they will take eggs for their money*," Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World, 4to, 1630, p. 154. Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Malone asserts, but not here.—*Reed.*

In A Method for Travell, shewed by taking the view of France as it stoode in the yeere of our Lord, 1593, by Robert Dallington, no date, we meet with the very sentence quoted by Mr. Reed, given as a translation from the French. This is the original: "L'infanterie Francoise escaramouche bravement de loin et la cavellerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront, puis apres q'elle *s'accomode.*"—*Boswell.*

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—"Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your

money, and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it?" This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money*, seems to be what, in As You Like It, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*. The following passage in Campion's History of Ireland, 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage; and shows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?—"What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But, go to, suppose hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leisure." These words make part of the defence of the Earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the Earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, to *be trifled with*, or *to be imposed upon*. "For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?"—*Malone*.

[29] *And my young rover.*

Rover, literally, an archer; but the term seems here to be used as one of familiarity applied to a frolicsome child. In Cynthia's Revels, Mercury calls Cupid, "my little rover," and hence, perhaps, any child was so termed.

[30] *How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!*

"*Neb*, nose, *Bor. et Kent*, hold up your nebb, Sax. *nebbe*, nasus, nares; item nostrum, the bill, beak, nib or nebb of a bird; whence, by metaphor, the nib or nebb of a pen; Island. *nebbe*, nasus," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033. "The bill, beake, or nebbe of a bird," Nomenclator, 1585. The neb, in early English, was generally used for the nose, and this appears to be the meaning of the word in the text. Leontes speaks afterwards of their "meeting noses." Hence, to kiss. "Shal's not busse, knight? shal's not *neb*," Two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609.

Josep cam into halle and sauȝ his brethren wepe;
He kisseth Benjamin, anon his *neb* he gan wipe.
MS. Bodl. 652, f. 10.

Into his bour he is come,
And stant bifore hire bed,
And find thar twa *neb* to *neb*,
Neb to *neb*, an mouth to mouth;
Wele sone was that sorwe couth!
Florice and Blancheflour, 618.

[31] *Made his business more material.*

The elision of the personal pronoun is common in this kind of construction, the meaning being, he made his business more urgent in order to excuse himself complying with your petitions. It has been suggested to place the semicolon after the word *made*, an arrangement which deserves consideration, in which case the interpretation is nearly the same.

[32] *Whisp'ring, rounding.*

Rounding is nearly, if not quite, equivalent to *whispering*. The term is again used by Shakespeare, and occurs very frequently in older writers.

Two risen up in rape,
And *rouned* togideres,

And preised thise peny-worthes
A-part by hemselve.
Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 97.

The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book de Ling. Sax. So, in Lingua, 1607: "I helped Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his History; and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear*, when he historified Pantagruel." Again, in the Spanish Tragedy:—"Forthwith revenge *she rounded me i' th' ear*."—*Steevens.*

[33] *Sicilia is a so-forth.*

This seems to have been a polite phrase indicating cuckoldism, something allied to one still in use, when a person of bad character is said to be *so-and-so* by a speaker not willing to enter into particulars.

What, speechlesse, Ned! fayth, wherefore?
'Tis on your French corrival, for my life!
He comes *ete vostre* and *so forth*,
Till he hath foysted in a brat or two.
How then, How then?—*Englishmen for my Money*, 1631.

The following are the notes of the commentators,—

This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say—"Every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*." As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom.—*Steevens.*

In regulating this line, I have adopted a hint suggested by M. Mason. I have more than once observed, that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words, without the break now introduced, are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold, to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold*, from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* so forth. So, in the Merchant of Venice: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and so following*." Again, in Hamlet

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(*Videlicit*, a brothel,) *or so forth*."

Again, more appositely, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"——with a dish of carraways, *and so forth*."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida: "Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, *and so forth*, the spice and salt that season a man?"—*Malone.*

[34] *For thy conceit is soaking.*

Dr. Grey would read—*in* soaking; but I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning. —*Steevens.*

[35] *Lower messes.*

I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest

degree about the court. See Anstis, Ord. Gart. I. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at the *first messe.*" Formerly not only at every great man's table the visitants were placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great saltseller placed in the centre of the table, and of having coarser provisions set before them. The former custom is mentioned in the Honest Whore, by Decker, 1604: "Plague him; set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a subject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as the following instance (in the Woman Hater) may prove:

> Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones,
> Partly to make a shew with,
> And partly to keep the *lower mess* from eating.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different prices: "What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylings, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my household servantes geve me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank.—*Steevens.*

[36] *To bide upon't.*

Here, *To bide upon't* is equivalent to—My abiding opinion is. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King, act iv. sc. 3;

> Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman;
> *To abide upon't*, a very valiant man:

and Potts's Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster, 1613; "the wife of the said Peter then said, *to abide upon it*, I thinke that my husband will neuer mend," &c. Sig. T 4.—*Rev. A. Dyce.*

[37] *Which hoxes honesty behind.*

That is, which disables honesty. "This verbe Expeditor, to make lame, or to make one halt, or unable to run, is a made Latin woord, used in stead of Mutulo, to make one lame: And in the Assises and Customes of the Forrest, that were made in the time of Edward the first, there this woord Mutulatus is used for Expeditatus, as a woord of better Latin, and meet to be used for that purpose. Canutus in his 31. Canon doth call the lawing of dogges Genuiscissio, but that was a kind of cutting or laming of dogges in the hammes, and that sort of lawing of dogges the old Forresters were wont to call Hamling, or, *Hoxing*, and of some Hocksynewing," Manwood's Treatise and Discourse of the Lawes of the Forrest, 1598. "Yet recovering his feet, with his faulchion *hoxed* the hinder legs of the mare whereon the Sultan rid," Knolles' History of the Turks, 1603. "Then foole, how could it come in, unlesse it had bin a leg? methought his hose were cut and drawne out with parsly; I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to *hox* him, and so awakt," Lillie's Mother Bombie, ed. 1632.

[38] *Whereof the execution did cry out against the non-performance.*

That is, the successful execution whereof raised an outcry against the delay in the performance of it; or, perhaps, when the success of another in the execution of any particular design showed my folly in not undertaking it.

[39] *That does not think.*

Although these words are part of a parenthetical sentence, there is little doubt but they are also intended to apply to the commencement of the following line. It may be worth noting that, in some copies of ed. 1685, *slippery* is misprinted *flippery*.

[40] *My wife's a hobby-horse.*

Holy-horse, old eds. "There,—give it your hobby-horse," Othello. The child's hobby-horse, metaphorically alluded to in the text, is not obsolete, though far less common than in days of yore. The annexed representation of a boy playing with one, and holding another toy in his hand, is taken from a MS. dated 1582.

The while her darling, on his *hobby-horse*
About the hall shall ride, and prance, and course;
And imitate mens actions (as an ape),
Build paper-towrs, make puppets, sit in lap?
Dubartas, translated by Sylvester, p. 612.

[41] *He that wears her like her medal.*

I suppose the poet meant to say, 'that Polixenes wore her, as he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck.' Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain.—*Steevens.*

The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the MS. In As You Like It, and Love's Labour's Lost, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation.—In King Henry VIII. we have again the same thought:

——— a loss of her,
That like a *jewell* has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.

It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in Commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18:—"he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I.—*Malone.*

Malone (Suppl.) proposes to read, "*a* medal." The annexed representation of a cup-bearer, selected by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century, may here be inserted in illustration of the office held by Camillo, and which is alluded to in the present speech.

[42] *To give mine enemy a lasting wink.*

A similar expression occurs in the Tempest,—"To the perpetual wink for aye

might put—This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence." So, also, in Marston's Malcontent,—

> The stooping scythe-man that doth barb the field,
> Thou makest *wink sure:* in night all creatures sleep,
> Only the Malcontent.

[43] *I have lov'd thee.*

It has been suggested that these words should be transferred to the next speech of Leontes, who would then be represented as saying to Camillo,—I indeed have loved you, but if you express doubts of the correctness of my view of the matter, respecting the queen's chastity, you may go rot! The ordinary arrangement seems correct. Camillo, by way of excusing his boldness in differing from the king, commences with an assurance of his love and fidelity, which the impatience of Leontes interrupts by an angry denunciation of any attempt to controvert his own views, asking Camillo if he considers him to be so foolish as to bring this torment on himself by his own design. The following are the notes of the commentators:—

The last hemistich assign'd to Camillo must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once loved him.—I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The King, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provoked that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries:—"I've lov'd thee—Make't thy question, and go rot!" i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness.—*Theobald.*

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous to defend the queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the King that *he has loved him*, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted.—*Johnson.*

"I have lov'd thee,"—In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:—"Make that thy question and go rot!—I have lov'd thee."—*Tyrwhitt.*

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the King interrupts him by saying: "Make that thy question," i. e. 'make the love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it.' *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in Measure for Measure: "But in the loss of *question;*" i. e. in conversation that is thrown away." Again, in Hamlet: "*questionable* shape" is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in As You Like It: "an *unquestionable* spirit" is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with.—*Steevens.*

If the reader can make anything of this nonsense, he is welcome to it. I must profess I cannot; and therefore think it probable the poet wrote, "*I've lov'd thee.* Mark this *question, and go* do't." Camillo had just said, 'He knew well enough how to poison the King of Bohemia, without incurring the least suspicion, but had too high an opinion of his Royal Mistress's honour, to give credit to the imputation laid upon her.' The King answers; 'My past favours sufficiently prove the affection I bear thee. Now mark this one single question I am about to ask thee; and then, if it doth, as it must, appear unanswerable, go, and do what I

have requested of thee, without farther scruple or delay.' This question, which was to determine Camillo's obedience, immediately follows in the next succeeding lines.—*Heath.*

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct, and says—"Make that thy question and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption.—*M. Mason.*

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words—"being honourable," should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: 'Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.' However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the King instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, "I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech to denote an abrupt speech.—*Malone.*

[44] *Could man so blench.*

Could man so deviate from the right? The substantive *blenches* occurs in the Sonnets in the same sense, deviations from a correct course.

[45] *If I could find example of thousands.*

These lines, say Blackstone, and the commentators, could never have been intended for the ear of her, who had deprived the Queen of Scots of life: To the son of Mary they could not have been very agreeable. Now, mark how a plain tale shall put down a confident assumption. Strype, who cannot be too much praised for his labours, informs us, that "*after* the rebellion of the Earl of Essex, were certain prayers, fit for the time, set forth, by authority, to be used thrice a week, on the prayer days, in the churches." This laborious historian has preserved two of those prayers: the first is a thanksgiving "prayer for the merciful deliverance of our most dread Sovereign Lady, thy vicegerent, in her dominions, Queen Elizabeth, as ever heretofore, so at this time, from the traiterous attempts, and desperate designments of sundry most unkind, and disloyal-like persons, who forgetting their duty to thee, O Lord, and towards thine *anointed*, have, in the *height of their pride*, after a popular sort, with divers false pretences, and many slanderous calumniations, sought, in open rebellion, not only the *extinguishment* of thy servant, our comfort, and our glory, but the tragical overthrow of this our native country." The prayer then beseeches "the God of Hosts to defend still the sacred person of our Sovereign Lady, from all such dangerous designments, her kingdoms from all treacherous practices, and us, her subjects, from the crafty alurements of all *popular*, and *ambitious dissembling* Absoloms." The second prayer speaks of thy handmaid, *thine Anointed;* and of thine own *anointed Magistrate.* Shakespeare, then, seems to have merely translated the sentiments of those public prayers, into dramatic poetry, as he frequently did the prose narratives of Holingshed; and to have adopted the emphatical expression, *anointed Kings*, instead of *anointed Magistrate.* He was induced to do this, according to his usual custom of catching every temporary topick; in order

to captivate the audience; who, while under the influence of those prayers, must have received the quoted passage with loud applause. During that momentous period, neither Elizabeth, nor her people, entertained one thought of Mary Stuart, who fell, by the stroke of a *legal* instrument, at least; which was used, in consequence of an address of Parliament, and of a popular call: The unhappy Queen of Scots fell by a stroke of a very different kind, from that of Shakespeare at anointed *Kings*, by that *tumultuous villainy*, which was so strongly reprobated in those authorized prayers.—*Chalmers.*

If, as Blackstone supposes, this be an allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots, it exhibits Shakespeare in the character of a cringing flatterer accommodating himself to existing circumstances, and is moreover an extremely severe one. But the perpetrator of that atrocious murder *did flourish* many years afterwards. May it not rather be designed as a compliment to King James on his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy, an event often brought to the people's recollection during his reign, from the day on which it happened being made a day of thanksgiving? See Osborne's Traditionall Memoyres, and the almanacks of the time under the 5th of August.—*Douce.*

[46] *Is certain to me a break-neck.*

Break-neck, that is, complete ruin. The inversed term, *neck-break*, is still in use in the provinces.

Another accident worthy observation (and which was allso then observed) was that the Foole carelesly sittinge downe at the Princes feete brake his staff in the midst, whence wee could not but directly gather a verye ill omen, that the default and follye of some woulde bee the very *breaknecke* of our ensueinge sports, which how it fell out, I leave to the censures of others.—*An Account of the Christmas Prince*, 1607.

[47] *Speeds from me.*

This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakespeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.—*M. Mason.*

[48] *Make me not sighted like the basilisk.*

The popular notion of the basilisk in the sixteenth century, derived primarily from Pliny, may be gathered from the following extract from Andrewe's edition of the Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, n. d., "There be in Inde the basilicocks which have the sight so venymous that they slee al men, and so do they al foules and bestes; he hath the hede lyke a cocke, and body of a serpente; he is kynge of all serpentes, lyke as the lyon is kyng above all bestes, he is white rayed here and there. There is nether herbe ne fruyte whereby he shall passe, ne the trees that be planted but they

shall perysshe, yf he have byte or slayn beste or other thyng." Pliny's account, as translated by Holland, is as follows,—"There is not one that looketh upon his eyes, but hee dyeth presently. The like propertie hath the serpent called a *basiliske*:—a white spot or starre it carrieth on the head, and setteth it out like a coronet or diadem; if he but hisse once, no other serpents dare come neere." The annexed engraving of a basilisk is taken from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century.

Nor is only the existency of this animal considerable, but many things delivered thereof, particularly its poyson and its generation. Concerning the first, according to the doctrine of the ancients, men still affirm, that it killeth at a distance, that it poisoneth by the eye, and by priority of vision. Now that deliterious it may be at some distance and distructive without corporal contraction, what uncertainty soever there be in the effect, there is no high improbability in the relation. For if plagues or pestilential atomes have been conveyed in the air from different regions; if men at a distance have infected each other; if the shadows of some trees be noxious; if Torpedoes deliver their opium at a distance, and stupifie beyond themselves; we cannot reasonably deny, that (beside our gross and restrained poisons requiring contiguity unto their actions) there may proceed from subtiller seeds, more agile emanations; which contemn those laws, and invade at distance unexpected. That this venenation shooteth from the eye, and that this way a basilisk may empoison, although thus much be not agreed upon by authors, some imputing it unto the breath, others unto the bite, it is not a thing impossible. For eyes receive offensive impressions, from their objects, and may have influences destructive to each other. For the visible species of things strick not our senses immaterially; but streaming in corporal raies, do carry with them the qualities of the object from whence they flow, and the medium through which they pass. Thus through a green or red glass all things we behold appear of the same colours; thus sore eyes affect those which are sound; and themselves also by reflection; as will happen to an inflamed eye that beholds it self long in a glass; thus is fascination made out; and thus also it is not impossible, what is affirmed of this animal; the visible raies of their eies carrying forth the subtilest portion of their poison; which received by the eye of man, or beast, infecteth first the brain, and is from thence communicated unto the heart. But lastly, That this destruction should be the effect of the first beholder, or depend upon priority of aspection, is a point not easily to be granted; and very hardly to be made out upon the principles of Aristotle, Alhazen, Vitello, and others; who hold that sight is made by reception, and not by extramission; by receiving the raies of the object into the eye, and not by sending any out. For hereby although he behold a man first, the basilisk should rather be destroyed, in regard he first receiveth the raies of his antipathy, and venemous emissions which objectively move his sense; but how powerfull soever his own poison be, it invadeth not the sense of man, in regard he beholdeth him not.—*Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

[49] *I have look'd on thousands.*

It may be worth notice that the word *have* is accidentally omitted in ed. 1632, but the line being the first in the page, the missing word is found in the catch at the bottom of the preceding one. The same error is repeated in ed. 1663, but it is corrected in ed. 1685.

[50] *In whose success we are gentle.*

The term *success* seems to be here used in the sense of *succession*,—we are gentlemen by birth. "And make thee gentle, being born a beggar," Insatiate Countess, 1613.

[51] *I am appointed him to murder you.*

The construction is either the elision of the particle *by*, as in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "run away with the cozeners," that is, by the cozeners: or else the pronoun *him* is here singularly used for the person, I am the person appointed to murder you, or, I am the appointed he who is to murder you. *Him* is used for *he* in other places, in Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, &c. The word *am* is accidentally omitted in eds. 1632, 1663, 1685, and the sense attempted to be made good, in an annotated copy, by altering *him* to *am*,—"I appointed am to murther you."

[52] *Or been an instrument to vice you to't.*

The connexion between the terms *instrument* and *vice* seems to indicate that the latter is here a verb in the sense, to screw or move like a vice. "*Tournoir*, the vice or winch of a presse," Cotgrave. "A screw or vice to winde up and downe," Minsheu. "Machina lignea, qua quæ imus geruntur aut fiunt, versatione rotarum spectatoribus ostenduntur, a *vice* or gin of wood, wherewith such things as are done within out of sight, are shewed to the beholders by the turning about of wheeles," Nomenclator, 1585.

[53] *Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best.*

Henderson's conjecture that Judas is here meant is certainly well founded. A clause in the sentence against excommunicated persons was, "let them *have part with Judas that betrayed Christ.* Amen;" and this is here imitated.—*Douce.*

[54] *Swear his thought over.*

That is, over-swear his thought or conceived suspicion, attempt to silence it by swearing by every star in heaven. This follows naturally after Camillo's previous speech,—"he thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears," &c. A similar expression, "to swear a person down," that is, to silence him by using violent asseverations, is still in use; and also occurs in Shakespeare. "Think'st thou, thy oaths, though they would swear down each particular saint, were testimonies against his worth and credit," Measure for Measure.

It may be just worth observing that, in the preceding speech, *shunn'd* is altered to *fear'd*, and *read* to *read of*, in some MS. extracts from this play of the time of Charles the Second, but which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, are of no authority.

[55] *And thy places shall still neighbour mine.*

That is, your situation in my court shall be near my person; or, perhaps, merely, you shall always bear me company.

[56] *Good Expedition be my friend.*

In other words, may Expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of his suspicion. If the words in the next line be taken more literally, it must be presumed that Polixenes had misapprehended the exact force of Camillo's former speech, and was thinking that he himself was the chief object of the suspicion of Leontes. The meaning will then be,—comfort the beautiful queen, who is part of the subject of his thoughts, but who has not fallen under his suspicion. There is the difficulty, in this interpretation, arising from the obvious circumstance that guilt must be shared by both, but Polixenes may be presumed to imagine that he alone had displayed courtesies misinterpreted by Leontes, and that the queen, who had not been seriously suspected, would yet

receive comfort from his absence by the then impossibility of a surmise of her bestowing even a faint appreciation on him degenerating into actual suspicion. In Greene's novel, no intimation is given to the character answering to Polixenes of the cause of the king's anger. There is a passage in Twelfth Night similar in construction to the latter part of the lines here examined,—"I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose."

There has been, however, so much dispute as to the exact meaning of the text, the following notes of the commentators are added:—

But how could this expedition comfort the queen? on the contrary, it would increase her husband's suspicion. We should read: "——— and comfort—The gracious *queen's;*" i.e., be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend. —*Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just; but what shall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest is lost:

———and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill ta'en suspicion — !

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion; this passion is the *theme* or subject of the king's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the queen, for her comfort, so much of that theme or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. "May part of the king's present sentiments comfort the queen, but away with his suspicion." This is such meaning as can be picked out.—*Johnson.*

Perhaps the sense is—May that good speed which is my friend, *comfort* likewise the queen who is "part of its theme," i. e. *partly* on whose account I go away; but may not the same *comfort* extend itself to the groundless suspicions of the king; i. e. may not my departure support him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakspeare: and Paulina says, in a subsequent scene, that she does not choose to appear a friend to Leontes, "in comforting his evils," i. e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it.—*Steevens.*

Comfort is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!—We meet with a similar phraseology in Twelfth-Night: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight; what my offence to him is: it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*"—*Malone.*

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught this?[1]
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now,
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;[2]
I have one of spirits and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,——
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,[3] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom: for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drank, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employed, was pre-employ'd by him:

He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[4] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority:
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him?

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I 'd say, he had not,
And, I 'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say,—she is a goodly lady,—and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,—
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable;—
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she 's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she 's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She 's an adultress; I have said, with whom,
More, she 's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary[5] with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal,[6] that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No;—if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear[7]
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.[8]

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me:—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is 't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,[9]

Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry: now,
I trust, I shall.——My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables[10] where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her,[11] no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him:[12] Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;[13]
If this prove true, they 'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib[14] myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus;[15] and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Ant If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels: but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth,[16] like us: inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild), I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:[17] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth; So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two,[18] fled hence,

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attendants.
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, delivered.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says,—"My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king![20] beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Keep. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She the adultress;—for the harlot king[21]
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[22] plot proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord? [*Advancing.*
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see,
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply:
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fye, fye! no thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:
And in his parties, his alliance,[23]—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA *with a* Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counseller; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen.
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.[24]
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I 'll off;
But, first, I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![25] Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard, [*to* ANTIGONUS,] thou art woman-tir'd,[26] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,[27]—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.[28]
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't![29]
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that 's here; and that 's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,) once remove
The root of his opinion which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue: who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast—
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't;[30] lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's![31]
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,[32] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord: 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit;
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel

And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery,[33] your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,[34]—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: anything possible.
Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,[35]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,[36]
Where chance may nurse or end it: Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss![37] [*Exit with the child.*
Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me:
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Who taught this?*

The pronoun *you* or *ye* is understood before *this*, and in ed. 1623, the mark of elision is prefixed to the last word. This mark is omitted in the later folios. The suppression of the objective case of the personal pronoun after a verb was not of unusual occurrence. So, in the present act,—"and beseech so to esteem of us."

[2] *A sad tale's best for winter.*

As the correctness of the text has been questioned, the following may deserve quotation. It is extracted from the dedicatory epistle prefixed to the old English tragedy of Tancred and Gismund,—"And now that weary winter is come upon us, which bringeth with him drooping days and tedious nights, if it be true that the motions of our minds follow the temperature of the air wherein we live, then I think the perusing of some mournful matter tending to the view of a notable example, will refresh your wits in a gloomy day, and ease your weariness of the lowering night."

[3] *There may be in the cup a spider steep'd.*

It was a common opinion that spiders were venomous. Topsell, in his History of Serpents, 1608, says, "all spyders are venomous, but yet some more, and some lesse. Of spyders that neyther doe nor can doe much harme, some of them are tame, familiar, and domesticall, and these be commonly the greatest among the whole packe of them."

That spiders were esteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair: "The countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *seven—great spiders*, and cantharides."—*Henderson.*

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in Holland's Leaguer, a pamphlet published in 1632: "—like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth."—*Malone.*

[4] *And I remain a pinch'd thing.*

The words following this sentence favour the interpretation that Leontes means to imply he is a mere baby or puppet pinched out of clouts or rags, a puppet that they can play upon at pleasure. "*Muguet*, a curiously-dressed babie of clowts," Cotgrave. Anything crinkled or creased purposely in dress, pastry, &c., was formerly said to be "pinched." Thus napkins pinched ready for the dinner-table are mentioned in Mayne's Citye Match, 1639; and the pinched crust of a pasty is alluded to in All's Well that Ends Well.

[5] *Camillo is a federary with her.*

Federary, a confederate. The word in this form is derived easily and naturally from the Latin, but it is one of unusual occurrence. It does not appear to be connected with the term *feodary*.

[6] *But with her most vile principal.*

But, only, as in other instances. Camillo is one who knows that which she ought to be ashamed to know herself, even were the knowledge of it restricted to her and her paramour.

[7] *The centre is not big enough to bear.*

That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.—*Johnson.*

Milton, in his Masque at Ludlow Castle, has expressed the same thought in more exalted language:

> ————if this fail,
> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.—*Steevens.*

[8] *Is afar off guilty, but that he speaks.*

That is, is remotely guilty, only that he speaks, or in merely speaking. "Or shall we sparingly show you *far off* the dauphin's meaning," Henry the Fifth. A similar expression occurs in the Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612, but it is there used in a more definite sense.

[9] *This action, I now go on.*

It has been supposed that the word *action* in this place means an indictment, charge, or accusation, but the more obvious interpretation is simply, this business upon which I go, what I am now about to do. So, in Much Ado about Nothing, —"When I went forward on this ended action."

[10] *I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife.*

The exact meaning of this is somewhat obscure, but Antigonus probably intends to say that, if Hermione is false, he has then no faith in his own wife, and will keep her in her chamber with the same strictness that he does a horse in his stables, he will make a stable of his bed-chamber, tie his wife to the manger or rack. The allusion afterwards to going in couples does not necessarily refer to the same idea, but may be spoken either with a generic meaning, or with a distinct allusion to hounds going in couples.

[11] *Than when I feel, and see her.*

The old copies read *then*, which, it is hardly necessary to observe, is the antique orthography of *than*, so that either word may be said to have the sanction of the first edition. Either reading makes sense, but the use of the word *further* shows the probability of the lection here adopted being that intended by the author.

[12] *I would land-damn him.*

Unless there be a corruption in the text, the word *land-damn* can merely mean, either, to condemn to quit the land, to banish, or to curse throughout the land; the latter explanation better suiting the energetic denunciation obviously intended to be conveyed by the speaker. If we read *land-dam*, the sense might be, I will bury him in the earth, in other words, kill him. It is barely possible some corruption of the word may be preserved in one of the following rustic terms. "*Landan, lantam, rantan*, are used by some Glostershire people in the sense of scouring or correcting to some purpose, and also of rattling and rating severely, but no certain idea seems to be affixt to these cant phrases," MS. Glossary compiled about 1780.

[13] *The second, and the third, nine, and some five.*

That is, the second daughter is nine, and the third is about five. In Cornwall, at the present day, *some*, when applied to figures, means *about*, as, "ten or some," about ten, or some ten. "According to my censure, there were twenty or *some* (i.e., about twenty) up to Bal," (i.e., the mine). "I have a son some year elder," about a year older, King Lear. "The number slain on the rebels' part were *some* two thousand," Bacon. In ed. 1632, and the later folios, *some* is altered to *sonnes* or *sons*, which is unquestionably an error, for sons were never co-heirs. In Bulwer's Man Transform'd, or the Artificiall Changling, 1653, is an account of the operation alluded to being executed on females, so that the original text is not to be altered on account of its having been generally restricted to the other sex.

[14] *I had rather glib myself.*

Glib, to castrate. "If I come back, let me be glib'd," Saint Patrick for Ireland, 1640. The more usual word was *lib*, but *glib* is still in use in the provinces.

[15] *As you feel doing thus.*

This passage is elliptical in the sense of, as you feel while I am doing thus, Leontes being supposed to clutch Antigonus by the arm, or do some action which makes him sensibly feel the power of his "instruments" or fingers. The following are the notes of the commentators:—

The instruments we employ in doing anything do not feel, but are felt. This passage therefore is undoubtedly corrupt. I would conjecture that the poet might have written,—"*The instruments* of *that* you *feel*.—Ant. *If so*." The King had said, He both saw and felt the wrong that had been done him, and he now adds, just as you feel the impression on your sense at the present moment, and not only feel it, but at the same time see too the instruments which are the cause or occasion of this your feeling; that is, in short, I see and feel my wrong with the same certainty, as you see and feel the present object of those senses. To preserve the metre, which however our poet is not always solicitous to preserve in divided verses, I have substituted at the beginning of the reply of Antigonus, *If so*, for, *If it be so.—Heath.*

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. Leontes, perhaps, "touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a *snail's horns*;" for "*these*, or (imaginary horns of his own like them,) are the instruments that feel," to which he alluded.—There is a similar reference in the Merry Wives of Windsor, from whence the direction of "striking his brows" seems to have been adopted:—"he so takes on,—so curses all Eve's daughters, and so *buffets himself on the forehead*, crying *Peer out, peer*

out !"—The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense.—*Henley.*

I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you Antigonus, *now* feel *me*, *on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* see the instruments that feel, i.e. my fingers. So, in Coriolanus :

—— all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—
That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.
————where the other *instruments*
Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, *feel*, &c.

Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of Antigonus. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this Act.—*Malone.*

[16] *Relish a truth.*

So the old editions, but Rowe altered *a* to *as*. Our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the conclusions of them do not always correspond with the beginning. So, before, in this play :

——*who*,—if I
Had servants true about me,—
————they would do that, &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical ; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology to the modern standard, has been the source of much error in the regulation of his text.—*Malone.*

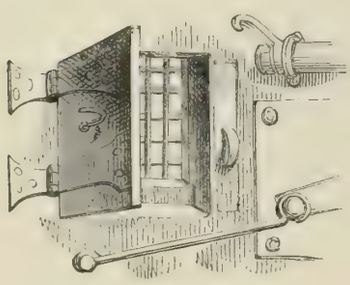
[17] *Of stuff'd sufficiency.*

That is, of abilities more than enough. So, in Dallington's Method of Travell : " I remember a countriman of ours well seene in arts and language, well stricken in yeares, a mourner for his second wife ; a father of marriageable children, who with other his booke studies abroad, joyned also the exercise of dancing ; it was his hap in an honourable *Bal* (as they call it) to take a fall, which in mine opinion was not so disgracefull as the dancing itselfe, to a *man of his stuffe*."—*Boswell.*

[18] *Lest that the treachery of the two.*

He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo.—*Johnson.*

[19] *The outer Room of a Prison.*



Such a room as now exists in the Old Prison, called "Der Stein," at Antwerp. It was erected in the reign of Charles V. of Spain. The wicket in the external door of this building is represented in the annexed engraving. It shows the inside of the door, with the bolts, and catch for the lock, so arranged as to be close to the doorkeeper's hand, after he had satisfied his scrutiny of the applicant outside.

[20] *These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king.*

Lunes, hallucinations. " *Avoir un quartier de la lune en la teste*, to bee halfe franticke, or have a spice of lunacie ; *il y a de la lune*, he is a foolish, humorous,

harebrain'd, giddie-headed fellow," Cotgrave. "I know 'twas but some peevish moone in him," Revengers Tragædie, 1608. "Such is the peevish moon that rules your bloods," The Puritan.

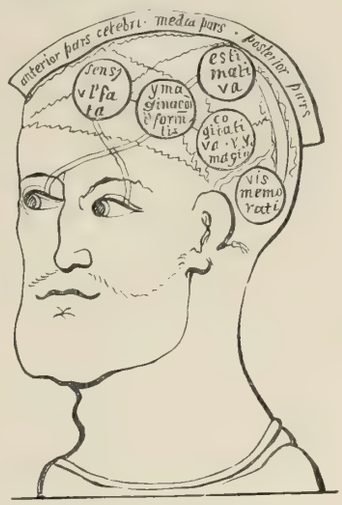
[21] *The harlot king.*

The term harlot was originally applied to a low depraved class of society, the ribalds, and having no relation to sex. (*A.-N.*)

> Salle never *harlott* have happe, thorowe helpe of my lorde,
> To kylle a crownde kyng with krysome enoynttede.
>
> *Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln*, f. 79.

[22] *Out of the blank and level of my brain, plot-proof.*

An imagery taken from gunnery, *blank* being the mark, the white mark in the centre of a butt, and hence used generally; and *level*, the line of an aim. The imagery probably commences with this sentence, otherwise *arm* might be a misprint for *aim*. The term *brain* is here, as in some other places, used in the sense of the concentration of thought, the collective seat of the understanding, the brain being considered the abode of all the various mental qualities. Even phrenology is no modern discovery, as the annexed curious engraving, copied from a woodcut of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, will serve to show.



[23] *And in his parties, his alliance.*

This is also alluded to in Greene's novel, in which, however, the character corresponding to Polixenes is represented as being married to the Russian princess, not Leontes, as in the play, for Hermione, in the next act, alludes to the Emperor of Russia as her father,—"Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayde him, if neede should serve; for he married the Emperour's daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, than hunt after revenge, dishonor, and losse; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price."

[24] *So were I a man, the worst about you.*

In other words, were I a man, the most unskilful in the use of arms, I would, in her righteous cause, risk an appeal to combat. A similar phrase is still in use, the victor, in a pugilistic encounter, being termed the best man.

[25] *A mankind witch.*

A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that he does not like when a woman has a beard." Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples.—*Johnson.*

So, in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

> That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman.——
> Why, she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her.

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in A. Fraunce's Iviechurch: he is speaking of the Golden Age:

> Noe man murdring man with teare-flesh pyke or a poll-ax;
> Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obeissant;
> Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde*.

So, in M. Frobisher's first Voyage for the Discovery of Cataya, 4to. bl. l. 1578, p. 48: "He saw mightie deere, that seemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life," &c.—*Steevens.*

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes, in his Anglo-Saxon Grammar, p. 119, edit. 1705, observes: "*Saxonicè man* est a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* est *nocumentum*. *Francicè* est *nefas*, *scelus*." So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature.—*Tollet.*

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*. So in Massinger's Guardian:

> I keep no *mankind* servant in my house,
> For fear my chastity may be suspected.

And Jonson, in one of his Sonnets, says:

> Pallas, now thee I call on, *mankind* maid!

The same phrase frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus, in Monsieur Thomas, when Sebastian sees him in women's clothes, and supposes him to be a girl, he says:

> A plaguy *mankind* girl; how my brains totter!

And Gondarino, in the Woman-Hater:

> Are women grown so *mankind?*

In all which places *mankind* means *masculine.*—*M. Mason.*

[26] *Thou art woman-tir'd.*

Tire, to tear, to pluck, to peck at savagely, a term applied to birds of prey. Hence *woman-tir'd*, taken in connexion with the following words, may be considered equivalent to the common term *hen-pecked.*

[27] *By thy dame Partlet here.*

Partlet is the name of one of the cock's favorite hens in Chaucer's Nonne Prestes Tale, and the hen is so called in the old story-book of Reynard the Fox. Hence the term came to be jocularly applied to a woman. Falstaff, in the First Part of Henry the Fourth, calls Mrs. Quickly "dame Partlet the hen." She is thus introduced by Chaucer,—

> This gentil cok had in his governaunce
> Seven hennes, for to do al his plesaunce,
> Whiche were his sustres and his paramoures,
> And wonder lik to him, as of coloures.
> Of whiche the fairest hiewed on her throte,
> Was cleped fayre damysel Pertilote.

Curteys sche was, discret, and debonaire,
And companable, and bar hirself ful faire,
Syn thilke day that sche was seven night old,
That sche hath trewely the hert in hold
Of Chaunteclere loken in every lith;
He loved hir so, that wel him was therwith.

[28] *Give't to thy crone.*

Thy, ed. 1623; *the*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. *Crone* was a common term for an old woman, used in contempt, nor can it be said to be yet entirely obsolete. "This olde Soudanesse, this cursed crone," Chaucer. "Painters, that have made old crones appear as pleasant as little prety young Jones," Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene, 1567. "Nor old croans with wafers, to convey letters," Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass. "There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle," Marston's Malcontent, 1606. "All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old crones with child," Heywood's Golden Age, 1611. "An old wanton lady, or croane," Dramatis Personæ of Philaster, ed. 1628. "Witch and hag, crone and beldam," Heywood's Love's Mistress, 1636. "*Crone*, by Chaucer and other ancient poets, is applied to an old prating beldame; but it is properly the appellation of an old ewe," Minsheu.

[29] *By that forced baseness which he has put upon't!*

In other words, under the false character with which he has violently invested it, the odious appellation of bastardy.

[30] *No yellow in't.*

An allusion to jealousy. So, in Brome's Antipodes, 1640, to a woman, speaking of her husband,—

———But for his *yellows*,
Let me but lye with you, and let him know it,
His jealousie is gone.

[31] *Her children not her husband's.*

In the ardour of composition, Shakespeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a "bed-swerver," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give.—*Malone.*

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness, and chastised declamation.—*Steevens.*

[32] *And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd.*

Lozel is a variation of *lorel*, a term for a bad worthless fellow derived from the Anglo-Norman. "Lorel, or losel, or lurdene, *lurco*," Prompt. Parv. "Lorrell or losell, *fetart, loricart*," Palsgrave, 1530. Cocke Lorel is called Cocke Losel in the rare tract called Doctour Doubble Ale. "Now, ware thy throte, *losel*," Gammer Gurton's Needle. "Peace, prating lozel," George a Greene, 1599. "A *losel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty," Verstegan's Restitution,

1605, p. 335. "That infectious *loszell*," Englishmen for my Money. "*Maschefouyn*, a chuffe, boore, lobcocke, lozell, one that's fitter to feed with cattell, then to converse with men," Cotgrave.

[33] *With lady Margery, your midwife, there.*

He calls her midwife in contempt, because she has brought the child into his presence. *Mild wife*, a reading conjectured by Capell.

[34] *So sure as this beard's grey.*

Leontes must refer to the beard of Antigonus, as it appears from the previous allusion to his boyhood being only twenty-three years ago, he himself was a young man. He is rather rough with Antigonus, and he may be supposed to seize his beard as he speaks these words. Leontes had previously attacked him in that, or in some other similar manner, in the first scene of the present act; but a mere pointing to the beard would be sufficient to explain the allusion. There appears to be no necessity for altering the text, but the best conjecture is that contained in Lord Ellesmere's annotated copy of the first folio, in which *this* is altered to *thy*.

[35] *Swear by this sword.*

It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword, or by the sacred name of Jesus, which was sometimes engraven on the top of the blade or on the pummel of the sword. See the annexed engraving. According to a MS. of the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the Sloane Collection, the oath taken by a Master of Defence, when his degree was conferred upon him, commenced as follows,—"First, you shall sweare, so help you God and halidome, and by all the Christendome which God gave you at the fount-stone, and by the crosse of this sword which doth represent unto you the crosse which our Saviour suffered his most payneful deathe upon, that you shall upholde, maynteyne, and kepe to your power all soch articles as shall be heare declared unto you, and receve in the presence of me your maister, and these the rest of the maisters my brethren heare with me at this tyme." The custom is alluded to, at a much earlier period, in the satirical poem of Piers Ploughman,—

> David in his daies dubbed knightes,
> And did them swere on her sword to serve truth ever.

[36] *That thou commend it strangely to some place.*

"*Commend*, or commit unto," Minsheu. "To commende, or committe to, *commendo*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. *Strangely*, as a stranger.

[37] *Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!*

The word *loss*, in this instance and in another passage in the third act, seems to be equivalent to, desertion, exposure, subject to loss or destruction. Antigonus concludes his speech by wishing the king greater prosperity than this deed deserves, and invoking the blessing of Heaven on the banished child, the child cast out to the fortune of the elements. "*Losse*, hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Delphi, *near the Temple of* Apollo.

Enter Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle;[1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering.
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.[2]
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.——Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—SICILIA. *A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. —Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.——
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence![3]

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment,
Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[4] whereof being by circumstance partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."
Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself: it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*; mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions,[5] (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare:[6] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience,[7] sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent[8] I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence[9] to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;[10]
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:

Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes: though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,[11]
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact[12] are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:[13] for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek,
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[14] Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed,
But yet hear this; mistake me not:——No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake: I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law.[15]—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleon. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so,
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My lord, the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[16] is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now, there?
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and* Ladies *with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied[17]
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard[18]
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,[19]
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful:[20] nor was 't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,[21]
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don 't:[22]
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she 's dead: I 'll swear 't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods,—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier

Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods,
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief:[23] Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool, again!—
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie;[24] and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with a Child; and* Mariners.[25]

Ant. Thou art perfect then,[26] our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
A Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
A Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
A Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming:[27] in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying;[28] and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[29] there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine.——The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough:[30] I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! ——Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy.[31] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we

here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on 's, a barne;[32] a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,[33] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work; they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:[34] —but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man![35]

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[36] for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up,

boy, open 't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:[37]—open 't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man;[38] if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close;[39] home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on 't.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *Fertile the isle.*

This inaccuracy is derived from Greene's novel, where the queen requests the king, as a matter of justice, "to send sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus." Greene may have been thinking of Delos, an island in the Ægean sea, but the probability is that the oversight was involuntary, and that the novelist, although a classical scholar, really imagined Delphi was an island. The present scene apparently takes place in Delphi, soon after Cleomenes and Dion had visited the oracle, the allusion to the happy issue of the journey referring to the accomplishment of the object of their mission, not necessarily including their return to Sicily. It is to be assumed the temple was some distance from the sea, and they required fresh horses, not for their last stage in Sicily, but to take them with the utmost rapidity down to their ship. The opening words of Cleomenes seem conclusively to show that the scene was near the temple of the Oracle.

[2] *The time is worth the use on 't.*

The time is worth the use on't, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it.—*Johnson.*

If the event prove fortunate to the Queen, "the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it has cost us." In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essaies, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."—*Malone.*

[3] *Silence!*

In ed. 1623, this word appears as a stage-direction, but as it was usual to proclaim silence before the commencement of a trial, and the Officer of the Court is now speaking, it is to be presumed that the proclamation was made by him in legal form, so that the practical effect in representation is the same whether the

word "silence" form part of the speech, or whether the arrangement of the first folio be accepted. So, in Henry the Eighth, at the opening of the trial of Queen Katherine, Wolsey says,—"Let silence be commanded."

[4] *The pretence whereof, &c.*

"Hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had *committed adulterie* with Egistus, and *conspired* with Franion to poyson Pandosto *her husband*, but their *pretence* being *partely* spyed, she *counselled* them *to flie away by night for their better safety*,"—Greene's Pandosto.

[5] *If powers divine behold our human actions.*

The author had here evidently recollected the following passage in Greene's novel of Pandosto,—"If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions, as no doubt they are, I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit."

[6] *I prize it as I weigh grief, which I would spare.*

As regards life, I value it no more than sorrow, which latter I would of course most willingly spare.

[7] *I appeal to your own conscience.*

"How I have led my life *before* Egistus' *comming*, I *appeale*, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy *conscience*,"—Greene's Pandosto.

[8] *With what encounter so uncurrent, &c.*

In other words, I appeal to you to tell me, since Polixenes came to your court, with what conversation or marks of affection beyond those currently allowed by society have I passed bounds, to justify my appearance in this manner as a criminal. The term *encounter* is frequently used in the sense of affectionate conversation. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff tells Ford that he was interrupted "in the instant of our *encounter*, after we had embraced, kissed, protested; and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy." The following are the notes of the commentators:

These lines I do not understand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus:

——Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent *have I*
Been *stain'd* to appear thus?

At least I think it might be read:

With what encounter so uncurrent *have I*
Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond—.—*Johnson.*

The sense seems to be this: 'what sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character.' So, in Timon of Athens:——"a noble nature—May catch a wrench." An *uncurrent encounter* seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in Drayton's Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Essex:

Yet these *encounters* thrust me not *awry.*

The sense would then be:—'In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain?' *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—some *strain* in her character, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country, the same expression occurs:

——*strain* your loves
With any base, or hir'd persuasions.

To *strain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

As wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course.

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.—*Steevens.*

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting.—Henley.*

This passage is difficult, and Johnson confessed that he could not understand it. Steevens considers it a metaphor from running at tilt; but Amyot has given me the following explanation of the sentence, in which the meaning of the author has probably been ascertained:—"Hermione intends to say, beloved as I was by you before Polixenes arrived, and deservedly so, I appeal to your conscience how it has happened that I have had to struggle against so untoward a current, as to appear thus before you in the character of a criminal."—*Collier.*

Johnson thinks it necessary for the sense, to transpose these words and read: "With what encounter so uncurrent have I strained to appear thus?" But he could not have proposed that alteration, had he considered, with attention, the construction of the passage, which runs thus: "I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter," &c. That is, "I appeal to your own conscience, *to declare* with what encounter so uncurrent I have strained to appear thus." He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which ought not to have been there. The following words, *if one jot beyond the bound of honour*, would induce me to think that we ought to read *strayed* instead of *strained;* but the present reading is sense, and is supported by the passage in the Merry Wives of Windsor, which Steevens alludes to, where Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff——"For sure unless he knew some *strain* in me which I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury." I don't think, however, that to *strain* means *to go away*. Inthepassage he quotes from the Custom of the Country, to *strain* your loves, means to *constrain them*. And when Drayton says, that the Wye *strains* in her lascivious course, he had evidently in his contemplation these lines of Horace:

————Et obliquo *laborat*
Lympha, fugax properare rivo.

Drayton's *strains* is a translation of *laborat*. The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

Who hath—
Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had
A thousand times in secret.

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in Measure for Measure: "We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense." Again, in Cymbeline:

——found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from *encounter* guard.

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe

our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*. I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—'I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty.' So, in Romeo and Juliet:

> Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,
> Revolts—.

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:—"Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud *heart go wide*."—*Mason and Malone.*

[9] *Wanted less impudence.*

This use of the double negative, strengthening the negation, is very common in Shakespeare, and contemporary writers. "I have hope, you *less* know how to value her desert, than she to *scant* her duty," King Lear. The corresponding passage in Greene's novel of Pandosto is as follows,—"it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault."

[10] *I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd.*

This is closely copied from Bellaria's speech in Greene's novel of Pandosto,—"What hath passed betwixt him and me, the gods onely know, and I hope will presently reveale; that I loved Egistus, I doe not denie; that I honored him, I shame not to confesse; to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope myselfe to be found without spot; for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure; and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myself to the devine oracle."

[11] *My life stands in the level of your dreams.*

This metaphor has already occurred in the previous act, and it is several times used by Shakespeare. The meaning is, my life, which I place at your disposal, is the aim or object of your imagination. "I stood i' th' level of a full-charg'd confederacy," Henry the Eighth.

[12] *Those of your fact are so.*

Fact is a common old word used in the sense of *deed*, *act*, and "those of your fact" must be interpreted, those of your deed, or, those who have committed your acts. So, in Greene's Pandosto,—"as for her, it was her parte to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since shee had *past all shame* in committing the fault."

[13] *Which to deny, concerns more than avails.*

In other words, the denial is your business, but it avails thee nothing; or, perhaps, troubles you without availing with us. A somewhat like passage occurs in Measure for Measure,—"Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage."

[14] *Before I have got strength of limit.*

That is, before even I have regained a limited degree of strength. "Strength of limit" is, literally, limited strength. This common idiom occurs frequently in Shakespeare. So, in the Merchant of Venice,—"Let it not enter in your mind of love," that is, your loving mind. If the passage in the text be not accepted as an example of this idiom, the meaning is then to be taken as, sufficient strength for passing the boundary of my chamber.

[15] *'Tis rigour, and not law.*

Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, tolde her husband Pandosto

that he spake upon choller and not conscience, for her vertuous life had beene ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever staine. And if she had borne a frendly countenaunce to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lusting affection; therefore, if she were condemned without any further proofe, it was rigour and not law.—*Greene's Pandosto.*

[16] *With mere conceit and fear of the queen's speed.*

The term *speed* is here used for *fortune*, not necessarily in the sense of success, with reference to the event of the queen's trial. "Spede, lucke, *encontre*," Palsgrave, 1530.

[17] *But that the good mind of Camillo tardied.*

But the king, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie and false suspected jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly, that he entreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and loving husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to have practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose.—*Greene's Pandosto.*

[18] *And to the hazard.*

In eds. 1632, 1663, and 1685, the word *certain* is added before *hazard*, and, in three lines lower, the same editions read, *dark rust*, both of which alterations are only modernizations of the Shakespearian metre. In eds. 1663, 1685, *incertainties* is altered to *uncertainties.*

[19] *Boiling, in leads, or oils?*

In ed. 1632, and in the two later folios, *burning* is unnecessarily added after *boiling*, in the next line, *newer* is altered to *new*, and, in the following one, *every* to *very*.

There was only one case, in which boiling to death was allowable by our laws; namely, for poisoning; which was enacted in King Henry the Eighth's reign, in the case of Richard Rose, a cook, who was boil'd to death in Smithfield, the 5th of April, 1531, for poisoning sixteen persons at the Bishop of Rochester's palace, the bishop himself narrowly escaping. See Stowe's Chronicle, publish'd by Howes, p. 559, and Bishop Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, vol. 1. p. 113. The parliament then sitting, it was enacted, vicesimo secundo Henrici Octavi, chap. 9, "That wilfull poisoning should be adjudged high treason, and the offender therein be boil'd to death." I think there was but one instance more in this reign, wherein this statute was put in execution, and that was in the case of Margaret Davy, who was boil'd in Smithfield, for poisoning three persons in the house where she had dwelt. Stow, ib. p. 583. This statute was repealed by the first of King Edward the Sixth, chap. 12, whereby 'tis enacted, "That all wilful killing by poysoning of any person, or persons, that at any time hereafter shall be done, perpetrated, or committed, shall be adjudg'd, taken, and deem'd wilful murder, of malice prepensed; and that the offenders therein, their aiders and abetters, procurers, and counsellers, shall suffer death, and forfeit in every behalf, as in other cases of wilful murder, of malice prepensed."—*Grey.*

The annexed representation of an instance of this cruel punishment is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century.

[20] *Of a fool, inconstant, and damnable ungrateful.*

The genitive case of a noun was sometimes used instead of the adjective, so that *of a fool* simply means, foolish. A similar construction supplied the place of the adverb by the genitive preposition before the adjective. "When this the yong men heard me speak, *of wild* they waxed wood," Phaer's Virgil, where *of wild* means, wildly. *Damnable*, damnably. "I'll beat thee damnable," Massinger's Very Woman, 1655.

[21] *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour.*

Paulina could not have known this fact from the king's previous speech, because she was not present when he alluded to it, but attending on Hermione. It must therefore be presumed that she derived her knowledge of it from Camillo, before he left the court with Polixenes. The acquaintance between Camillo and Paulina is alluded to in the last act.

[22] *Though a devil would have shed water out of fire, ere don't.*

In other words, though a devil would have shed tears of pity even from his fiery abode before he would have perpetrated such an action.

[23] *What's past help, should be past grief.*

This sentiment occurs again in these plays, but it here seems to have been suggested by a passage in Greene's novel,—"in sores past help salves doe not heale but hurt, and, in thinges past cure, care is a corrosive." She proceeds to say,—at my entreaty, I beseech you not to give way to affliction, the word *petition*, which has been objected to, making perfect sense.

[24] *Once a day I'll visit the chapel where they lie.*

"Pandosto would once a day repaire to the toombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowe, and no other harmonie but repentance," Greene's Pandosto.

[25] *And Mariners.*

The stage-direction in ed. 1623 is, "Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne," which is merely a note for the actors as to what players were to be in readiness, not a direction for them all to appear upon the stage at the commencement of the scene. There were probably more than one mariner entering with Antigonus, at least if we may be guided by the note in Drummond's account of his Conversations with Ben Jonson, quoted at p. 36.

[26] *Thou art perfect then.*

Perfect, well-assured, certain. "I am perfect that the Pannonians and Dalmatians are now in arms," Cymbeline.

[27] *So fill'd, and so becoming.*

The correctness of the epithet *becoming*, which has been objected to, seems to be confirmed by the words immediately following it. Antigonus says, I never saw a receptacle of like sorrow so filled, at the same time so becoming.

[28] *There weep, and leave it crying.*

There weep over the child, and leave it while it receives the tribute of your tears. In a subsequent part of this speech, he excuses himself for not complying with this injunction,—"weep I cannot, but my heart bleeds."

[29] *There lie; and there thy character.*

Antigonus must leave a paper containing the child's name along with the

other writings afterwards discovered with Perdita, or her name would not have been known in the scenes in the next act.

[30] *Thou art like to have a lullaby too rough.*

"Shall the seas be thy harbour, and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie, and the salt sea fome in steede of sweete milke?" Greene's Pandosto.

[31] *'Tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy.*

It fortuned a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by keeping other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him, for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce, wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea-ivy, whereon they greatly doe feede.—*Greene's Pandosto.*

[32] *A barn; a very pretty barn!*

Barn, a child. This is the Anglo-Saxon term, and it is very common in old English. It still survives in the Scottish term *bairn*. "And bryngeth forth barnes, ayens for-boden lawes," Piers Ploughman. "The child was a big bold barn, and breme of his age," William and the Werwolf. "A barne or berne, in the North part, for a childe," Minsheu. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 157, says "the common sort doo call their male children *barnes* here in England, especiallie in the North countrie, where that word is yet accustomablie in use; and it is also growne into a proverbe in the South, when anie man susteineth a great hinderance, to saie, I am beggered and all my *barnes*." It thus appears that the term was appropriately placed in the mouth of the shepherd. "*Barn* (Sax. *bearn*) a child. Hence 'tis we say in the North of England, how do Wife and *Barnes*, i. How do Wife and Children," Dunton.

How Thetis sweetly lull'd him in her lappe,
And (as her darling) fed the *Barne* with pappe.
Taylor's Workes, 1630.

"Awd men are twice *bairnes*," is one of the Yorkshire proverbs, at the end of the Praise of Yorkshire Ale, by G. M., Gent., 8vo., York, 1697.

[33] *A boy, or a child, I wonder?*

"A child, a female infant," Hole's M.S. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about the year 1780. This is clearly the meaning of the term in the text, unless it be supposed that the shepherd blunders in his simplicity, or in the excess of his astonishment at the discovery of the infant.

[34] *To see how the sea flap-dragoned it.*

That is, swallowed it up with the same facility a toper would swallow a flap-dragon, which would be agitated in the liquid, like a ship in the sea, thus countenancing this somewhat strange metaphorical verb. The annexed engraving of an ancient ship is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century.

[35] *To have helped the old man.*

Either some words have been accidentally omitted by the printer in the Clown's previous speech after the mention of "the land service," which conveyed the impression that Antigonus was an old man, or Shakespeare has inadvertently placed the epithet *old* in the mouth of the shepherd, not recollecting that that character was unacquainted with the age of Antigonus. The Clown's next speech is an unfeeling one, even if considered as a rude jest spoken aside, but it is in character with the rest of the dialogue.

[36] *A bearing-cloth for a squire's child.*

The bearing-cloth was the cloth which covered the babe when *borne* by the nurse to church to be christened, and was generally made of the finest linen and trimmed with lace. Our example (selected by Mr. Fairholt), is copied from a French print (engraved about 1660), by H. Bonnart, and represents a *sage femme*, returned from a christening, exhibiting the child to the assembled party.

[37] *This is some changeling.*

A child stolen by the fairies, who were supposed to steal the most beautiful children they could find, leaving ugly and stupid ones in their places. This relic of popular superstition is alluded to several times by Shakespeare, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, the First Part of Henry the Fourth, &c. The term changeling was applied indifferently to either the child which was taken, or to its substitute. In the Jests of Robin Goodfellow, 1628, the fairy called Gull says, "'tis I that doe steale children, and in the place of them leave changelings."

[38] *You' re a made old man.*

The old editions read *mad*, but the correction to *made* is indisputable, as it is confirmed both by the context and by a similar expression in Greene's novel of Pandosto, where the shepherd tells his wife that, if she will be quiet, "they were made for ever." It is usual with Shakespeare to use phrases, occurring in the novels on which his plays are constructed, under circumstances differing from those in which they are introduced in the original tales. A made man, one whose fortune is made, is an expression of frequent occurrence.

> If I had never seen, or never tasted,
> The goodness of this kix, I had been *a made man.*
> Beaumont and Fletcher's Coxcomb, act i. sc. 2.

"We had all been made men," Midsummer Night's Dream.

[39] *Up with it, keep it close.*

The old shepherd wishes to keep the acquisition a profound secret, and hurry home with it the next (nearest) way, cunningly saying it is fairy gold, the revelation of any fairy gifts being popularly considered to entail disaster. So, in a rare tract entitled, The Severall Notorious and Lewd Consonages of John West and Alice West, falsely called the King and Queene of Fayries, 1613,—"This woman takes upon her to bee familiarly acquainted with the king and queene of fairies, two that had in their power the command of inestimable treasure; and growing inward with a maid servant that belonged to this Thomas Moore, com-

municates to her a strange revelation, how that the fayrie king and queene had appeard to her in a vision, saying they had a purpose to bestow great summes of gold upon this man and this woman, which by her meanes and directions, was undoubtedly to be compast; in which atchievement, there was nothing so necessary as secrecie, for if it were revealed to any save them three whom it did essentially concerne, they should not onely hazard their good fortune, but incurre the danger of the fayries, and so consequently be open to great mishapes, and fearefull disasters." In the Honest Man's Fortune, 1647, is an allusion to this belief,—" *Cler.* [*coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine! how dost thou quit thyself of these females?—*Daup.* 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of them.—*Cler.* O, you must not tell though.—*Daup.* Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted." So, also, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman,—

> *Mont.* Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.
> *Lady.* But *she* can, sir.
> *Mont.* But she will not, madam;
> For when they talk once, 'tis like *fairy money*,
> They get no more close kisses.

And again:

> A prince's secrets are like fairy favours;
> Wholesome if kept: but poison if discover'd.

The opportunity may here be taken of inserting copious extracts from Sabie's Fissherman's Tale, 1595, the extraordinary rarity of which, precluding any reference being made to it at the British Museum, or in any of our public libraries, may be some compensation for the mediocrity of the verse. The extracts commence in the midst of a dialogue between the two lovers.—

> Hereat she staid, and I replyed thus:—
> No Flora, no, 'tis not your meane estate,
> Nor ofspring vile which can detract my love;
> Love is a god, regarding no estate:
> It striketh where, and when, and whom it list,
> It maketh rich and poore have all one mind;
> It maketh prince and people all alike.
> It maketh swaines and high-conceited knights,
> To beare one heart, one mind, and both content;
> Then, Flora, come, thou shalt be my true-love,
> Cassander's onlie comfort and delight;
> In steed of sweet and redolent perfumes,
> Thy dulcet breath shal recreate my heart,
> Thine eyes shall be mine onely looking-glasse:
> Thy cheeks shall be my chiefest librarie:
> In steed of sacrifice, upon thy lips
> Ile offer up a thousand kisses sweet,
> Which I will of more price and value deeme,
> Than twentie thousand Indies can affoord.
> Come, Flora, come, if we two lovers true,
> Into the shadie fields together walke,
> Sweete Philomela an hundred sundry notes,
> Shal for our welcomes sound in leavie-woods;
> If on the banks or poplar-bearing brims,
> Of christall Humber we do please to walke,

Great Dolphins shall above the water rise,
And for our solace seeme to make great sport;
The Marmaids shal looke out from silver lakes,
And greet us with an hundred merrie songs,
The Naydes, Nymphs, Nereides and Faunes,
The Satyrs, Fayries, and each rurall power,
Abandoning their fragrant fields and springs,
About our lodging shal resort and sing.
Then thinke not, Flora, that thy meane estate,
Nor base degree, shall alter this my love;
Thou seest I have my honour set apart,
And am content to be as thou, an heard,
My concubine I meane thee not to make,
Nor paramour, while beauty doth endure.
But take mine hand, mine heart, and faith also;
Ye gods, bear witnes, thou shalt be my spouse
And loyall wife, till cruell Atrapos
Dissolve the fatal thrid of this my life."
No longer could she now withstand the brunts,
And hard assaults of Cupids fiery darts:
But casting armes about my tender necke,
Armes whiter than the new-distilled milke,
Sent foorth these glad and hart-reviving words,—
" What more than Delian musick do I heare,
Which over-cloyes my soule with sweet content:
Could gods have better pleased Flora's mind?
Could Fortune have bestow'd a greater gift?
No, my Cassander, no, my sweetest sweet,
Had all the gold which Indie rich affoords,
Had all the gems which Tagus rich doth yeeld,
Been proferd me, might I have been espousd
Unto the greatest monarch under heaven,
Yet wold not I have judgd them half so much
In value, as the least and smallest part
Of this thy kindnes proffered unto me:
Now, therefore, sith the gods and fate have been
So beneficiall, as to grant the thing
I chiefly wisht, take here mine hand and heart.
Take here my faith, Cassander, that I wil,
Whilst life doth last, whilst breath in me remaines,
More faithfull be and constant unto thee,
Than was Ulisses spouse unto her love."
These words she spake, and seald them with a kisse,
A kisse more rich in price than all the gems,
Which Tethis hangs about Apollos necke,
Who then had felt but halfe the sugred joyes
And sweet contentments of us lovers twaine,
Would have supposde no joy no blisse in heaven,
No sport nor solace like to that had bene.
But Phœbus now displaide her fierie beames:
And fields on each side were repleat with heards:
My Flora fearing least it should be told
Her father, that she did a stranger love,

Wild me depart, and goe unto my flocke;
I went from thence with speed, but not so far,
But that ech might all day the other see:
Good Lord, how manie daylie did I see,
Sue to my sweet-heart to obtaine her love!
There came Alexis beautifull in shape,
Amintas came, and clownish Corridon,
Rich Melibæus made not smallest sute,
All these with many moe she did repell;
Repelde Alexis shed foorth wofull teares;
Poore Coridon brought gifts, she weigh'd not gifts;
Rich Melibæus judgde her made of flint;
Amintas dide, dispayring in his love:
And to be briefe, none came but she repeld.
No sooner had the Chamberlaine of night
Put out the lampe, and drawne the clowdie vale,
No sooner did Aurora teene the torch,
And ope the vale which Vesper latelie shut:
But secretely unto her I repairde:
When both our heards were either bare in field,
Or new let out, but although secretly,
Yet at the length, for what man did not note
Her gestes and deeds, it came to Thirsis' eare:
He lik a gyant all incenst with wrath,
Did call his daughter, trembling at his looks,
What maid, quoth he, what newes be these I heare?
Are you in love with yonder new-come swaine?
Have you repeld so manie honest men,
And now will have some unknowne cogging slave,
A stranger meere, who whilst your beauty lasts,
Wil make of you, and then he wil be gone,
And mocke some other as he hath done you.
Well, Ile prevent these evils, Ile cut you short,
Ile kepe my flocke, and you shall stay at home.
Dayes-messenger began now to appeare;
I rose betimes and wayted for my love,
But, loe! insteed of her, old Thirsis came;
Ay me, how lothsome was this aged churle
Unto my sight, when I espide him come:
He walked up and down, and in a rage
Lookt towards me, as though I had angred him.
Sixe daies past on, and still in steed of her
None came to field, but that old hateful carle.
What Stix? What Phlegeton? what greater sting
Could have possest Cassander's restles thoughts,
A mighty masse of dolours vext mine heart,
A thousand sundry cares opprest my mind;
Sometimes I thought her father had her urgde
To breake her vowe and take another love:
Considering of what force a father's rage,
And threatnings was unto a silly child:
Sometimes againe I thought upon the vowes
Her given faith and loyalty, who said,

When Atlas shrinkes under his massie load,
I will be false to thee, and not before.
Thus hoping and dispairing both at once,
A shift I found to put me out of doubt.
I laid aside my countrie swaines attire,
And baser weeds upon me I did put;
With jags and rags myselfe I did abase,
A filthy cloth about my head I knit,
One leg I bolstred out with dyrtie clothes:
As though it had bene swolne with festred sores,
A crouch in hand and wallet at my backe,
So cripple-like I went to Thirsis' doore,
There first I praid, and made mine orison:
As beggers use before they crave their almes,
Then crav'd their good will and benevolence,
In dolefull wise and lamentable sort;
My Flora, who was alwayes ready prest,
To aide the poore, whome Fortune frownde upon:
To th' ambrie ran, and cut a slunch of bread
And cheese, she thought a charitable deed.
Here (saith she) pray that I may have my wish;
Then lookt I up, she foorthwith fetcht a sigh,
And knew I was Cassander her true love.
Help, my Cassander, help me now, she said;
Or Coridon must me enjoy, thy love:
My father said, I shall to morrow wed,
Love or love not, for time will breede content.
Nay, weel prevent him if thou wilt (quoth I)
In carelesse bed when parents lie at night,
Unlocke the doores, and secretly come out,
Ile be preparde, Ile carie thee away,
So weel escape and remedie these evils;
This said, she beckned with her hand, as though
That I had said did please her very well;
Then went from me, and ran into the house:
And time it was, her mother came apace,
Then praying for my maister and my dame,
I went away, still leaning on my crutch,
But when I came int' fields out of their sights,
My crutch, my weeds, and scrip I threw away;
Then who had seene me would not have supposde,
I had bene hee which halted so ere while;
Unto the port I went, two ships there found,
All furnished and readie to lanche out;
With Palinurus there did I agree,
To ship us twaine at dead time of the night;
Then hoisting sayles without abode or stay,
To carie us into my country Greece:
For thither did the shipmen bend their sayles:
Then back again without delay I went,
Preparde an horse, and all things verie fit.
Now Phœbus did unyoke his fiery horse,
Now Cinthia gerd her blacke night ruling steeds,

Old Thirsis came from feeding of his flockes,
And seeing Flora, thus he spake to her :—
Come, Minion (quoth he) see you be preparde;
You must to morrow goe unto the Church,
And marrie Corridon: Ile have it so.
Thus shall it be, therefore make no excuse.
I will (saith she) sweet father, sith you bid;
If you commaund, why should I not obey?
Hereat old Thirsis, wondrous glad in mind,
Sent Corridon these hart-reviving newes.
He came, and gave her many a clownish smack,
Sent for good ale, and joyfully they dranke.
But now the Pleyades gan to shine on high,
And wearie lims expected mortall rest.
Glad Corridon tooke leave, and went away,
And Thirsis joyfull, laid him downe in bed;
Halfe part of drousie night was fully spent,
Nought walkt abroad but shades and griesllie ghosts;
Each thing was silent, all the field was husht,
No birds in shades, no ecchoes rang in woods.
Old Thirsis now gan snort and soundlie sleepe,
And crasie Mepsa lying by his side,
But Flora, mindfull of her promise made,
Lay wakeful still, abandoning all sleepe;
And hearing them so soundlie snorting both,
Rose up, opt doores, and privily crept out.
I caught her up, and mounting on a horse,
Made no delay, but hasted to the shore.
But see what hapt, scarce were we on his backe,
But suddenly our palfrey neighed out,
Unhappy neighing Thirsis might it call.
Who wakening at the shril and sudden noise,
Cald Flora, thinking robbers had been there,—
Up Flora, quoth he, looke about the house.
Bar fast the doores, false knaves are neere at hand.
But Flora was now far ynough from him,
He rising up, ran foorthwith to her bed,
And missing her, straightway he cryed out,—
Alas, poore wretch, how shall I live henceforth?
The traytor hath my Flora stolne away!
O gastfull night, wast dungeon of sinne,
Concealing Chaos, hider of all vice,
Nurse of ill actes, companion of woes,
How couldst thou let me sleepe in carelesse bed,
Whilst my sweet daughter, staffe of mine old age,
Joy of my life, prolongresse of my dayes;
Is by a villaine falslie from me stolne.
Ile after him, and if I may but once
The traitor see, then in despight of gods,
And fortune both, these age-shakt bedred lims
Shal either bring my sweetest child againe,
Or els I vowe unto the highest powers,
I will not stick to spend my dearest blood.

This said, he tooke an horse, and desperate,
Came posting after us unto the port;
And scarce were we unhorst and gone aboord,
But like a tyger, when her tender ones
He sees on seas, thus raged he on land,—
Stay, perjurde villaine, homicide unjust,
Lust-breathing traytor, give me my sweet child;
Come, Flora, leave him to revenging seas,
Come, my sweet child, tis I thy father call;
Ah, cruell tyger, flinty-hearted slave,
Canst thou thus murther old unweeldy age?
I fearing least these fierce outragious tearmes
Should moove the minds of people unto ruth:
Made no delay, but leaping on the shore:
Caught in mine armes the swayne, an irksome loade,
And caried him perforce into the ship:
Not mooved with these miserable words;
Ah, cruell wretch, incester pitilesse,
What wilt thou do? first take from me my child:
Then take me from mine old and aged wife!
What should I do, shal these old age-shakt lims,
Be tost on seas, which rather covet rest:
Shall I now live amongst some barbarous folke,
And in some vicious country lay my bones,
O take my daughter, take her and begone,
And let me goe unto my wife againe;
Ah, my sweet Mepsa, who shall hug with thee,
And what shall now betide my tender flocke?
This done, the shipmen hoisted up their sayles,
Plide oares, and quickly lanched into deepe:
All hope was gone, now must he needs away,
Sometimes he railde, sometimes he held his peace.
Poore Flora sate upon my loving knee:
And scarslie durst behold her angrie sire:
The scowling even had thrise with dankish mysts,
Obscurde the day, and brought in pitchie night:
The blushing morne thrise with rose-colloured hue,
Expeld the night, and brought in day againe:
When cutting through the Cœrule salt-sea fome,
With flying pines, and plowing Tethis waves,
Envious Fate, prosperities arch foe,
Minding to shew her fickle deity,
That in her forehead as she dimples had,
So she had also wrinckles in her front,
That as she smilde, so she could also frowne,
Now turnde her wheele, and wrought our endles woe;
Securely now between my folded armes,
Held I my love, the haven of content:
When suddenlie a stormie Orion came,
Blacke hellish mystes the splendent skies obscurde,
Skies taking now the shape that once they did,
When princelie Jove did worke the great deluge:
Winds flewe abroad burst out from craggie hils:

And all Eolia then was up in armes,
Vast surges rose, death-threatning billowes rag'd,
Our flying pinnesse now mounted to and fro,
Now downe to Stix, now up to heaven they went:
Ay me, poore wretch, thus gan I then crie out:
Sin-hating powers, reformers of all vice,
Abandoners of evil and cruell actes,
Cease to pursue with weapons of revenge,
Mine haynous and intollerable fact.
Alas! my rigour to old Thirsis showne,
And Flora's rape do follow me by seas,
If nought but death can satisfie my crime,
Then take away mine undeserved life.
Spare Flora's life, she hath deserv'd no death,
This said, an huge tempestuous blast of wind,
Fraught with a mightie garison of waves,
Laid so hard siege against our fortrest pine,
That cables crackt, and sailes in sunder tare.
Out, cride the keepers, now are we undone,
Yet fully bent unto our endlesse wracke,
Fierce Adria remunified his force,
A roaring cannon he againe dischargde,
Which rent our ships against the craggie rockes;
Then might you see an heart-lamenting hap,
Some hang on boords, some swimming in the deep,
All labouring to save and keep their lives;
I held in armes my true and dearest love,
Thinking with her to end my lothed life:
When suddenly we were by fate disjoynd:
I throwne by force all headlong in the seas,
Yet labouring my life still to preserve:
For who so wretched but desires to live?
These twinding armes caught hold upon a boord,
Which drew me to this life-preserving rocke,
And as thou didst, I found this cottage heer:
Which hath been some religious house of Gods,
Nought was in it, but bare and naked seats,
And sea-gods shapes, which thou doest now behold,
But in this seat this instrument did lie,
Which was (I thinke) Apollo's Citterne once;
The storme now ceast, I took it in mine hand,
Descending where thy wherrie now doth stand;
There viewed I the qualified waves,
And looked if some ship I could espie,
Preserv'd from winds, to aide me in distresse;
For here was neither nourishment nor food
To save my life; thus standing on the rocke,
I with my fingers toucht these twinckling strings,
No dittie fine, but yet a sound it made:
The sportive fish enchanted with the sound,
Did come to me, and seemde to leape and play,
And suffered me to take them in mine hand,
Admiring at this rare and strange event;

I thankt the gods which such reliefe me sent:
And sith that Fortune had so cruell been,
As to bereave me of my sweetest joy:
Abandoning all transitory things;
Here vow'd to spend the sequele of my life,
Subduing Fortune now unto my yoke:
And brideling her who once made me a slave.
Now what became of Flora and her sire,
How this unconstant goddesse dealt with them,
I doe not know, one while I thinke they live:
Me thought I saw them sayling on a bulke,
Or shatred boord, a quite contrarie way:
Sometime I think the wast and surging waves
Them overwhelmd before they gate to shore:
But if my Flora sweet be yet alive,
If she be not among the carefull ghostes,
And if I might but see againe her face,
Oh then how would these snow-resembling haires,
Which not old age but griefe hath made looke white,
Change collour, and take a more youthfull hue;
How would this face, this ashie-colloured face,
Whose youthful blood lamenting griefe hath suckt,
Looke red againe; how would these crasie lims
Waxe yoong againe, even as an eagle doth.
Now hast thou heard at large the whole discourse,
Of mine events and causes of this life;
See how the seas be qualified, see
How calme the aire, how faire the weather is:
Take boate, begone, least either glowring night,
Or sudden tempest put you into fright.
I tooke my leave, thankt him, thrust off my barke,
And in good time to wished shore I got.
Come, Clio sweet, my never-idle muse,
Whose pleasant tunes so cheers a drooping mind;
Come, cheerful muse from Helicon's faire springs,
With Pallas' sprigs, and Phœbus' Laureats dect,
Help, ayd, assist, to sing, declare, rehearse
What did betide poore Flora, late the love
Of stout Cassander, long th' inhabitant
Of Thetis' cell, and Neptune's monasterie:
On whom the gods and Fortune minded were
Ful seven long winters torments to inflict,
Unnaturally for that his sire he left;
Whose austere dealing wrought his fatall bane,
And for austeritie to Thirsis showne,
Not yeelding to his tyger-taming words.
Come, gentle muse, declare the rare events
Which chanced to poore Flora and her sire:
What? can the gods both frowne and fawne at once?
No sooner had prosperities arch-foe,
Death-threatning Fate with force of raging winds,
And shattring billowes shrinde her of her love,
But she foorthwith her father gan imbrace,

And cleft on him on whom she scarslie durst
Now looke upon, forgetfull she of feare,
And he of rage, distresse now made them friends;
Each held one arme about the other's necke,
Each held one arme fast on a shatred pine;
Thus saylde they through the monster-shewing sea,
Now flying up to high Olympus tower,
Now downe againe to Dis his hellish lake,
Somtimes both whelmd with Neptunes frothy waves,
Sometimes again reviv'd with drying winds.
Long sailde they thus, not thinking once of life.
Sencelesse as one on whome Jove's fire hath falne,
Or fearfull weapons fram'd by Cyclops' hands,
When suddenlie Triton did sound retreyt
To hoysting waves, and Eolus to windes:
Seas were then milde, aire calme, each wind was husht
And quiet then, as in the Halcions dayes:
The broken bulke on which they sayled then,
Without all peril peaceably did swim,
A ship by chaunce preserved from this storme,
Came sayling by, the marriners espide
These wightes distrest, and mooved unto ruth,
Directed sayles towards them, and tooke them in,
And caried them, halfe-drownd, to Delphos' ile,
Where wise Apollo gives out Oracles:
Here was poore Flora with her wretched syre,
Both set on shore, amazed yet with feare,
When seeing death disdaind to end her woes,
Uplifting handes unto the loftie skies,
Exclaiming, sobbing, weeping, crying out,
And furiouslie renting her yellow-haire:
Thus Flora made her lamentable mone;
Death, Dis, Styx, Proserpine, ye Stygian gods,
Infernall powers, and all ye hellish crue,
Why suffer ye me damned wight to live,
Unfit, yea farre unfit on earth to dwell?
Alasse! me thinks, Dis sends me to Revenge,
And Proserpine to never-dying woes:
Ay me, see Death disdaines to end my pangs;
I am reserv'd, doubtlesse I am reserv'd,
With Tantalus, or wretched Ixion,
Plagues, ever-during plagues still to abide.
Pardon, good Thirsis, pardon thine owne child,
The worker of thy grief and endlesse bane,
And now Cassander, whose delightfull shape,
The goddes envy'd, which made thee be disdainde,
Loe now I come to thee, this fatall blade,
(A blade she held in hand) shal end my dayes;
And though we might not live together here,
Yet shall our ghosts (ye gods forbid it not)
With lovers blyth, sport in Elizian fields.
This said, she would have therewith slaine herselfe:
Whereat her sire, concealing his great griefe,

In this wise moov'd her from this desperate act.
Stay, daughter, stay, let not your hands prepard
To save your life, be authors of your death:
Learne of thy syre, be warned by gray haires,
Of manie yeares wit and experience comes;
With grievous plagues the gods will them torment,
Which be themselves the authors of their death.
Let's rather seeke how to preserve our lives,
And not unnaturallie worke our owne bane.
What though you have bene breedresse of my woes,
And mothers griefe, the gods will have it so.
Men say, Apollo, in this sacred ile,
Gives oracles to wightes which be opprest;
Come let us goe unto his temple rich,
And see if he will shew to us what course
Of life to take, or if by any meanes,
We may returne into our native land,
How to returne into our native land.
This said, they wandred both with pensive hearts
To wise Apollo's church not far from thence,
Where when they were, sweet odors rich in smell,
On aultars high religiously they burnt;
Then kneeling downe upon the marble flints,
With naked knees, bare heads, and up-lift handes,
Making the temple sound with grievous sobs,
Old Thirsis in this sort gan make his mone.
O wise Apollo, fate-præsaging god,
Who knowst what things have bene are and shall be;
O wise Apollo, crime-disclosing god,
Who doubtles knowst how fate hath dealt with me,
Aide and assist us twaine, whom Fortune's spight
Hath causde to erre in this thy Delian isle,
And if the destenies have it decreed,
That of my lyfe the thred be quite outrun,
Neere this thy temple let me lay my bones;
But let poore Flora, my supposed child,
Find some redresse; age wils me to expect
And welcome death: Her lustie youthful yeares
Desire sweet life: the blossomes of my time
Now withered are, but hers are fresh and greene:
Or if we may th' Arcadian plaines once see,
Tell us how we againe may them once see:
He held his peace, and Flora thus began:—
"O Phebus wise, of prophets supreame king,
Discloser of all secrete mysteries,
Tel how old Thirsis, whom proud Fortune's wrath
Hath made a pilgrim in thy sacred isle,
May once but see his aged wife againe,
Th' Arcadian plaines, and swain-frequented fields:
And let me die, death is my due reward:
I crave no other, death I have deserv'd."
Forthwith a scrowle before them was let fall,
And therewithall these thundering voyces sent,—

"Take what you see, Arcadians, shun delay,
And where this ship sets you on land, there stay."
Then giving thanks, they took and read the scrowle,
Wherein these words imprinted were in gold:—
"Old Thirsis, wise Apollo pittieth thee,
One of his prophets hencefoorth thou shalt be:
Live, Flora, with thy sire, end not thy dayes;
Cassander lives, not drownd is he in seas."
Foorthwith, as they were charged, he made haste
Unto the ship, then ready to lanch out:
But Flora doubtfull of the oracle,
Stood stil amaz'd, not knowing what to do.
Alasse, quoth she, what meanes the Delian god,
With such ambiguous words me to delude?
What, was it not as easie to have saide,
Cassander lives: not drownd is he, or els,
Cassander lives not: drownde is he? I see,
Ay me, I see, the powers minded are
To wrap me in a laberinth of woes:
He surely meanes Cassander liveth not,
And so Ile take it, drownd is he in deep.
This said, her father wild her to make haste,
And follow him, as Phebus had given charge.
She followed him, but with a pensive heart,
And dolefull mind; they both were set on boord,
The shipmen quickly lanched into deepe:
And gave full sailes unto their flying pine:
Which Boreas steeds gan draw through Thetis field,
And plowghd therwith the sea-gods marshie realme;
Unluckie Flora trembled as she sate,
Fearing each wave which shrind her of her love.
Seven times had Tytan lift his fiery head,
From Thetis' lap, where he all night had slept:
Seven times againe in her chrystaline waves,
He drencht his chariot, and did sleep againe,
When Adrian chiefe ruler of the ship,
From top of sterne the Greekish coast espide,
From whence they came, and whereat in short space,
Winds helping them, they safely did arrive.
Here Flora landed with her aged sire.
The second time here were they set on shore,
And newes was spread, through all the land of Greece,
That Phœbus had a prophet to them sent,
From Delphos' ile, and now he could devine,
Presage, and tell all secretes and hid things,
Apollo onlie had concealde from him,
Cassander's fate, his daughters, and his owne;
Newes-carying Fame, with her loud-sounding trump,
Had quickly blaz'd these tydings through the land,
And who so famous now as Thirsis was,
Who so renown'd from cuntries far unknowne,
Kings, potentates, old, yong, both rich and poore,
And all degrees came flocking unto him:

As though he had Apollo bene himselfe,
He briefly would all mysteries disclose,
And tel to them their owne peculiar thoughts,
What was, had bene, and would be, he could tell.
Great store of golde and wealth was to him brought,
Yet, covetous swaine, still hungrie after gaine,
The more he had, the more he sought to have,
Who seeing Grecia cuntrie to containe
Faire medowes, pastures, grounds and fields in it,
Sought to encrease his stock, and though he had
Now chang'd the aire, yet chang'd he not his mind,
But like the cat whom Jupiter transform'd
Into a maid, still ran she to a mouse.
Though Phœbus had a prophet of him made,
Yet would hee shew himselfe to be a swaine;
He bought him sheepe and cotes, and never had
So many flockes in large Arcadian bounds,
As now he had within the Grecian fieldes;
Sometime himselfe upon them would attend,
Sometime againe, poore Flora would them keepe,
And bearing still in mind Cassander's shape,
Abandoning a second lovers name.
She tearm'd herselfe one of Diana's nymphs,
Or Vesta's nunnes, detesting Venus' lawes,
Which was the cause, though many did her love,
Yet they refusde to shew to her their minds.
Poore saint, she wandred up and down the fields,
Exclaiming, sobbing, making piteous mone,
And on a time recording her old love,
As by her heards upon a hill she stood;
Such restlesse passions gripte her inward heart,
That desperately she plucked foorth a knife,
Ready to pearce therewith her groning heart,
And therewithall these dolefull words sent foorth,
To which poore Eccho answered in this wise.
Fl. What shal I do, shall I die? what, shal Flora kil Flora, shal she?
Or to doe such a fact shall I leave off? *Eccho.* I leave off.
Fl. Leave off, and why so? what, lives there any so wretched,
Or any so lucklesse ech-where as I am? *Ec.* I am.
Fl. Why, tel, what art thou, who me so sadly reanswerst?
Some distressed virgin, or woful Eccho? *Ec.* Eccho.
Fl. Alas, poore Eccho, we twaine may well go together!
Say, trulie, what do we two not agree? *Ec.* Not agree.
Fl. Why, tell, good Eccho, lives my Cassander? how should I
Joy, if thou shuldest tel me that he lives? *Ec.* He lives.
Fl. Deceitfull Eccho, what, meanst thou so to delude me?
The sea had him doubtles, it had, and it hath. *Ec.* It hath.
Fl. I know that too well: we two may then goe together.
Dispairing Flora bids thee then adew. *Ec.* Adew.
This said, she sent foorth greivous sighes and grones,
Grones able to make soft the flintie stones,
And therewithall stretcht out againe her blade,
Her blade, wherwith she meant to kill herselfe:

Recording yet her fathers counsel once,
Desisted from this fatall enterprise.
Long liv'd she thus, poor wretch, yet at the length
Delay did somewhat mitigate her woes,
Whom now hemd in a laberinth of griefs,
And heape of cares, a while I meane to leave.
Now of her birth, hard haps and parents lives,
And native soyle, wherein she now remaind,
And famous progenie I meane to speake.
In these seas, O my muse, let saile thy barke,
And in this ground let run thy wagon wheeles:
Agenor once which ware the royall crowne
And diademe within this land of Greece,
Summond by fate to appeare before the ghostes,
And stroken with deaths fame-outracing dart,
Now at last gasp, upon his fatal bed,
Readie to die, his sonne unto him cald,
His only sonne Palemon whom he left
To weare his crowne, and sit upon his throne:
He came; Agenor tooke him by the hand,
And shedding teares, thus dolefullie gan speak,—
"Thou seest, my sonne, how death now summons me,
T' appeare before the supreame king of kings;
Oh, see my son, how Atropos extendes
Her hand, even now to cut in two the thred.
I must depart, the Fates wil have it so:
Ingrave thou therefore in thy youthfull mind,
Thy dying father's last and latest words:
This kingdome now fals unto thee by lot,
And in my steed thou must this throne possesse,
Be therefore wise, and as thou knowst, I have,
So be thou carefull of thy subjects wealth:
Give vice his due, and vertue his rewardes,
And that thy progenie may also sit
Upon this throne, and weare thy royal crowne,
Choose thee a wife equall to thee in birth,
Respecting vertue, and not greedy gaine:
More for her wisdome, fame and chastitie,
Then riches, forme, and transitorie shape:
So shall our progenie for ever sit
In this high seat, and weare this royall crowne.
This said, such death-presaging pangs opprest
His dying heart, that speech was tooke away.
At length, great Juno pittying his estate,
Sent many-colloured Iris downe from heaven.
Of life Dame Iris quickly him dissolv'd:
Straight to a sigh, and huge death-bringing grone,
Out flew his breath, and to the ghosts gan poste;
Ay me, how did this sad and gastfull sight
Apale Palemons yong couragious mind!
Thrise fel he down, and thrise againe was tooke
Half dead from ground, so nature in him wrought.
Yet when this dolor gan itselfe remoove,

And cloud of griefe to vanish from his mind,
He comfort tooke, and for his buriall rites
And funerals, all things he soone preparde,
With regaltie, and worthie such a prince,
And potentate, were speedily dispatcht.
He caried with a noble troope of peeres,
In mourning weedes to Pallas temple rich,
And there in marble royally entombde.
Shortly met all the noble men againe,
And princelie peeres, this mourning laid aside,
And with one minde, as was his right, they made
Palemon king in olde Agenor's steed.
They set the crowne upon his youthfull head,
And princelie scepter in his regall hand.
He govern'd them, and to them he gave lawes,
He was their lord, he was their onlie king.
Three times had Ver expelling Hiems' frosts,
Refresht the earth, which like a chaos were;
Three times againe had blustering Hyems nipt
The fragrant hearbs, which ladie Ver had brought,
When governing the famous land of Greece,
And quite forgetfull of his fathers wordes,
His Lords and Princes gan him wisely moove,
To take a wife sprong of some royall bloud,
Alleaging that it would commodious be
To him, and not unpleasant unto them,
A sonne to see, begotten of his seed:
So being olde, yet should he still be young,
So being dead, he still in them should live.
And furthermore, say they, thy neighbour King,
Tuiston high, in Germanie who raignes,
One daughter hath, a virgine passing faire,
In vertue, wealth, in birth, and natures gifts,
Excelling, rich, most royall, and renownd,
Who after him shall weare the imperiall crowne,
And by ambassage to thy father sent,
Who lately hath her proferd to thy wife,
And if so be thou minded art to saile,
To Germanie to see this sacred impe,
Whose vertues rare shril Fame's loud-sounding trump,
Hath almost blazed throughout all the world;
Weele guarde thee thither, and a fit time now,
It is (it was spring tyde) to cut the seas:
He straightwayes moov'd at these his prince's words,
Burnt in desire to see this virgin rare,
But by embassadors he minded first
To know Tuiston's mind, and whether she
Was not betroth'd to any other king,
For els his welcome might have bene but colde,
His sute denide, and all his labour lost:
Embassadors he therefore sent in haste,
Who speedily returnde with gladsome newes,
Newes that Tuiston greatly would rejoyce,

And be most glad to see him in his realme;
Palemon hereat leapt for joy in mind,
And for his journey all things soone preparde,
And royally, with manie of his peeres,
Did shipping take, and cut the cœrule seas,
And in short space, winds furthering his intent,
Arrived at Tuiston's Germain coast;
Soone heard Tuiston that Agenor's sonne
Was in his realme, and comming towards his court,
Who speedily with all his valiant peeres
Came foorth to meet, and welcome this great prince.
Julina also, (for so called was
Tuiston's daughter) guarded on each hand,
With troups of ladies faire, and gallant imps,
Imps able even to make Adonis yeeld,
To welcome this yoong prince, came with her sire,
She went: ah! not unlike in view she went,
To regall Juno, wife of kingly Jove;
Had Venus bene among them, Venus would
Have seemd to her inferior farre in shape;
In pregnant wit she Pallas did surpasse;
And, to be briefe, more coy and chast she was,
Then that grove-haunting goddesse, who delightes,
In menacing the wilde and savage beasts.
Palemon saw her, and he was amaz'd
At her rare forme, and excellence in shape,
Her looks, her gesture, and mind-pleasing words,
Allured so his captivated minde,
Accusing Fame one while, whom then he thought,
Too partiall was in sounding her due prayse:
And whom even now he did but wish to see,
As greatlie now he did desire to have:
Which in short time, I studie to be briefe,
He did obtaine, to both their sweet contents:
Their wedding day appointed, now was come;
I will not tell here what triumphant shewes
And joy was held throughout all Tuiston's land;
The higher sort, in honour of their Queene,
On coursers brave their valiant prowesse shewd.
The rusticke crue made bonefiers in their streetes,
The pastorall troope made fieldes with ditties sound;
But that dayes pleasure soone gan passe away.
His fiery steeds now Tytan did unyoke,
Her pitchie steedes now Luna did bring foorth,
Night summond wearie limmes to take their rest:
This princely couple layd them down in bed,
Most joyfully: But, oh, unhappie time,
O lucklesse night! the spousall wife of Jove
Was not here present, Hymen was not here,
Eumenides and Furies present were:
And from the chamber top in hellish notes
The screech-owle sang a lamentable song.
Twise with full circle, twise with wained hornes,

Did Cinthia see Agenor's sportive sonne,
Courting Julina his new-wedded wife,
And froliking in olde Tuiston's court,
When sudenly a great desire to see
His countrie Greece, was kindled in his mind;
Foorthwith he told Tuiston that he needs
Should then return unto his land againe,
Alleaging causes of no little force,
Which olde Tuiston could not well gainsay.
But as he could, he moov'd him yet to stay,
But no intreatie would with him take place;
Now were swift ships and all things in the port,
To carie these two princes into Greece:
Aye me, what tongue, what Tullie can expresse,
But halfe the dolor of this dismall day.
Three times Tuiston kissing his sweet childe,
Bedew'd her cheekes with his christalline teares,
Three times he would have said, sweet child, farewell,
Insteed of which came three heart-renting grones:
Then charg'd he her, her husband to obey,
And at no time to falsifie her faith.
Then praid he him to love his loving wife;
By whom he once should gaine so great a crowne.
But now the ships alreadie were lanch'd out,
And they on boord, now must they needs away:
Poore issulesse Tuiston cried out,
Like loving nurse whose babe is tooke away:
Repenting that he ever had bequeath'd
His daughter to Palemon, King of Greece,
Who had her caried from her Father's land,
Whose only comfort and delight she was;
Accusing one while Fate, and senile age,
Who would not suffer his unweldie jointes,
Through Neptune's realme to follow his deare child.
Long time lamenting thus upon the shore,
Viewing the pines which caried them, he stood:
And when they were sailde fullie out of sight,
Unto his pallace sorrowfull returnde:
And as a turtle-dove, when she hath lost
Her loving mate, so seem'd he to lament,
Refusing solace, voyd of earthly joy;
And at the last his life in griefe did end.
Seven times Aurora with her ruddie cheekes,
Saw yoong Palemon sayling with his love:
Seven times in skies night-bringing Vesper shone,
By which their sailes the mariners did guide,
When turrets high began to shew themselves
From Pallas' temple in coast of Greece,
To which aire-beating Auster's flying steedes,
Did quickly drawe the saile-supporting pines.
Who can expresse but halfe the joy which Greece
Made when Palemon safely there arriv'd;
Shril trumpets blew, bels rang, loud ecchoes pierc'd

The loftie skies, at their arrivall home;
And now Palemon, who hadst such a Queene,
A peerelesse spouse, with vertues rare enricht,
Now mightst thou have most luckiest bene cald,
Of all the monarks under cope of heaven;
But no man may be called fortunate,
Before his death and latest dying day.
Securely now with his most royall Queene,
Luld fast asleep in sweet contentments bed,
Raign'd king Palemon, when blisse-hating Fate,
Prosperities arch-foe, stedfast in nought,
But in wavering unstedfastnes itselfe:
Envying alwayes princes happie blisse,
And smiling at great monarks overthrow,
Now chang'd sweet dimples into wrinkles fell.
Thrise after their arrivall into Greece,
Faire Cinthia in decreasing had increasde
Her wained hornes, and with full circle showne,
When sudden newes from Germanie was brought,
That olde Tuiston lately was deceast,
And that Palemon should, without delay,
Go take possession of that royall crowne,
Which was his queen's inheritance by right;
This thing to doe Palemon was not slacke,
Fearing delay might mickle danger bring.
Accompani'd with many of his peeres,
He shipping tooke, and cut the foming seas,
Leaving his wife unto the regiment
And conduit of a grave and senile man,
Eristo cald, of whose fidelitie,
And truth he thought he needed not to doubt,
Perswaded that his youthfull time was past,
And that his age on beautie could not dote.
Not knowing that the canker soonest eates
The milk-white rose, and that corruption doth
Soon'st enter into gray and hoary haires.
Palemon was now in the Germain coast,
Eristo with Julina his sweete queene,
Who seeing her in feature to exceede
All other wightes, which nature ever fram'd
Old cankred carle gan on her beautie dote,
And youthfull Cupid rousde up his olde limmes,
By outward signes which he did daylie showe:
But outward signes with him could take no place;
At length not able to suppresse these flames,
Which kindled were in his old rotten stocke,
Presumptuously he then by sweet requestes
Did her intreat to yeeld unto his will;
Thou seest (quoth he) Palemon is farre hence,
And sweet desire inflames my youthfull mind,
Yeeld, therefore, to Eristo's humble suite,
Whose life upon thy mercy doth depend,
And olde Eristo shall himselfe confesse,

As much as life indebted unto thee.
She dying with a red vermilon hue,
Her milkie face, and snow-surpassing cheeks;
Avaunt, old carle, quoth she, presumptuous earle,
A traytor false to king and loving prince,
Avaunt, old foole, whose yeares full many moe
Then vertues are, whose age with vice abounds:
Dar'st thou in thought but wish thy loyall queene
Unto thy king to falsifie her faith?
No, know, Eristo, know, Julina scornes,
Besides Palemon, anie love to have.
Know that she scornes all other monarks loves,
Much lesse Eristoes crime-embracing earle;
Away, depart from chaste Julinaes sight,
Lust-breathing traytor, crime-committing carle,
Assure thy selfe by mine unspotted faith,
And by Palemon's princely head I sweare,
Assure thyselfe thou shalt a terrour be,
To all adulterous earles in time to come,
How they dare move their chast and soveraign queen
To lewd desire, and this thy foule offence
Shall punisht be with more than mortall plagues.
Eristo then departed in a rage,
And by revenge sought how to wreak his wrath;
A false reporte he presentlie raisde up,
That he had seene Julina guiltie queene,
With Lord Alpinor playing Venus' games.
Which thing to make more credible, he hir'd
A treacherous knight, the same for to affirm.
Foorthwith he tooke Alpinor, spotlesse lord,
And caused him in dungeon to be throwne:
He guiltlesse was, and knew at all no cause,
Why unto him such rigor should be showne;
Then sent he letters unto his dread king,
How that the queene defiled had his bed,
And with Alpinor traiterously conspir'd
To murther him, and take from him his crowne.
Ah how these newes apall'd Palemon's mind,
His youthfull mind impatient yet of griefe.
Three times he shook his griefe-præsaging lockes,
Lockes never woont so furiouslie to moove.
Not Tantalus, amid the fleeting waves,
Nor wretched Ixion with his rowling wheele,
No damned ghost amid Don Plutoes lake,
Did suffer half the tortures which he did.
Now did he call to mind Julineas fame,
Her vertues rare, and never-spotted name,
Who said, first Luna's steeds shall guide the day,
And Tytan's night, then Ile be false to thee.
One while againe he called into mind,
Her heavenly shape, and heart-alluring forme,
And that Alpinor was a youthfull lord.
Then of what force sweet Venus fire was,

Which oft had causde the chastest gods to yeeld,
Much lesse Julina but a mortall imp,
And therefore prone, and easily overcome;
Long time (quoth he) was Dido counted chaste,
Yet by request Aeneas made her yeeld.
So hath Julina to Alpinor's suite,
What's of more might then Venus fierie love?
This in a rage he fullie did beleeve,
Not doubting of Eristoes treacherous mind.
And leaving there some of his trustie peeres,
As deputie and under him vize-king,
He tooke his journey speedily toward Greece,
Prickt with the spurs of fierce and dire revenge,
Whom now one while upon the seas weele leave,
And to Eristo make a new recourse,
Who by all meanes devisde to bring to passe,
To make it seeme more true than trueth itselfe.
The homicide this treason did invent;
He to Pandion, keeper of the jaile,
Did humblie come, and Sinon's flattering tongue,
His withered cheeks bedewing with false teares,
Which from his beautie-bleared eies did come,
And in these tearmes his fained suit began.
Pandion, whom as yet I ever found
Eristoes friend, in all his secrete actes,
Pandion, unto whose fidelitie,
I dare and will my verie life commit,
Eristo needs thy counsell now and aide,
And secrecie, but secrete thou must be:
Speake on, quoth he, what needs Eristo use
So many words, commixt with princely teares?
If he commaund, Pandion shall obey,
Although it do the losse of life concerne:
If he bid secrete be, he will conceale,
Yea though a thousand tortures he should have.
Then (sweet Pandion) listen to my words,
And do (quoth he) what I would have thee doe.
Thou knowst I raisde a slaunderous report,
Against Alpinor and our royall Queene:
Alas, it was a false report I raisde,
It was because she would not yeeld to me,
And now Alpinor in thy conduct is,
And will (I feare me) bring the thing to light.
Now that I may myselfe quite rid of feare,
And make it seeme more true than truth itselfe,
I would have thee, with some sharp iron blade,
Pierce through his bodie, so should it be thought,
He slew himselfe, for feare of further rage.
Pandion stood, not knowing what to doe,
That he should slay so innocent a Lord,
Yet at the last he swore by all the gods,
That he would do't, when time and place shuld serve.
Eristo then departed, glad in mind;

Pandion dolefull, knew not what to doe;
Sometime he thought upon his promise made,
Sometime upon this detestable deed,
And standing thus, undoubtfull what to doe,
He brake into these variable tearmes.
Ah! poore Pandion, how art thou beset,
In two great straits, not knowing what to doe?
For lucre sake wilt thou thyselfe exclude
From heavenly blisse in sweet Elysian fieldes?
Wilt thou now purchase Sisiphus his plagues,
In murthering the sin-detesting blood?
What? Fear'st thou more a poore terrestiall man,
With earthly plagues who can but thee reward,
Than supreame powers, who can for thine offence,
Who can with endlesse torments thee inflict?
A guiltie conscience is a wretched thing,
A torture fell, a worme that ever bites,
A wound which is incurable, a fire
Which alwaies burnes, and cannot be put out.
But what, Pandion, why talkest thou of this?
Hast thou not sworne that thou wilt doe the fact?
Doe it I will, let Dis, Death, or Revenge
Doe what they can, Ile surely doe the deed;
Outragiouslie thus resolute he went,
And caught in hand a knife, a fatall knife,
And running where Alpinor was in hold,
He found him making lamentable mone,
In that he harmlesse should be forc'd to lie
In such a pitchie Styx-resembling hole.
Whom at the first this hel-hound did sooth up,
With sundry tearmes, and comfortable words,
Like Mercurie, who plaid upon his pype,
Whilst hundred-eyed Argus he did kill.
Then seeing time, pluct out his fatall blade,
And hellish wretch, I quake to tell the deed,
Pierc'd Lord Alpinor through the harmlesse side,
And left him foltring in his guiltlesse blood.
With all speed to Eristo then he ran,
As though he had not knowne this hainous act;
And said, Alpinor, having got a knife,
Had stabd himselfe for feare of greater plagues:
Fame had no sooner heard this forged tale,
But she it sounded throughout all the coast.
And now it was in every peasants mouth,
He slew himselfe fearing Palemon's wrath.
And now Palemon landed was in Greece:
Whome old Eristo cunningly did meet,
And what by letters he to him had told,
In forged tales now to him he confest.
I, saith he, to my mickle discontent,
Espide them sporting on thy princely bed:
When grieving that thou shouldst be so abusde,
I causde Alpinor foorthwith to be tooke,

And cast him into prison, where outragiously,
Fearing thy wrath, he butchered up himselfe.
Calingo can this testifie, his eies
Beheld them both, exclaiming out of them;
This made Palemon's late-received wound
Bleed now more freshlie then it did at first:
With fierie spurres of dire revenge incenst,
He would not once behold his wretched Queene,
But vexed that Alpinor thus was dead,
He swore by heavens and earth, and all the powers,
Julina should for both their treasons smart.
He causd her therefore straitway to be throwne
Into a deep and pitchie Stygian hole,
I shake to tell, where Tytan's fiery beames,
Nor Lunas light was never seen to come;
She lifting up, poore wretch, her hands to heaven,
And to the gods who knew her guiltlesse mind,
O Fortune (quoth she) now doest thou begin
To frowne on me, who ever erst hast found!
Shall I now lie among false impious slaves,
Who guiltlesse am, and have done none offence?
Shall I now lie upon the flinty stones,
In-steed of soft and downie fetherbeds?
Shall now these armes be clogd with iron bolts,
In-steed of gems, and bracelets of golde?
Alas, I have patrated none offence,
Or crime at all worthy these savage plagues,
Unlesse when I forsooke mine aged sire,
To come to Greece, I did commit offence.
But oh, I would amid the craggy rockes,
And foming waves I might have plagued bene,
When I forsooke my care-oppressed sire,
And followed false Palemon into Greece.
But yet the gods I hope, for doubtlesse they
Have seene, and know my sin-detesting life,
The gods I hope, with never ending woes,
And lasting tortures shall the tyrant plague.
The day now came, wherein offenders should
Be punished, according to the law;
Julina was brought out, and guiltlesse Queene,
Among unjust and guiltie forc'd to stand.
She lift her hands and heart unto the skies,
Heart never stain'd with thought of leud desire;
Protesting that most innocent she was,
And never had in thought done such a crime;
But goe to (saith she) O thou tyrant fell,
Kill, murther, slay thy chast and loyall wife,
Death shall at length thy savage torments end;
Death shall at length these earthlie woes dispatch,
But yet I trust to see thy gastfull ghost,
With false Eristoes, torturd by Revenge.
Downe in a valley, neere the snakie campe,
With Stygian waves environd round about,

Boyleth a chaldron with blew sulphur flames,
With sulphur flames, which never are put out;
There standes Chimera with his gastfull armes,
Armes massacring the sin-delighting ghosts:
There sits a judge whose name is dire Revenge,
With whips in hand, and firebrands in his teeth,
The Furies daylie upon him attend,
And poisoned toads, and serpents on him wait:
He, he it is which will see me reveng'd
On don Calingoes crime-concealing ghost.
He, he it is, which will see me reveng'd
Upon the tyrant and Eristo false;
And when thou shalt have plagued me as thou wilt,
And torne in sunder these my livelesse lims,
Ile followe thee a gastfull gloomi shade,
And never will I leave thee to pursue,
Till I have brought thee to Revenge his mouth.
Presumptuous whoore (quoth false Agenors sonne)
How canst thou talke of innocencie now?
Did not Eristoe and Calingo see
Thee doe the crime? will Earle Eristo lie?
What if they had not seene thee doe the deed,
And thou thyselfe it also hadst denide?
Why did Alpinor butcher up himselfe?
Why did he not first clear him of this crime?
Wherefore goe to, go to my noble peeres,
Invent some cruell torture for the whoore.
Let her be burnt, what thing can be more plaine?
What thing can be more manifest than this?
Part of his nobles did this sentence like,
And said, that she was worthy to be burnt:
But yet it was a griefe unto them all,
That such a Queene should be so put to death,
Till at the last, a grave and senile Earle,
Who long had judg'd in vertues rightfull seat,
Inspired by the gods, who saw her wrongs,
Rose up, and to Agenor's ofspring spake.
O mightie Prince, who in this famous land,
Doest weare the crowne, and beare the royall mace,
Whose dutie is to see all vice reform'd,
And sinners to be punisht by the law.
Thou hast condemn'd the royall Queene to die,
Accused by Eristoes sole complaint.
He doth accuse, and she excuse herselfe,
He moov'd with rage, and she to save her life,
Now if thou wilt have her to see her fault,
And all men know that she doth rightly die,
Let her againe be sent to prison close,
And send thou to the crime-disclosing god,
Or Themis wise: she once declared how
Lost humaine kind should be restorde againe.
Apollo or wise Themis will declare,
Her treacherous deed, so shall she justly die.

So shall she not plead guiltlesse as she doth;
So shall all men condemne her for her fault.
Palemon might full well have bene condemn'd
Of rigor, should he have mislik'd of this:
To prison backe he sent Julina chaste,
Julina, who with child was verie big,
Which when Palemon saw, and did behold
Her womb, which sweld with ofspring therin closde,
He sware by heaven, and all the gods therein,
The bastard brat should smart for sire's offence;
Two noble-men were speedily sent foorth
To Themis Church, her oracle to fetch,
And she again to dreadfull dungeon sent,
Exspecting alwaies when she should bring forth.
Th' exspected houre now came, she cride and gron'd,
Intreating Juno for deliverance;
Juno releasde her, Juno heard her sute;
She on the flintes, no midwife helping her,
O dolefull case!, a daughter sweet brought foorth.
Soone brought Pandion, keeper of the jaile,
These tidings to Palemon fretting king,
He straightway charg'd him take the bastard brat,
Throw't in a boat, and let it flote on seas;
For so (saith he) by some sinister chance,
Or death it shal for sire's offences smart.
He foorthwith came, and told the wretched Queen
These heavie newes: who can expresse her mone?
Thrise kist she her sweete babe, and dew'd the face
With her chrystalline pearl-resembling teares:
Impatient, thrise of sorrow she fel downe,
As though no life at all had bene in her.
Ah! little babe (quoth she) but even now borne,
And readie now to yeeld to cursed Fate,
Shalt thou be fed with frothy salt sea fome,
In-steed of thy sweet mothers sugred milke?
Shalt thou be rockt with windes and raging waves,
Insteed of milde and gentle lullabies?
Alasse, thy sire, thy flintie-hearted sire,
Will have it thus, begotten of a beare,
Nurst with a savage tyger's cruell milke,
More cruell then blood-thirsty Nero was.
And now, farewel, my haplesse babe, farewell,
Yet let me kisse thy tender cheekes againe;
The gods, I hope, the gods will thee defend.
Ah, see how Nature worketh in mine heart;
Here take with thee thy wretched mother's ring,
A spousall gift the tyger once her gave.
Take here this chaine, the tyrant me bequeath'd;
Take here this purse which hath some golde in it.
Fate better may perhaps for thee provide,
Then doth thy sire; she wrapt them in a robe,
And skarlet mantle. Now he tooke the babe,
And caried it unto the hoysting waves.

The ruthfull mother, when she saw it goe,
Cride out, and scrikt, renting her yellow haire;
The child was now layd in a wherry boate,
And it thrust off, which floted in the seas,
Whom to the mercy of the quiet windes,
And hushed waves, a while I meane to leave.
And now returne unto the Grecian peeres,
Who were at Themis' temple now arriv'd.
They kneeling down upon the temple staires,
With suppliant voyces thus devoutly praide.
Fore-telling Themis, Themis onlie wise,
Disclosresse of al hid and unknowne deedes,
Who once didst tell Deucalion and his spouse,
How lost mankind should be restord againe:
Tel if Tuiston's daughter, Queene of Greece,
Hath done that crime whereof she is accusde;
Tell if Alpinor late in prison slaine,
Committed hath so bad and foule a crime.
This said, upon the aulter fell a scrowle,
And therewithall these words the goddesse sent,—
Take what ye see, you Greekish peeres, begone,
Unseale it not before you come at home.
They tooke it, ploughd the seas, and in short time
At Grecia coast were set on land againe;
Then kneeling downe, they humblie kist the scrowl,
And gave it to Agenor's fierie sonne;
He read it not straitway, but caused first,
The wretched Queene from prison to be brought,
Then caused he a stake to be set up,
Wherto the tyrant bound her hand and foote,
Perswaded fully that she guiltie was,
And there in flames should breath her latest breath.
Then tooke, unseald, and read the sacred scrowle,
Wherein these words imprinted were in gold,—
"Let reason rule in princes, and not rage,
What greater vice than lust in senile age?
Julina chast, Alpinor guiltlesse was;
Calingo false, Eristo treacherous,
Pandion wicked, and if Destinie
Helpe not, Palemon issulesse shall die."
Palemon hereat stroken was halfe dead,
As one on whome Jove's thunderbolts have falne;
Abash'd he stood, not lifting up his eies,
Asham'd to looke upon his guiltlesse Queene.
Then quickly causde to Eristo be tooke,
Pandion and Calingo traitors false:
Eristo who sate erst in judgment seat,
Now guilty stood among the damned sort,
And presently unto them all confest,
His villanie to chast Julina wrought;
And that because she would in no wise yeeld
To leud desire, the slaunder he devisde;
And that Calingo hired of him was,

To verifi 't, and make it seeme a troth ;
And that he had Pandion moov'd with bribes,
To slay Alpinor as he lay in jayle ;
And so (saith he) I deem'd the matter would,
Without all doubt, have never come to light.
And, damned wretch, what must I now expect,
But sulphur flames and never-ending woes ?
Ay me, now shall Chimera take these lims,
And gripe them in his adder-poysened armes ;
Through boyling Acheron now must I swim,
And ever dying, never end my paines.
Alas ! I see Revenge doth spur him on,
With iron whips to massacre my lims :
Devouring vultures shall now teare mine heart,
Mine heart, which as they eat, it shall encrease.
With all speed therfore judgement was pronounc'd,
Against Eristo and his two consortes ;
And speedilie before Julinas face,
All massacred, their lims in fire burnt.
The noblemen unbinding their good Queene,
Gan comfort her with delectable words,
Affirming that Palemon did repent
Him of the rigour he to her had showne,
Which she might see in punishing her foes.
Poore wretch, she cast her eies upon the ground,
Refusing on Palemon once to looke :
Increasing rivers with her spring of teares ;
Her golden lockes once trimd with pretious gems,
With furious hands now from her head she pluckt ;
Her eies which once like glittering diamonds were,
Now bleared were with fountaines of her teares :
Her snowie cheeks, once intermixt with red,
A yellow hue and ashie visage staind.
Nought on her bodie now but bones were seene,
A grieslie ghost, and bony shape she seem'd,
And in short time, out worne with fretting griefe,
Death finished her miserable life.
Palemon almost to the same estate,
And miserie in sorrowing was brought,
But that the Fates so had it not decreed,
They did reserve him for some other cause.
He buried her as did beseeme a queene,
In royall wise ; al Greece did for her mourne.
To Pallas' church her livelesse corps were brought,
And she in marble gorgiously intomb'd,
On whome he causde this epitaph to stand :—
" Here lies Julina, Germanies chast Queene,
Tuiston's daughter, false Palemon's wife :
Accusde to be unchaste, by Themis' cleer'd,
By rigour yet bereaved of her life.
Her bodie plac'd within this marble is,
Her ghost in sweet Elysian fieldes in blisse."
He having thus her funerals dispatcht,

Liv'd in vast dolour, and perpetuall griefe,
Sighing, and crying out against the Fates;
Amid these woes, whome now I meane to leave,
And make recourse unto this little babe,
Who now is floting on the surging seas.
Long time it swam betwixt dispayre and hope,
Doubtfull which wave should have it overwhelmd:
At length in Humber streames it forced was,
Which mildly runs by sweet Arcadian downes,
Long saild it here, and at the length it staid
Among bul-rushes on the reedy banks:
Neere to this river stood a little house,
Whose roof was straw, whose wals wer willow twigs,
And herein dwelt a simple country swaine,
Whose name was Thirsis, wondrous poore and bare.
He hyred was to keepe old Damon's heards,
And keeping them neer to this pleasant stream,
As all alone he walked by the banks,
He heard the infant cry for want of food;
He ran to it, supposing it had been
One of his lambs, hang'd in the marshy reeds,
And comming neere, he saw the skarlet robe
Lie in the boat; at first he was affraid:
And started backe, as when a country-man
Espies a snake, yet by and by he durst
Goe neerer it, then touched he the robe,
And seing it to be a verie childe,
He tooke it up; from it tooke up, there fell
A chaine of golde; he, almost dead with joy,
Did snatch it up, and sitting on the grasse,
Did ope the mantle, there he found a ring,
And massie purse, he tooke them in his armes,
And covering them with his old ragged cloke
To Mepsa came, and thus to her he said,—
Come hether, Mepsa, look what I have got,
An infant faire, a sweet and seemly childe;
And who shall keepe us when we two waxe olde;
We have no child; weel say that it is ours:
Out, knave (quoth she) out cuckold-making rogue,
Whoor-hunting slave, bringst thou thy bastards here?
Avaunt, thou knave, thou arrant knave, avant,
Thinkst thou that I thy base-borne brats will keep?
No, Mepsa scornes to mother bastards base,
Though Thirsis counts it credit them to get.
As though we two had nought to doe but play
With brawling infants. Out, whoore-hunting scab!
Depart (I say) or els I sweare by Jove,
Ile make clubs trump, this distaffe shall bumbaste
Thy lither loynes, and I will take the brat,
And ding the braines against the flinty stones.
He fearing her, thus mildly did entreat:
Peace, Mepsa, peace, good Mepsa, be content,
Hold still thy rocke; for ever we are made;

See heere a chaine, which with it I have found;
See here a ring, and purse repleat with golde.
Shee seeing it, ran unto Thirsis strait,
And gave to him an hundred hungrie smackes;
He doubled them as greedily againe.
Long stood they kissing and rekissing thus;
Then told to her his chaunce and luckie haps,
That he them found on reedy Humber' bankes;
And now we must be silent, wife (quoth he)
Or els it wil be knowne unto the king;
Heele take from us what Fortune hath bestowd;
So shall we poorer be then ere we were.
And that we may more surely it conceale,
Harke to me, wife, I have devisde a shift:
When gloomie night expels the cheereful day,
And pitchie darknesse summons men to sleep,
Faine thou thyselfe in child-birth to be pain'd,
And piteously (as women use) crie out:
I presently will for the midwife run,
And all our neighbors, as the custome is.
Lay thou the child all naked at thy feet,
And say thou hast brought it before they come,
So shall each one suppose that it is ours;
So verie wel we may this thing conceale.
This counsell pleased Mepsa very well.
Night-bringing Hesper rul'd in dimmed skies;
And Luna's steeds gan cut the darkned aire,
Now wearie corps with dayly toyle opprest,
Gan soundly snort amid their sluggish bed:
But Mepsa, mindfull of her late intent,
Gan crie and call for Juno's speedy aid.
Poore Thirsis ran, and piteously cride out,
As though his wife had travelled indeed;
Help, neighbours, helpe! quoth he, my wife cries out,
And now in child-birth dolefully is paind;
Jana, for haste, at threshold brake her nose;
Favilla ran halfe naked through the street;
But yet, for al their speed, they came too late,
Mepsa brought foorth a daughter ere they came,
And that she had brought forth they gave all thankes
It bruted was in short time through the towne,
That Thirsis' wife a daughter sweet had brought;
And no man thought but she her mother was,
And he her sire, so cunningly they wrought.
And Thirsis now an hirelings wages scorn'd,
He now disdaind to feed olde Damon's heardes;
He with his money bought him sheep and coats,
And in short time grew to be verie rich.
When Flora was some nine or ten yeeres olde,
For so he nam'd the infant whom he found,
She followed him, and bare his scrip and hooke,
And learned how to feede his snowy heards.
And as in age, so she in seemly shape

Seem'd to increase; she waxed passing faire,
No shepheardesse, within the Arcadian plaines,
Was halfe so faire, as Mepsa's Flora was.
In summer time, when fiery Tytans beames
Scortch'd cuntrie truls with beautie-spoyling heat,
With garlands brave she would adorne herselfe,
And shadie boughs to keepe away the heat.
Good Lord, how many, when she came to age,
Burnt in desire, and su'd to have her love.
Wel-pyping Damon, with Amyntas came,
Rich Melibeus, faire Alexis eke:
A thousand more, too long heere to recite,
A woing came, all which she did repell.
Her father would her oft times wish to wed,
Her mother would to marrie her perswade,
But mixing whitenesse with a skarlet hue,
She would intreat them both to let her live
A virgin still, for love she did detest.
Thus chastly living, and attending on
Her father's flockes, with many country truls,
Menalchus' sonne, a famous Grecian Earle,
Came ryding by, saw her, and burnt in love,
And for her love did make himselfe a swaine.
He after much intreating, did obtaine
Her wished love, and carried her away:
When as, you heard, her father missing her,
Ran after her, and would have fetcht her backe,
But he, poore swaine, was also partner made
Of their hard haps, and caried into ship,
When floting on the seas, a sudden storme,
And furious tempest brake their winged pine.
The Grecian knight disjoyned from his love,
And by a boord drawn to a craggie rocke,
A rocke whereon a little cell was built,
Where gods assisting, long time he remaind.
Flora and Thirsis, cleaving on a bulke,
At Delos land, Apollos' Ile did stay:
Where by the counsell of the Delian god,
As late I told, they caried were to Greece:
And now was Flora in her native land,
Attending heards, where first she breathed life;
Now was she in Palemon's land her sire,
Her wofull sire, which she ful litle knew.
Each day she usde to keepe her father's flockes,
Still mourning for Cassander, her true love:
At length the gods did pitie her estate,
And Fortune, who had seven long winters frown'd,
At seven yeares end began on her to smile.
Cassander comming from his seaish cell,
As he was woont, his citterne held in hand,
And standing on the bottome of the rocke,
Inchaunting fish with his melodious sound,
His instrument by chaunce fel from his hand,

And carried was away by surging waves.
He cried out, O Fortune, yet wilt thou
Now with moe woes and torments me pursue?
Wilt thou againe begin me to mollest,
Who erst did thinke to make a slave of thee?
What shall I doe? Shall I depart from hence?
And subject be againe to Fortune's spight?
No, no, I will not: in these furious seas,
Ile cast my selfe, and end my lothed life:
Loe, now I die. What said I, I would die?
What shall Cassander kill Cassander? no,
He shal not do't. The gods with endlesse plagues
Will them inflict, which spoyle themselves of life.
But yonder sailes a ship. O Mariners,
Take pity of a poore distressed wight!
Take pitie of one, whome God's wrathfull ire
Long time hath causde to live on this cold rocke.
They pittied him, and bending sayles and oares
Unto the rocke, did take him in on boord.
He to the shipmen told his hard mishaps;
Which causd them not to thinke their journey long,
And in short time, (for thither did they sayle)
Their ship did land at olde Palemon's coast.
Here was Cassander once a Grecian Knight,
Set on the shore, it was his native soyle,
Disdayning his inheritance to seeke,
Or Fortune's giftes, but pilgrim-like he went.
Now was poore Flora in her native land,
Where both her sire and love Cassander was,
Yet neither of them knew where th' other was.
Eristos sonne, a false and youthfull Earle,
For villanie whose father martyrd was,
Dryano cald, who only bore now sway,
Next to Palemon in the land of Greece.
In summer time unto the grovie woods,
Mounted upon a steed and palfrey brave,
Like Mars in valour, with a dart in hand,
Went to pursue the wilde and savage boare.
No sooner came he into bushie woods,
But from a cave a fiery boare rusht out:
His eyes resembled aiery-lightening flames,
His bristles stood like speares upon his backe,
A hoarie fome imbru'd his threatening jawes,
His crashing teeth were able even to make
Couragious Mars to quake and shake for feare.
Driano first gan throw at him a dart,
Which like a shaft against a flint redound;
Then all his men their weapons did let flie;
Darts flew as thicke as hailstones from the skies;
The fiery bore fomes, rageth, gnasheth teeth,
And with his ire seemes even to prostrate pines.
They followed him, and never left pursuit,
Till they had laid his carcase on the ground.

Joyfull Driano with his merrie men,
Returned now from slaughter of the boare:
And shunning Tytan's heat, for it was hote,
Rode home through groves, and leave-behanged shade.
Ah lucklesse earle, an outward heat who shund,
And purchased thereby an inward flame,
Upon his fiery palfrey as he rode,
Accompani'd with all his sportive men.
He cast his eies on side, and saw by chaunce,
Poore Flora sitting with her flocke alone;
He saw her, and supposde no earthly impe,
But that she some cœlestiall nymph had bene;
Her feature, ah her seemly feature pearc'd
Him to the heart, so faire he thought she was.
Homeward he rode unto Agenor's court,
But thinking still upon her shape divine.
He praisde her haire, her eies, her seemly face,
Her visage sweet, her fingers small and long.
Ah, quoth he, what would she be if she were
Bedeck'd with gems, insteed of leavie boughes;
How would she looke, if she in costly robes
Were cloth'd, insteed of homely cuntry rags.
But what, Driano,? what meanst thou, saith he,
To talke of such a ragged cuntry drudge?
If she like thee, thou maist commaund her love.
Command it? yea, and force her thereunto.
Come, Mylo, come, make haste, and shun delay;
Doe what thy Lord Dryano bids thee doe;
Go to that sweet-fac'd wench whom late I saw,
Sit keeping sheepe, as we from hunting rode,
Goe to her: tell her that I burne in love:
Say, Lord Dryano likes thee woondrous well;
And bring her with thee, which if she denie,
(As she dares not, I hope) intreat thou her,
And wooe her in my name, as I know well,
Thou canst it doe, and doubtlesse she will yeeld.
He made all hast to doe his Lord's commaund,
And found her feeding grasse-devouring heards.
Faire maid, saith he, Lord Dryan, whom ere while
From hunting rode through these sheep-hanted fields,
Inchanted with thine heart-alluring shape,
And burning in thy love, and sweet desire,
Intreateth thee foorthwith to come to him;
I say, Dryano, that renowmed Earle,
Whose valiant heart, not Mars, could make to yeeld,
Now captivated with thy comely forme,
Confesseth him thy prisoner to bee.
Come with me then, and yeeld to his desire,
He 'l use thee well; thou shalt be his delight.
Out, paltry pesant, out whoor-seeking knave,
Goe seek (quoth she) thy master queanes els-where:
But tis no marvel though he loves an whoore,
What's bred in flesh wil never from the bone;

They say his sire Eristo hanged was,
For slaundering a chast and guiltlesse queene,
He had but right, if he were hanged too:
Who so delightes in seeking after whoores.
Go tell Dryano that I scorne to love
The King himselfe, much lesse Eristoes sonne.
Tell him that I a vestall virgin am,
And will my vow'd virginity still keepe.
Goe cogging copesmate, tell th' adulterous Earle,
That violater of virginitie,
That Flora more esteemes a good report,
Than all his glorie, fame, and courtly wealth.
Poore Mylo nipt, went with a flea in 's eare,
And to his lord recountred all her words,
Told what opprobrious and reprochful tearmes,
She had him given, and how she him contrould.
Oh, rascal (quoth he) what newes bringst thou me?
Couldst thou so heare thy lord to be revilde?
Couldst thou heare him be scorned of a drudge,
And country trull, and see it unreveng'd?
Goe, villaine, slay, kill, stab, pierce through that hart,
That strumpet's heart, which dares me so revile.
Why runs thou not? But stay, let her alone,
With more than present death I will her plague.
Go, Mylo, say thou heardst her swaynish sire,
That soothsayer vile speake treason unto thee;
Say that he said, Palemon was by right
No lawfull king, but did usurpe the crowne.
Say that that strumpet did the same affirme,
And cause them both in prison to be cast.
Ile warrant thee, my wordes before the king
And thine shall be ynough to make them die.
Poore Mylo runs, and causeth them foorthwith,
By th' officers in prison to be cast:
They both exclaim'd, and knew no cause at all,
Why so great rigour should to them be showne.
They curse that ship, that shattred boord and bulke,
Which sav'd their lives from drowning in the seas.
But now the day, that dismall day, was come,
Wherein offenders should receive their doomes;
The king himselfe as judge sate in the seat,
For since the time he ever usde to doe,
Wherein his wife so falslie was accusde,
Next him Earle Dryan, false Eristoes sonne.
Cassander who now wandred pilgrim-like,
From place to place, and had no one abode,
Heard that the king himselfe in judgement sat,
And came to heare and see what there was done.
When Thirsis and poore Flora were brought out,
Accusde by Mylo treason to have spoke.
They did denie, he stoutly did approove,
And manifest the words before rehearst.
They surely have (saith false Dryano) spoke

These treacherous words, or why should Mylo lie;
He is my servant, and long time hath bene,
I have had proofe of his fidelitie;
I never yet in one thing found him false,
And well I know no treason he will hide;
And blame them not, though they themselves excuse,
It doth concerne the losse of goods and lives.
Palemon foorthwith mooved at his wordes,
A fatall doome against them both pronounc'd,
Condemning Flora to revenging flames,
And Thirsis on a gibbet to be hang'd.
A gibbet was erected by and by,
Where malefactors should receive their bane;
There faggots lay, wherewith offenders should,
Which had deserv'd the fire, be justly burnt.
Cassander when he saw this sweet-fac'd maid
To be condemn'd, waxt heavy in his mind:
He knew her not as yet, but yet his face,
His ashie face began to change the hue.
Now Flora was bound to a fatall stake,
And Thirsis mounted on a gibbet high,
Each of them gan their latest words to speak,
And first of them old Thirsis thus began.
O mightie powers, by whose most dreadfull doom,
I crimeless wretch condemned am to die:
Graunt now at my last gaspe, I pray you graunt
That my clear ghost, which heaven and earth do know
Unguiltie is of this so foule a crime,
With spotlesse sprites may ever live in blisse.
And as for Flora, whom (unguiltie wretch)
You have here made copartner of my doome,
Whom all men thinke to be my childe, and whome
I call my daughter, she my loving sire,
I now make knowne, for now I will disclose
My secretst thoughts; she is not mine owne child,
But keeping flockes within th' Arcadian boundes,
By Humber' streames I found her in a boat;
This ring with her I found, which yet I weare,
A chaine I found, which I have left behind,
And purse of gold, which gold I have disburst.
I brought her up, and when she came to age,
A Græcian Knight stole her away from me;
I missing her, made after her straitwaies,
And thought to fetch my sweetest child againe:
But mercilesse he pluck'd me into ship,
And caried me perforce with them away;
When suddenly a stormie Orion rose,
Mangled our ship, and drowned him in deepe:
We two, by cleaving on a broken bulke,
Were brought by chance to sacred Delian isle,
And by Apollo both of us were sent
Unto this land, unluckie land of Greece,
And now accusde unjustly, to have spoke

Most treacherous words against Palemon king,
Which heaven and earth, and all therein can tell
We never thought: and they, I hope they will
Require our bloud at our accusers' handes.
Cassander, when he heard old Thirsis tell
This sugred tale, did leap for joy in minde,
His frostie lockes, his snow-resembling haires,
Gan change the cullour, and looke yellow now.
And to be briefe, his face with red was deck'd,
And look'd as yoong as ever he had done,
So Venus did him metamorphose then;
So Cupid did his deitie make knowne.
And now he surely knewe she was his love.
Scarce, ah scarce, could he then refraine himselfe,
From kissing her, and taking her in armes;
But yet perforce himselfe he did with-hold,
And thought to see what further thing wold chance.
Palemon harkened unto Thirsis words,
And caused him from gibbet to be brought,
Inquiring of him at what time he found
The infant in a barke on Humber' bankes.
He told the time: Palemon's heart gan leape,
And willed him to shew the foresaid ring.
He shewed it him, he straitway knew it was
The verie ring which he gave to his Queene.
Then charg'd he to bring Flora unto him:
And overcloyd with this so sudden joy,
Imbraced her fast in his aged armes;
And kissing her, bedew'd her with his teares.
O my sweet child, Julinaes ofspring chast,
My daughter sweet (quoth he) whom raging seas
Tooke pittie on, and waxed mild and calme,
With blustering winds did greete with gentle blasts
And Eolus with pleasant lullabies:
Who hast at length out-worn Fate's frowning force,
And not thought on, art found of me againe.
Come with thy sire, sport in thy father's court,
Palemon's court. Now let Palemon die,
Now let me post to chast Julinas ghost,
Sith I have found mine ofspring now, her childe.
Ay me (saith she) my noble king and sire,
For all this joy, how can I sportive bee,
Sith by a villaine thus I am defam'd.
Dryano lately as I fed my flockes,
Past by mee, and enamored with my shape,
Sent word to me that I should to him yeeld:
Whose messenger I with disdainfull words
Sent backe againe to his detested lord.
And therefore, to avenge himselfe on me,
These slaunders false against us both devisde.
Now then, Palemon, O if ere thou didst
Love that chast Queene, who was my mother deare,
If thou doest love thy new-found daughter now,

Upon these traitors let me be aveng'd.
Kindled with rage, he straitway caused them
To be arraign'd, who strait the crime confest,
Blood-thirstie ofspring (quoth this angry king)
Lust-breathing traitors, progenie unjust,
Whose father sought to violate my Queene,
And nilling yeeld to his unchast desire,
Did slander her, and falsly her accuse,
And therefore hanged was, as he deserv'd,
And thou (his issue) treading in his steps,
Hast not aberred from his treacherous actes,
But slaundered hast her child, my daughter deare,
In that she did thy wicked lust contemne;
Now therefore, as Pandion and thy sire,
Were justlie martyrd for their foule offence,
So Mylo and Dryano now shall be
A just reward for all such traitors false.
Then tooke they them before sweet Flora's face,
And hanged them in aged Thirsis' place.
Now, saith Palemon, daughter, come to me,
And frolike with thy father in his court,
Thou seest the traitors are already hang'd;
What makes thee looke so sad? ah! tel it me.
Ah me, saith she, what comfort can I have,
Sith sweet Cassander drowned is in seas?
He was my love, and I his sole delight;
Would I were stil a swaine, so that he liv'd.
He lives (quoth he) and caught her in his armes,
He lives (saith he) preserved from the seas:
O my sweet Flora, art thou yet alive?
'Tis thy Cassander which imbraceth thee.
What tongue is able to expresse that joy
Which Flora made, when she beheld her love?
What Tullie can with eloquence declare,
That joy which he made, when he saw his love?
What Homer with his quaint Pernassus verse,
In Greekish stile, can halfe those joyes expresse,
Which olde Palemon made, when as he saw
Cassander, his found daughter's sweet delight?
And woondrous glad that Flora had found out,
So brave a knight, sproong of so noble race,
With great solemnity he wedded them.
Deposde himselfe, and gave the crowne to him.
He made olde Thirsis famous in the land,
And much renown'd through al his Greekish realm,
Who sent for Mepsa, who was yet alive.
She came to him, to their immortall joy.
Ech one was glad, each one contented was,
And long time liv'd, and dy'd in endlesse blisse.

Act the Fourth.

Enter Time as Chorus.[1]

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap;[2] since it is in my power[3]
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators,[4] that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee anything; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.[5] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly,[6] noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Bohemia. *A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,[7]—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[8]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging[9] tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,[10]—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[11]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget:
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.[12]

My traffic is sheets;[13] when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[14] My father named me Autolycus;[15] who, being, as I am, littered

under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat:[16] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. —A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods;[17] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.[18]—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,[19] and very good ones: but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;[20] mace,—dates, —none: that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me,—[21]

Aut. O, help me! help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money, and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very

hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket;*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames;[22] I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.[23]

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son,[24] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:[25] he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[26] and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[27]
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[28] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up:[29] But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.[30]

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,[31]
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated: and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES and CAMILLO *disguised;* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and Others.*

Flo. See your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all: serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [*To* POLIXENES.

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary,[32] and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fair'st flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,

Which you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,[33]
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas![34]
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through,—Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon![35] daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,[36]
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried,[37] ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips; and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of: and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals:[38] sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little skill[39] to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I 'll swear for 'em.[40]
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look on 't:[41] Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos[42] and fadings: "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;"[43] puts him off, slights him, with, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[44]

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[45] cambricks, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.[46]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;[47]
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;[48]
Masks, for faces, and for noses:[49]
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,[50]
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,[51]
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,[52]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should 'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not a milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to

whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues,[53] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,[54] and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life;[55] for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me, from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish,[56] that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves; My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches I 'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.[57]

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;[58] they call themselves saltiers:[59] and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king: and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before;—I have put you out;—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better;
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet:
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[60]

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;——
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off;[61]—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And, you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard:[62] for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[63]—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir, [*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.[64]—O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing altered: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 't would be thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks :—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; Let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is near'st to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting[65] father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear our birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house! How shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia——
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[66] brooch, table-book,[67] ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye,[68] bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that

he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses:[69] and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, disease thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLORIZEL *and* AUTOLYCUS *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore.* The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't:[70]

I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely: puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze[71] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;[72] say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I 'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel, there? what's i' the fardel?[73]
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey,[74] set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him: where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered,[75] I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man a shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Enter Time, as Chorus.*

Theobald and Warburton have very injudiciously placed this chorus at the end of the third Act, which in Pope's edition is placed in the beginning of the fourth; as undoubtedly it ought to be, since its purpose is to prepare the spectator or reader for a new scene of action, at a greatly distant time, in a different court, and in which new personages are introduced, with whom, without this instruction, he would be utterly unacquainted.—*Heath.*

[2] *Leave the growth untried of that wide gap.*

Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. "The growth of the wide gap," is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. "To leave this growth untried," is "to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined." *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:—"I turn my glass; and give my scene such *growing*,—As you had slept between." Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre:—"Whom our fast-*growing* scene must find—At Tharsus." *Gap*, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says:

——— learn of me, who stand i' the *gaps* to teach you
The stages of our story.—*Malone.*

[3] *Since it is in my power.*

The reasoning of Time is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced everything, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods.—*Johnson.*

[4] *Imagine me, gentle spectators.*

Time is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate: "—— imagine *we*—Gentle spectators, that *you* now may be," &c.—Let *us* imagine, that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia.—*Johnson.*

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me;* and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say "do *me* such a thing,"—"spell *me* such a word." In King Henry IV., Falstaff says, speaking of sack:—"It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there," &c.—Again, in King Lear, Gloster says to Edmund, speaking of Edgar:—"Wind *me* into him," &c.—*M. Mason.*

[5] *My profit therein, the heaping friendships.*

The sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. "To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships," that is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.—*Johnson. Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.*—*Malone.*

Warburton, who alters *heaping* to *reaping*, pronounces that the common text, *heaping friendships*, is nonsense. Let me try if I cannot make sense of it. And all the profit I propose to myself in this study of mine to be more friendly to thee for the future is, the heaping still more friendships on thee, and by that means laying still stronger obligations on thee to continue with me. I should think this sentiment more delicate, and more suitable to royal generosity, than that of Warburton, 'And my profit therein shall be the reaping the advantage of thy further services in which I mean to employ thee.'—*Heath.*

[6] *But I have, missingly, noted.*

The term *missingly* appears to mean, missing him, discovering him not to be present, or, like a person that has missed him. Hanmer capriciously altered it to *musingly*,—I have perceived his retirement, and have reflected on it.

[7] *With, heigh! the doxy over the dale.*

The *doxy*, an old cant term for a woman of doubtful reputation. The following curious extracts not only furnish the best account of the doxy, but illustrate other passages in the present act. "Note especially all which go abroade working laces and shirt stringes, they name them *doxies*," Fraternitye of Vacabondes, 1575.

A *Dell* is a yong wench . . . but as yet not spoyled of her maidenhead: these *Dells* are reserved as dishes for the *Upright-men*, for none but they must have the first tast of them; and after the *Upright-men* have deflowred them (which commonly is when they are very yong), then are they free for any of the brother-hood, and are called *Dells* no more, but *Doxies*. Of these *Dells* some are termed *Wilde Dells*, and those are such as are borne and begotten under a hedge; the other are yong wenches that either by death of parents, the villanie of executors, or the crueltie of maisters and mistresses, fall into this infamous and damnable course of life. When they have gotten the title of *Doxies*, then are they common for any, and walke for the most part with their betters (who are a degree above them) called *Morts*, but whensoever an *Upright-man* is in presence, the *Doxye* is onely at his command. These *Doxyes* will for good victuals or a small piece of money prostitute there bodies to servingmen, if they can get into any convenient corner about their maisters houses, and to ploughmen in barnes, haylofts, or stables:

they are common pick-pockets, familiars with the baser sorts of cut-purses, and oftentimes secret murtherers of those infants which are begotten of their bodies. These *Doxyes* have one especial badge to be knowne by, for most of them goe working of laces and shirt-stringes, or such like stuffe, only to give colour to their idle wandring.—*Decker's Belman of London.* At her backe she [the *Clapper-dudgeon's Doxy*] carrieth a great pack, covered with a patched save-guard, under which she conveieth all such things as she filcheth. Her skil sometimes is to tell fortunes, to helpe the diseases of women and children. As she walkes, she makes bals or shirt-strings, (but now commonly they knit,) and weares in her hat a needle, with a thread at it. An excellent angler she is; for, when her *cove mawnds* (begs) at any doore, if any poultry ware be picking up their crummes neere them, she feedeth them with bread, and hath a threed tyed to a hooked pin, baited for the nonce, which the chickin swallowing, is choaked, and conveied under the castor (cloak). Chickins, linnen, woollen, or any thing that is worth the catching, comes into her net.—*Decker's English Villanies.*

"His witless malicious testimony of thee, with othermore rascally hedge-rak't up termes, familiar to none but roguish morts and *doxies*, is an attainder that will sticke by thee for ever," Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596.

— She has studied
A way to beggar us both, and, by this hand,
She shall be, if I live, a *doxy.*—*B. & Fl. Woman's Prize.*

M. Sirrah, where's your *doxy?* halt not with me.
O. *Doxy!* Moll; what's that?
M. His wench.—*The Roaring Girl.*

It may be observed, that Autolycus has a spice of the cant language in his dialect; for he says soon after, "I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the *silly cheat;* Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway." It should seem, by the passage quoted from the Roaring Girl, that *doxy* was not yet adopted into common language. Coles has it, *a doxy, meretrix.* Cotgrave has it, but not Minsheu.—*Nares.*

Speakes the brave canting tongue, lyes with his dell,
Or pad, or *doxi*, or his bonny Nell,
And lives as merry as the day is long,
In scorne of Tyburne, or the ropes dingdong.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Sure I were a most ungracious childe now,
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou shalt dream thou seest me drink sack plenty,
Incircled round with *Doxies* plump——and dainty.
Randolph's Jealous Lovers, a Comedie, 1646.

At play-houses and tennis-court
I'll prove a noble fellow;
I'll court my *doxies* to the sport
Of 'O brave *Punchinello!*'
Jordan's London Triumphant, 1672.

[8] *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

In other words, the red blood of spring or summer reigns over or in the place of the winter's paleness, the pallid blood which is produced by the winter's cold. "What means this sudden *pale* that doth possesse thine eyes with fear?,"

Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort, 1655. "Deadly-colour'd *pale* roses overcast," Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis, 1600. If *pale* be taken in the sense of *boundary*, a common meaning of the term, the passage in the text must be interpreted, the red blood of spring then reigns over the winter's boundary, the season that separates winter from spring.

[9] *Doth set my pugging tooth on edge.*

There seems sufficient reason to believe that *pugging* here means thieving. *Puggard* occurs for a thief in the Roaring Girl:

— And know more laws
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers,
With all the devils black guard, than is fit
Should be discovered to a noble wit.

I do not see that *prigging* and *proguing* have any thing to do with this word. —*Nares.*

[10] *The lark that tirra-lirra chants.*

A fanciful combination of sounds, intended to imitate the note of the lark; borrowed from the French *tire-lire*, meaning the same. Browne makes it *teery-lerry:*

The larke that many mornes herself makes merry,
With the shrill chanting of her *teery lerry.*

It occurs in Dubartas:

La gentille alouette, avec son *tire lire,*
Tire lire, a liré, et tire-lirant tire.

This is childish enough; but Sylvester has preferred a jargon of his own, which is here given,—

The pretty lark, climbing the welkin cleer,
Chaunts with a cheer, Heer-peer-I-neer-my-deer;
Then stooping thence, seeming her fall to rew,
Adieu, she saith, adieu, deer deer, adieu.—*Nares.*

In the Poeta Linguarum Trilinguis, 1633, in the section on birds and their notes, we have "a crow crackleth, a swallow and a sparrow chirp, the lark doth sing *tira-lira.*"—*Hunter.* Larks are termed *tyry-tiry-leerers* in T. M.'s Silke-wormes and their Flies, 1599, p. 50.

[11] *Are summer songs for me and my aunts.*

Aunt was a cant word for a woman of no virtue, generally for a bawd. So, in Decker's Bel-man's Night-walkes, "Be not so guld, be not so dull in understanding: do thou but followe aloofe those two tame pigeons, and thou shalt find, that her new uncle lies by it all that night, to make his kins-woman one of mine *aunts.*" In Middleton's Trick to catch the Old One, is the following passage, "Was it not better bestowed upon his uncle than upon one of his *aunts;* I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." *Aunt* is sometimes used for *procuress.* In Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt,*—"These are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinswoman." Among Ray's proverbial phrases is the following: "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." Again, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

I never knew
What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,
Till you preferr'd me to your *aunt* the lady:
I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes
To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*
Learn'd me the common trick.

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore: "To call you one of mine *aunts*, sister, were as good as call you arrant *whore*."—*Steevens.*

Now I handsomely threw dust in 's eyes, and yet kept the plot swift afoot too: I told him you were here to meet a widow too, whom you long loved, but would not let her know 't till this afternoon, naming to him one of my *aunts*, a widow by Fleet-ditch: her name is Mistress Gray, and keeps divers gentlewomen lodgers.—*A Match at Midnight.*

[12] *And in the stocks avouch it.*

In addition to the examples of this kind of punishment, which have been given in previous volumes, another variety may here be inserted. The stocks were made in almost every kind of form that could include the essential of the prisoner's feet being secured beyond the possibility of resistance.

[13] *My traffic is sheets.*

So, in the Three Ladies of London, 1585:

Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,
To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see.

Again, in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, Riotte says:

If any heere three ydle people needes,
Call us in time, for we are fine for *sheetes:*
Yea, for a shift, to steale them from the hedge,
And lay both *sheetes* and linnen all to gage.
We are best be gone, least some do heare alledge
We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars' Bush:—"To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the *sheet*."—*Steevens.*

[14] *When the kite builds, look to lesser linen.*

Autolycus here gives us to understand that he is a thief of the first class. This he explains by an allusion to an odd vulgar notion. The common people, many of them, think that, if any one can find a kite's nest, when she hath young, before they are fledged, and sew up their back doors, so as they cannot mute; the mother kite, in compassion to their distress, will steal *lesser linnen*, as caps, cravats, ruffles, or any other such small matters as she can best fly with, from off the hedges where they are hanged to dry after washing, and carry them to her nest,

and there leave them, if possible to move the pity of the first comer, to cut the thred and ease them of their misery. — Hence the proverb, "When the kite builds, look to lesser linnen." But, saith Autolycus, I fly at higher game, or larger linnen; my traffic is in sheets.—*Peck.*

Autolycus, however, may mean that though the purloining of sheets is his ordinary traffic, yet that when necessity compels (*i. e.*, "when the kite builds,") he does not disdain lesser linen.—*Phelps.*

[15] *My father named me, Autolycus.*

According to the Greek mythology, Autolycus was, as is well known, a son of Hermes and Chione, or Philonis. When Warburton pretends that the whole speech of Autolycus, on his first appearance, is taken from Lucian's book on astrology, where Autolycus speaks much more in the same style, he must have been dreaming. In this book the myth that Autolycus is a son of Hermes is explained thus: that the art of stealing came to him from Hermes, under whose star he was born; and, at most, the passage in Shakespeare contains only an allusion to this. Martial, lib. 8. Epig. 58, v. 4.—'Non fuit *Autolyci* tam piperata manus.' *Autolycus Mercurii* filius, qui proxima *Parnassi* loca furtis infestinavit. Martial, l. 8. Epig. 59, v. 4.—'Non fuit *Autolici* tam piceata manus.'—Hoffmanni Lexicon. —*B. Field.*

"Could you do this,—I'd swear you had more wit than Mercury,—Or his son Autolycus," The Antiquary. The annexed excellent illustration of a pedler like the Autolycus of the Winter's Tale is copied from a woodcut of the sixteenth century.

[16] *My revenue is the silly cheat.*

Silly is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.* But the Oxford editor, who by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakspeare's humour, alters it to,—*the sly cheat.*—*Warburton.*

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coney-catching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets.*—*Steevens.*

[17] *Every 'leven wether tods.*

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they say: "Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is: 'Every eleven wether *tods*', i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?" The

occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is singular that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakespeare's time and the present.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennett's Parochial Antiquities, a tod of wool sold for nine shillings and sixpence. —*Malone.*

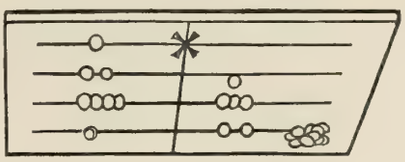
"Every 'leven wether—tods." This has been rightly expounded to mean 'that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28*lb.*' Each fleece would, therefore, be 2*lb.* 8*oz.* 11½ *dr.* and the whole produce of fifteen hundred shorn 136 *tod*, 1 *clove*, 2*lb.* 6*oz.* 2*dr.* which at pound and odd shilling per tod, would yield 143*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.* Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy. Indeed, it appears from Stafford's Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two and twenty shillings: so that the medium price was exactly "pound and odd shilling."—*Ritson.*

This passage is rightly understood by Dr. Farmer; the meaning is, the wool of every eleven wethers amounts to a tod, in which sense the verb *to tod* is used in Gloucestershire and elsewhere, every tod yields a pound and an odd shilling; but the clown feeling himself puzzled in endeavouring to find what sum would be produced by 1500 sheep at this rate, gives up the computation, declaring that he cannot do it without counters.—*Seymour.*

In the southern counties they still say,—twenty sheep ought to tod fifty pounds of wool. "*Tod*, to amount to a tod, or twenty-eight pounds of wool," Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia. The term *wool*, in the latter sentence of the Clown's speech, may be used either in its ordinary sense, or as the provincial pronunciation of *whole.*

[18] *I cannot do't without counters.*

The following description of the ancient mode of reckoning by counters is extracted from Recorde's Grounde of Artes,—"Nowe that you have learned the common kindes of arithmetike with the pen, you shall see the same arte in counters: whiche feate doeth not onelye serve for them that cannot write and reade, but also for them that can doe bothe, but have not at some times their penne or tables readie with them. This sorte is in twoo formes commonlye: the one by lines and the other withoute lynes. In that that hathe lines, the lines doe stande for the order of places: and in that that hathe no lines, there muste bee set in their steade so many counters as shall neede, for eache line one, and they shall supple the steade of the lines. For example of the lines, loe here you see six lines, which stand for six places, so that the nethermost standeth for the first place, and the next above it for the second, and so upward till you come to the highest, which is the sixt line, and standeth for the sixt place. Now what is the value of every place or line you may perceive by the figure which I have set on them, which is according as you learned before in enumeration of figures by the pen; for the first place is the place of unites or ones, and every counter set in that line, betokeneth but one; and the second line is the place of 10, for every counter there standeth for 10; the third line the place of hundreds, the fourth of thousands, and so forth."



A similar account is found in a rare book, printed in 1539, entitled,—"A

Introduction for to lerne to recken with the pen, or with *the Counters*, accordynge to the trewe cast of Algorisme, in hole numbers, or in broken, newely corrected. And certayne notable and goodlye rules of false posytions thereunto added, not before sene in oure Englyshe tonge, by the whiche all maner of diffycile questions may easily be dissolved and assoylzed," 8vo. 110 leaves. This work seems partly identical with the one above quoted. The spirited woodcut, here engraved, showing the method of teaching arithmetic by counters, is taken from the rare edition of the Grounde of Artes, published in 1543. *Counters*, Dr. Farmer says, were pieces of false coin from France, about that time brought into use to cast accounts with. They were like coin in many respects, but, as we are informed, never passed as its representative. "Or playe with *compters* in the street, which pastime children lyke," Conflict of Conscience, 1581.

Hys owne man, in thys meane space, was come to Maister Blacks chamber, whom hee founde within, provided for the purpose, and was as busie with a standishe, a great many of papers lying before hym, and a whole *sette of counters* in hys hand, as though he had been casting uppe of as huge summes as the King of Spayne receiveth from the Indyes. *Greenes Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593.

"Item, he troubles not his head much with learning arithmeticke, for when he is at the best, he can calculate his mony without eyther pen or counters," Harry White's Humour, 1659.

[19] *Three-man, song-men all.*

That is, men who would sing songs of three parts. In the rage for conjectural emendation, *three* has been altered to *they're* and *thrum*, and *man* to *main*. Florio renders *Berlingozzo* by a drunken song, a *three-man's* song. So, in Heywood's King Edward IV, 1626: "— call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man* song." Before the comedy of the Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600, some of these *three-man songs* are printed. The following is a copy of "the first three-man's song" in this play,—

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolike, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene;
O and then did I unto my true-love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queene.

That cannot handle the sword and buckler, his long sword or quarter staffe, sound the trumpet, or play on the flute and beare his part in a *three-mans song*, and readely reckon uppe his tooles in rime.—*Deloney's Pleasant History of the Gentle Craft*, 1598.

When those triumvirs set that *three-man's song*,
Which stablished in Rome that hellish trinity,
That all the towne and all the world did wrong.—*Harington.*

Fuming up flounders like a chafing-dish,
That lookes asquint upon a *three-mans song.*
Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

And it shall be concluded, that what journeyman soever he be hereafter, that cannot handle his sword and buckler, his long sword and quarter-staff, sound the trumpet, or play the flute, or bear his part in a *three-man'ssong*, and readily reckon up his tools in rhime, (except he have borne colours in the field, being a lieutenant, a serjeant, or corporal) shall forfeit and pay a bottle of wine, or be counted for a colt; to which they answered all, viva voce, content, content; and then, after many merry songs, they departed. And never after did they travel without these tools on their backs; which ever since have been called St. Hugh's Bones.—*Crispine and Crispianus.*

Oh, for the *three-men song!* This ale is a stout fellow: it shall go hard but sugar, which makes all sweet sometimes, shall set him in his part of Discord.—*Wine, Beere, Ale and Tobacco contending for Superiority*, 1630.

"They have also *Cornish three-mens* songs, cunningly contrived for the ditty, and pleasantly for the note," Carew's Survey of Cornwall, fo. 72.

[20] *I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies.*

A warden is a kind of large hard pear, unfitted for eating when in a raw state. "Wardens or palme-pears so called, because one of them will fill the palm of a hand, were first brought into credit by Livia Pompeja; they are very hurtful and almost indigestible being eaten raw or green; but towards winter they are very wholesome for a weak stomach, being stued, bakt, or roasted, and to be preferred for nourishment before all fruit; engendring (especially when they are sweet and red) most wholesome juice; strengthening concoction, repelling vapours from the head, and comforting the weak and decayed spirits: would to God every hedge were as full of them as they are of wild pears and crabs, that both poor and rich might have a competent nourishment, when fish and flesh can hardly be gotten," Muffett's Healths Improvement, 1655. "Pyrum volemum," E. Coles. "A *warden* pear, from the Anglo-Saxon wearden, to preserve; for that it keeps long before it rots," Gazophylacium Anglicanum, 1689. "Faith, I would have had him roasted, like a warden, in a brown paper, and no more talk on't," Cupid's Revenge. "She looks like a warden roasted in the embers," Bellamira, 1687. "There was hot venison, and warden pies cold," Ballad of Robin Hood and Clorinda. The old cookery-books contain various directions for making warden-pies, from which the following may be selected,—"Your wardens must be stewed in a pipkin with claret-wine, sugar, cinnamon, and cloves, then cover your pipkin with a sheet of paste, and let it stand in the oven five or six hours; then raise a coffin of short paste, put in your wardens with sugar, and put it into the oven, when it hath stood an hour, take it out and wash it with rose-water and butter, then scrape on sugar and put it in a quarter of an hour more, and it will be red upon the top, then scrape on sugar and serve it."

To make a *Warden-Pye* the best way.—First, bake your wardens gently in a little water and claret, adding a pound of sugar, covering your pot or pan with a lid of dough; and when they are cold, lay them into your pye with cloves, cinnamon, sugar, and part of the liquor, and bake it gently.—*Closet of Rarities*, 1706.

To make a *Warden* Pear-Pye,—First bake your wardens or pears in an oven with a little water and a good quantity of sugar; let your pot be close covered with a piece of dough; let them not be fully baked by a quarter of an hour: when they are cold, make an high coffin, and put them in whole, adding to them some cloves, whole cinnamon, sugar, with some of the liquor they were baked in, so close it, and bake it.—*The Queen's Royal Cookery*, 1713.

Quinby, a fellow of the college, was imprisoned very straitly in the steeple of New College, and half starved with cold and lack of food, and at length died. He was

asked of his friends what he would eat, who said his stomach was gone for all meat, except it were a warden pie. Ye shall have it, quoth they. I would have, said he again, but two wardens baked: I mean our warden of Oxford and our warden of Winchester—London and More; for such a warden pie might do me and the church good; whereas, other wardens of the tree can do me no good at all. Thus jesting at their tyranny through the cheerfulness of a safe conscience, he turned his face to the wall in the belfry where he lay, and after his prayers, slept sweetly in the Lord.—*Strype's Eccles. Mem.*

[21] *I' the name of me.*

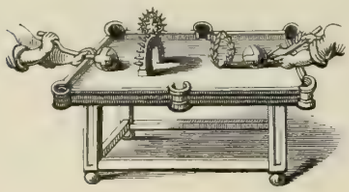
An expletive oath, similar to, for the life of me, &c. So, in Twelfth Night,—"Before me, she's a good wench." Theobald proposed to alter *me* to *the*, observing that the Clown, hearing Autolycus groan, begins to be afraid; and apprehending a spirit, according to the old superstition, falls to invoking the Trinity.

[22] *To go about with trol-my-dames.*

The name of a game; a corruption of the French name *trou-madame*. It had several familiar names in English, among which was *pigeon-holes*, being played with a board, at one end of which are a number of arches, like pigeon-holes, into which small balls are to be bowled. It was also called *trunks*, according to Cotgrave in v. *Trou.*—*Nares.*

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on Buckstone Bathes he says: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion; the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed."—*Farmer.*

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. So, in the Antipodes, 1638:—"Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got—Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes.*" Again, in A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd, 1632: "What quicksands he finds out, as dice, cards, pigeon-holes."—*Steevens.*



Troll-my-dames, a game much used in country fairs, to cheat the rustics. A board is set up with holes resembling pigeon-holes, with a dead space between each, and a person must bowl with a flattish sort of bowl through one of the holes to win.—*MS. Devon Glossary.* The game is termed, My ladyes hole, in Wit Restored, 1658. The annexed representation of one mode of playing the game is taken from an early collection of foreign emblems.

[23] *He was certainly whipped.*

The annexed woodcut, copied from an ancient illuminated manuscript, exhibits the whipping of a man for theft. Whipping was formerly a mode of punishment much more in vogue than it is at the present day.

[24] *He compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son.*

Motion, in Shakespeare's time, signified *puppet-show*. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair it is frequently used in that sense; the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. So, in the City Match, 1639, by Jasper Maine:—"——his mother came,—Who follows strange sights out of town, and went—To Brentford for a *motion*." Again, in the Pilgrim: "——Nothing but a *motion?*—A *puppet* pilgrim?"—*Steevens*. The poet Settle was reduced by want to write plays, like Ben Jonson's Littlewit, for the profane motions, or puppet-shows, of Smithfield and Bartholomew fairs. Nay, having proceeded thus far in exhibiting the truth of Dryden's prediction, he actually mounted the stage in person among these wooden performers, and combated St. George for England in a green dragon of his own proper device. The annexed engraving of the performance of a motion of the Prodigal Son is copied from an English woodcut of the seventeenth century. Strutt, in his Sports and Pastimes, has printed a Bartholomew Fair bill of a later period, from which the following is an extract:—"At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called The Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells."

The difficulty of wholly suppressing an ancient usage is remarkably evinced by examples of recent date. The Tatler, of May 14, 1709, cites a letter from Bath, describing the rivalry of Prudentia and Florimel, two ladies at that watering place. Florimel bespoke the play of Alexander the Great, to be acted by the company of strollers on Thursday evening, and the letter-writer accepted the lady's invitation to be of her party; but he says, 'Prudentia had counter-plotted us, and had bespoke on the same evening, the poppet-show of the Creation of the World. She had engaged every body to be there; and to turn our leader into ridicule, had secretly let them know that the poppet Eve was made the most like Florimel that ever was seen. On Thursday morning, the poppet drummer, Adam and Eve, and several others that lived before the flood, passed through the streets on horseback to invite us all to the pastime, and the representation of such things as we all know to be true; and Mr. Mayor was so wise as to prefer these innocent people, the poppets, who he said were to represent Christians, before the wicked players who were to show Alexander an heathen philosopher. When we came to Noah's Flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whispered to

Mrs. Mayoress, "This is very proper for young people to see." Punch at the end of the play made Madam Prudentia a bow, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows till his buttons touched the ground.' Sir Richard Steele, in the Spectator of March 16, 1711, intimates that Powell, the puppet-show man, exhibited religious subjects with his puppets, under the little piazza in Covent Garden; and talks of 'his next opera of Susannah, or Innocence betrayed, which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new Elders.' In 1818, a man, making the usual Christmas cry, of 'Gallantee show,' was called in to exhibit his performances for the amusement of my young folks and their companions. Most unexpectedly, he 'compassed a *motion* of the *Prodigal Son;*' by dancing his transparencies between the magnifying glass and candle of a magic lanthorn, the coloured figures, greatly enlarged, were reflected on a sheet spread against the wall of a darkened room. The prodigal son was represented carousing with his companions at the Swan Inn, at Stratford; while the landlady in the bar, on every fresh call, was seen to score double. There was also Noah's Ark, with 'Pull Devil, Pull Baker,' or the just judgment upon a baker who sold bread short of weight, and was carried to hell in his own basket. The reader will bear in mind, that this was not a *motion* in the dramatic sense of the word, but a puppet-*like* exhibition of a Mystery, with discrepancies of the same character as those which peculiarized the Mysteries of five centuries ago. The Gallantee-showman narrated with astonishing gravity the incidents of every fresh scene, while his companion in the room played country-dances and other tunes on the street organ, during the whole of the performance. The manager informed me that his show had been the same during many years, and, in truth, it was unvariable; for his entire property consisted of but this one set of glasses, and his magic lanthorn.—*Gilchrist.*

[25] *Prig, for my life, prig.*

In the canting language, *prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in the Beggars' Bush, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. —*Whalley.* "A *Prigger of Prancers* is a horse-stealer, for to Prig signifies in the Canting language to steale, and *Prancer* signifies a horse. These walke (in frieze or lether jerkins) with a wand in their hands, watching in what pasture are any horses fit for their turne, and those within three or foure nights after are conveyd away at the least sixtie miles from the place: if they meete the owners in their ground, they have shifts to avoide his suspition by feigning they have lost their way to such a towne. These hackney-men that let out horses will request service at gentlemens houses, their skill being to keepe a gelding well; and, if they get entertainment, they stand to their word, for they keepe the gelding so well, that his maister shall never finde fault with any disease he hath, unlesse it be that he had the dizzynes in his head, which made him reele out of his stable to bee sold forty miles off at a fayre. These have their female spyes that survey medowes and closes, and long onely for horse-flesh," Decker's Belman of London, 1608.

[26] *Let me be unrolled.*

Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so.—*Warburton.* When Autolycus speaks of the *Book of Virtue*, although of course he means generally that he may be placed in the list of virtuous men, the author may have had the common school-book of the day in his recollection.

If any require any other little booke meet to enter children, the *Schoole of Vertue* is one of the principall and easiest for the first enterers, being full of precepts of civilitie, and such as children will soone learne and take a delight in,

thorow the roundnesse of the metre, as was said before of the singing Psalmes: And after it the *Schoole of good manners*, called, the *new Schoole of vertue*, leading the childe as by the hand, in the way of all good manners.—*Brinsley's Ludus Literarius.*

[27] *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way.*

According to Mr. Chappell, this tune is in the Dancing Master, from 1650 to 1698, called, *Jog on;* and earlier in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, under the name of *Hanskin.* One of the verses in the old ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John, commences with the four first words of the line in the text. The words of *Jog on* are in the Antidote against Melancholy, 1661, and are also found, with slight variations, in Playford's Musical Companion, 1667, in which latter work they are as follows,—

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
The merry heart goes all day long,
The sad tyres in a mile-a.
Your paltry money-bags of gold,
What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
And we have the less to care for.
Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
A fig for melancholy;
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
Wee'l frolick with sweet Molly.

In the Antidote against Melancholy, the first verse more nearly corresponds with the Shakesperian text. According to Mr. Knight, the song was set as a round for three voices by John Hilton, and so published in the first edition of Catch that Catch Can. "A merry heart lives long-a" is a line quoted in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, possibly in recollection of the present song.

[28] *To chide at your extremes.*

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his extravagant praises, as Johnson supposes; but the extravagance of his conduct, in obscuring himself in a swain's wearing, whilst he pranked her up most goddess-like. The following words, *Oh, pardon that I name them*, proves this to be her meaning.—*M. Mason.*

But the players in jest breecht him till the bloud came, which he tooke laughing, for it was his manner ever to weepe in kindnesse, and laugh *in extreames.* That this is true mine eies were witnesses, being then by.—*Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

[29] *Most goddess-like prank'd up.*

Prank, to adorn; to decorate. It is the translation of *orner* in Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593. In the same work we have, "*fame bien attintée*, a woman *pranked* up." Palsgrave has, "I pranke ones gowne, I set the plyghtes in order."

Thirdly, that they use not to play commonly and often, but verye rare and seldome. Fourthlye, that they be not *pranked* and decked up in gorgious and sumptious apparell in their play.—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

[30] *Sworn, I think, to show myself a glass.*

In other words, by usurping the lowly attire, you are sworn or pledged, I think, to show me a glass wherein I may see myself. "He was the *glass*, wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves," Hamlet. "He was the mark and *glass*, copy and book, that fashion'd others," Henry the Fourth. The simplicity of Florizel's costume was, in the eyes of Perdita, a reflection on her finery, and exhibited it in striking contrast.

[31] *The gods themselves.*

Compare the corresponding passage in Greene's Pandosto, 1588,—"The gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdesse, but worthy to be a goddesse." Again: "And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thoughts: Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Appollo a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." The latter quotation almost runs in a kind of blank verse,—

And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—
The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought;
Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull,
Apollo a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love.
Thou a man, appointed to love.

[32] *For you there's rosemary, &c.*

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents,—"There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *savour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by Lady Montagu.—*Henley.*

Rue was called *herb of Grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals.—*Johnson.*

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physic.—*Steevens.*

[33] *Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers.*

There is some further conceit relative to *gilly-flowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, in both instances where this word occurs, reads — *Gilly'vors*, a term still used by low people in Sussex, to denote a harlot. In A Wonder, or a Woman never Vex'd, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roses, have you not?" "Yes, sir, (says she,) but no *gilliflowers*," meaning, perhaps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e., wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in Romeo and Juliet. Again, in the Paradise of daintie Devises, 1578,—"Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy."—*Malone.* I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female. In Lyte's Herbal, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gillofers*, &c. And in A.W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies, 1587, is the following remark on this species of flower—"Some think that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous smell.*"—*Steevens.*

The solution of the riddle in these lines that has embarrassed Steevens is probably this. The *gilly-flower* or carnation is streaked, as every one knows, with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's *art* of varying the colours of the above flowers with the art of painting

the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakspeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says in her next speech but one.—*Douce.*

[34] *Out, alas!*

A common exclamation of grief, equivalent to an intensity of expression of the word, *alas!* The annexed woodcut is copied from one attached to a black-letter ballad, with the subject of which it has no connexion.

Now, *out alas!* we are undone
To heare of Coryat's payre of shone.
Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

Shame take you all was serve hur so,
Hur best days now are gone:
Now, *out, alas!* What shall hur do?
Hur now was quite undone.
The Welch Traveller, 12mo. n. d.

[35] *From Dis's waggon.*

While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either violets blew, or lillies white as lime,—
Dis spide her, lov'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well neere.—
The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call
Hir mother——
And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her *flowers* went.
Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1587.

From the pale horror of eternall fire
Am I sent with the *wagon* of blacke *Dis.*
Barnes' Divils Charter, 1607.

[36] *But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.*

I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddess of blue eyes.* Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image; but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful.*—*Johnson.*

It was ever the fashion to kiss the eyes as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings

gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes.* So, in Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, v. 1358:— "This Troilus full oft her *eyen two*—Gan for to kisse," &c. Again, in the ancient MS. play of Timon of Athens—

O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
But let me kisse thine *eyes*, my sweete delight.

Another reason, however, why the eyes were kissed instead of the lips, may be found in a very scarce book entitled, A courtlie Controversie of Cupids Cautels; Conteyning Five tragicall Histories, &c. Translated out of French, &c. by H. W. (Henry Wotton), 4to. 1578: "Oh howe wise were our forefathers to forbidde wyne so strictly unto their children, and much more to their wives, so that for drinking wine they deserved defame, and being taken with the maner, it was lawful to kisse their mouthes, whereas otherwise *men kissed but their eyes*, to showe that wine drinkers were apt to further offence." But, as M. Mason observes, "we are not told that Pallas was the goddess of blue eye-*lids;* besides, as Shakespeare joins in the comparison, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets."—*Steevens.*

So, in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613:—"That *eye* was *Juno's*,—Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,—That virgin blush, Diana's." Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid:*

Upon her eye-*lids* many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows.
Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th Sonnet:

When on each eye-*lid* sweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in shade they sit.—*Malone.*

[37] *Pale primroses, that die unmarried.*

So, in Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap, 1609:

The pretty Dazie (eye of day)
The *Prime-Rose* which doth first display
Her youthful colours, and *first dies:*
Beauty and Death are enemies."

Again, in Milton's Lycidas:—"the rathe *primrose* that *forsaken dies.*" Warton, in a note on the last quotation, asks "But why does the Primrose die *unmarried?* Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakespeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers." Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original edition of Milton's Lycidas, which he subsequently omitted, and altered the epithet *unwedded* to *forsaken* in the preceding line:—

Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.

Every reader will see that the "texture and sentiments" are derived from Shakespeare; and it serves as a beautiful illustration of his meaning.—*Steevens and Singer.*

[38] *As I have seen them do in Whitsun' pastorals.*

See the annexed engraving of two figures dancing in a Whitsun morris, copied from a woodcut of the seventeenth century.

[39] *As little skill to fear.*

Skill, reason. This archaic use of the word was not quite obsolete in Shakespeare's time, and it seems most natural to thus interpret it in this passage; but sense may be made, if the term be used in its ordinary acceptation, as in the following paraphrase by Heath,—I have given you so little occasion for fear, since my acquaintance with you, that you as little know how to begin to fear me, as I am far from giving you any just ground for doing it.

Sche seyde, Lordynges, so God me save,
He that me wan he schalle me have!
Ye wot wele yowre crye was so!
The lordys assentyd wele ther tylle,
For sche seyde nothyng but *skylle*,
And that sche wolde no moo.

MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 77.

Hence England's heires apparant have of Wales bin Princes, till
Our Queene deceast conceald her heire, I wot not for what *skill.*

Warner's Continuance of Albions England, 1606, p. 415.

[40] *I'll swear for 'em.*

Dr. Johnson would transfer this speech to the king, and Ritson would read "swear for *one*," or at least have some alteration; but in reality no change is necessary. Florizel had just said, "so *turtles* pair that never mean to part," on which Perdita very naturally observes, "I'll swear for 'em." This is no more than a common phrase of acquiescence, as we likewise say, "I'll *warrant* you."—*Douce.*

[41] *That makes her blood look on 't.*

This is the text of the original, the last words having been usually altered to *look out;* but our early poets talk of blushing blood as speaking and using expression, so that the old reading may here be accepted in the sense of the blood raising itself at his words.

——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and such expression wrought,
You might have almost said her body thought.—*Donne.*

The meaning must be this. The Prince tells her something "that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her blush." She, but a little before, uses a like expression to describe the Prince's sincerity:—"——your youth—And the true *blood*, which fairly *peeps through it*,—Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd."—*Theobald.*

Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damaske eyes *the* ruby *blood doth peep.*

Marlowe's Hero and Leander.

[42] *With such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings.*

In the Roxburghe Collection, there is a ballad by L. P. (Laurence Price?), entitled "The Batchelor's Feast; or—

The difference betwixt a single life and a double;
Betwixt the batchelor's pleasure and the married man's trouble.

To a pleasant new tune, called *With a hie dildo dill.*" It begins thus:

As I walkt forth of late, where grass and flowers spring,
I heard a batchelor within an harbour sing.
The tenor of his song contain'd much melodie:
It is a gallant thing to live in liberty.
With a hie, dildo, dill,—Hie do, dil dur lie;
It is a delightful thing—To live at liberty.

In Choice Drollery, 1656, p. 31, is another, which would require a different tune, commencing—

A story strange I will you tell,—But not so strange as true,
Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,—And so did her husband too.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,—With a dildo, dildo dee.

In the Pepys Collection of Ballads, is one by Robert Guy, printed for H. Gosson, and with the following title:—"The Merry Forester,"—

Young men and maids, in country or in city,
I crave your aids with me to tune this ditty;
Both new and true it is, no harm in this is,
But is composed of the word call'd kisses;
Yet meant by none, abroad loves to be gadding:
It goes unto the tune of *With a fadding.*

There are also ballads to it, under the name of *An Orange*, and *With a Pudding.* The *Fading* is the name of an Irish dance, but *With a fading* (or *fadding*) seems to be used as a nonsense-burden, like *Derry down, Hey nonny, nonny no*, &c.—*Chappell's National Airs.*

This dance is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Irish Masque at Court: "Daunsh a *fading* at te vedding;" and again, "Show tee how teye can foot te *fading* and te fadow." Beaumont and Fletcher make mention of it in the Knight of the Burning Pestle,—"George, I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jig, I'll assure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother, now a' capers, sweetheart, now a turn o' th' toe, and then tumble!"

So, in the Bird in a Cage, by Shirley, 1633:—"But under her coats the ball will be found.—With a *fading.*" It is the burthen of a song in Sportive Wit, &c. 1656, p. 58, of which the following is the first stanza:

The courtiers scorn us country clowns,
We country clowns do scorn the court;
We can be as merry upon the downs
As you at mid-night with all your sport,
With a *fading*, with a *fading.*

See you yond' Motion? Not the old fa-ding,
Nor Captayne Pod, nor yet the Eltham-thing;
But one more rare, and in the case so new:
His cloke with orient velvet quite lin'd through.—*Ben Jonson.*

The dance is in Irish called *Rinca Fada*, and means literally, the long dance.

Though *faed* is a reed, the name of the dance is not borrowed from it; *fada* is the adjective, long, and *rinca* the substantive, dance. In Irish the adjective follows the substantive, differing from the English construction; hence *rinca fada; faedan* is the diminutive, and means little reed: *faedan* is the first person of the verb, to whistle, either with the lips or with a reed, i. e. I whistle. This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland; a king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribands, similar to those which are carried about by the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance, the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers on the first of May visit such newly wedded pairs of a certain rank as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball richly deck'd with gold and silver lace, and accompanied with a present in money, to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning: —"Thuga mair sein en souré ving.—We lead on summer—see! she follows in our train."—*Caldwell.*

[43] *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

This was the name of an old song. In the Famous History of Friar Bacon, we have a ballad to the tune of, "Oh! do me no harme, good man."—*Farmer.* This tune is preserved in a collection intitled, "Ayres, to sing and play to the lute and Basse Violl, with Pavins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610, fol.—*Ritson.* The tune is also alluded to in Ford's Fancies Chaste and Noble, where Secco sings, "Whoop, do me no harm, good woman." See a song with the Shaksperian burden in Fry's collection of Ancient Poetry.

[44] *Has he any unbraided wares?*

Unbraided, that is, not braided as laces are. The Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands*, &c, which are things not *braided* but *woven.* The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlers usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in Any Thing for a quiet Life, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure."—*Steevens.*

Unbraided wares may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having lost its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought."—*Tollet.*

The Clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for

smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambrics, and lawns, all answer to this description.—*Malone.*

Unbraided wares, that is, *undamaged wares*, true and good. This word has perplexed the commentators, but the quotation by Steevens from Any Thing for a Quiet Life, ought to have led to a right explanation. So Marston, in his Scourge of Villanie, Sat. v.:—

> Tuscus is trade-falne; yet great hopes he'le rise,
> For now he makes no count of perjuries;
> Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loveries,
> Glased his *braided ware*, cogs, sweares, and lies.

And in the prologue to a very curious manuscript collection of satiric tales in verse, entitled, An Iliade of Metamorphosis, 1600,

> Bookes of this nature being once perused
> Are then cast by, and as *brayed ware* refused.—*Singer.*

[45] *Inkles, caddisses.*

Inkle is a kind of broad linen tape of an inferior description. Its use may be gathered from the accounts of the Corporation of Norwich, bearing date 1587-8, where is put down the expenses for soldier's coats, "and for whight yncle to laye upon the same coats." We may probably trace it in worsted lace trimming still bestowed on the coats of our foot soldiers. Inckle, or beggar's inckle, is a kind of coarse tape used by cooks to secure meat previous to being spitted, and farriers to tie round horses' feet, &c. I have found it said of persons very friendly, "They are as thick as inckleweavers."—*Anon.* In Dyche's Dictionary, inckle is said to be a sort of tape used by women to tie their coats, aprons, &c., made of cotton, also a sort of cotton used by weavers to shoot with silk or thread, in some sorts of broad goods. "Caddas, or cruel ribbon," Book of Rates, 1675, p. 293. The dresses of servants were often ornamented with it, and there seems to have been a kind of woollen stuff so called. Palsgrave has, "caddas or crule, *sayette.*" This was used for stuffing dresses. "Cruel *caddas*, or worsted ribbon," Rates of the Custome House, 1582. "*Caddas* or Cruell riband," Rates of Marchandizes.

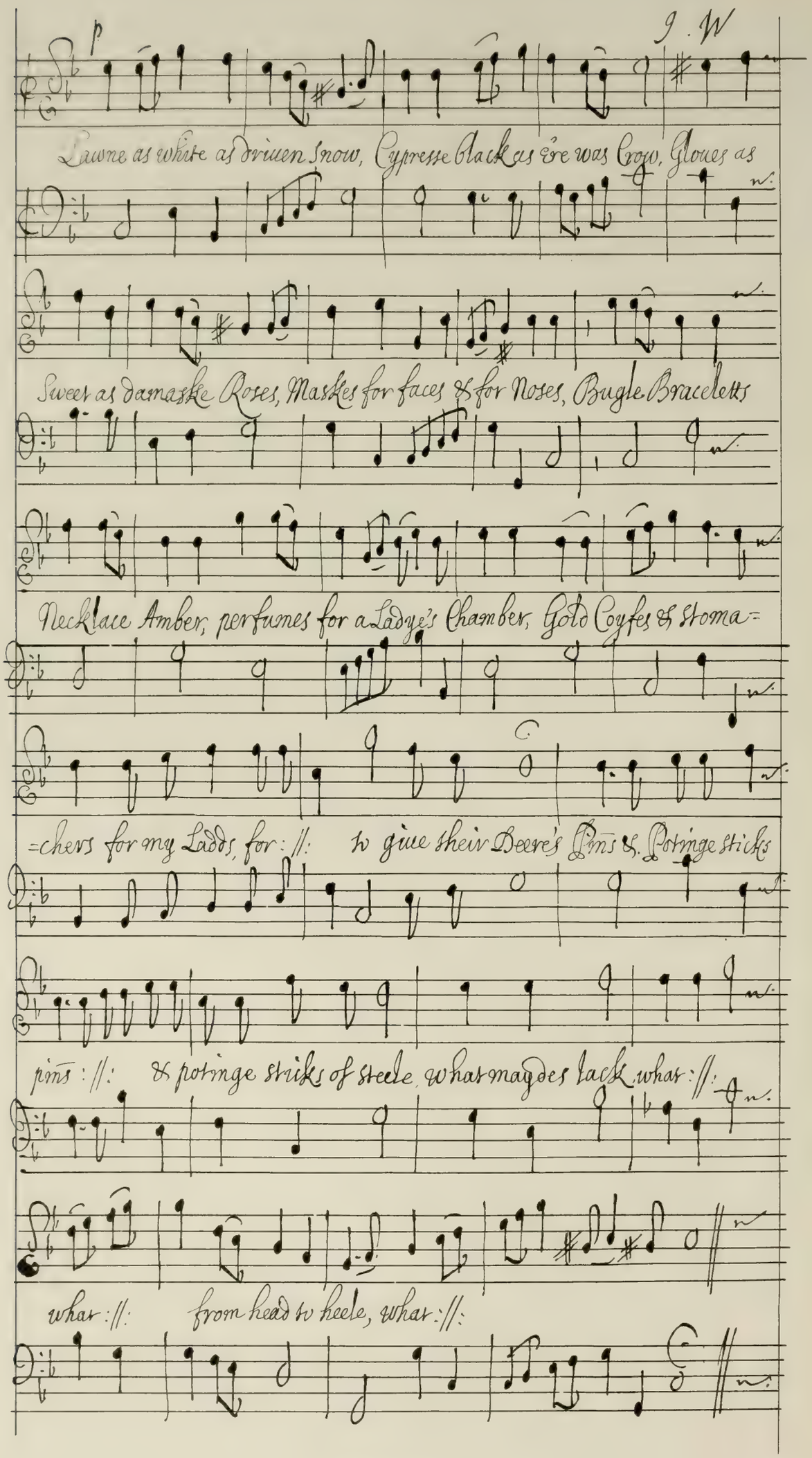
In Shirley's Witty Fair One, 1633, one of the characters says:—"I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis.*" Perhaps by *six footmen in caddis*, is meant six footmen with their liveries laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadesse*, the ancient name for a *daw.*—*Steevens.*

Caddis is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France.—*Malone.*

[46] *The sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.*

The servant is here describing Autolycus, a thief, a pedler and a ballad-singer, as a rare fellow at putting off his wares. But what is the *sleeve-hand* of a smock? Every shirt or shift, it is well known, hath two sleeves for the two hands and arms to go thro'. But this gives no sense to the passage. *Sleeve-hand* then, I make no doubt, is a mistake of the transcriber or printer for *Silesia* or *sleasie holland.* ——'*Sleasie holland*,' as Mr. Blount observes, 'common people take to be all holland cloth which is sleight, or ill-wrought. Whereas, saith he, that only is properly *Slesia* or *Silesia* linnen, which is made in, and comes from, *Silesia* in Germany.'—This easie emendation makes sense and humor of the passage, and the meaning is, 'You would think he imagines every thing which wears a shift (tho' the shift be never so thread-bare, and the wearer never so great a dowdy) to

The Original Music to the Song of "Lawne as white as driven Snow" from a Manuscript of the Seventeenth Century in the Editor's possession.



be a perfect *angel.*'——But the servant mistakes Autolycus and his design. He takes him for a most passionate admirer of women; whereas he only wants to put off the ordinary shifts he hath stolen, or to sell them some other good bargain, or, if he can, to pick their pockets.—*Peck.*

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's Collectanea, 1770, vol. iv. p. 323: "A surcoat (of crimson velvet) furred with mynever pure, the coller, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dictionary, *Poignet de la chemise*, is Englished, "the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." Again, in Leland's Collectanea, vol. iv, p. 293, King James's "shurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-hand* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a surcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive that the "work about the square on 't," signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. The annexed illustration of the needle-work of the period is an example of the "work about the square on 't." So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso, b. xii, st. 64:—"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives, —Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold." I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakespeare.—*Tollet.*

The following passage in John Grange's Garden, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—sleeve-*hand.* In a poem called the Paynting of a Curtizan, he says:—"Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and *hande.*"—*Steevens.*

The word *sleeve-hand* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-hand.*"—*Malone.*

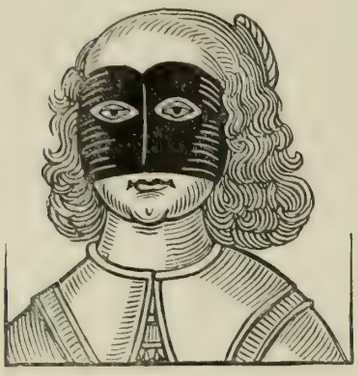
[47] *Lawn as white as driven snow.*

In an old manuscript copy of the music of this song, the initials J. W. are attached as those of the composer. These initials stand for John Wilson, whose surname is found at length in another copy of the same music printed in Wilson's Cheerfull Ayres, 1660.

[48] *Gloves, as sweet as damask roses.*

The introduction of perfumed gloves is thus mentioned in Howes' edition of Stowe's Chronicle, — "Milloners or haberdashers had not then any gloves imbroydered, or trimmed with gold or silke, neither gold nor imbroydered girdles and hangers; neither could they make any costly wash or perfume untill about the fourteenth or fifteenth yeere of the queene, the right honourable Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that yeere the queene had a paire of perfumed gloves trimmed onely with foure tuftes or roses of coloured silke. The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many yeeres after it was called the Earle of Oxford's perfume."

"In sommer use to were gloves made of goote-skynnes perfumed with amber-degrece," Borde's Regyment of Healthe, 1567. "Their fingers must be deckt with gold, silver, and precious stones, their handes covered with their *sweete washed gloves, imbroidered with gold, silver, and what not,*" Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, 1583.



In the wardrobe account of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I, dated Sept. 28, 1607, the following articles occur:—"Two pair of Cordevant gloves, perfumed and laid with broad silver lace, and fringe curled.—Four pair of staggs leather gloves perfumed and fringed with gold and silver fringe.—Six pair of plain gloves with coloured tops being very well perfumed, at 6*s.* (per pair).—Six pair plain gloves with coloured tops, and some white tops at 3*s.*"

[49] *Masks for faces and for noses.*

The annexed example of one of the kinds of mask here alluded to is copied from an engraving by Hollar in Benlowe's Theophila or Love's Sacrifice, 1652. Another specimen of one of the seventeenth century is also given above.

[50] *Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber.*

Place only a comma after *amber.* Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in the Taming of the Shrew, Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads." Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber.* See Sams. Agon. v. 720:—"An *amber* scent of odorous perfume,—Her harbinger."—*Warton.* It may be worth notice that bracelets sometimes used to have metrical posies engraven on them. The following examples of "posies upon bracelets" are taken from Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

As love gives life to every part,
So this gives life unto my hart:
This chastly lies, and lives with me,
O that I might doe so with thee?
Another.—How might I triumph in my blisse;
If love were where my bracelet is,
For then should love do no such harm
To wring my heart, but wreath my arme.

[51] *Golden quoifs, and stomachers.*

The annexed specimen of a quoif is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a figure on the tomb of Lady Hoby, temp. Elizabeth, in the church of Bisham,

co. Berks. The quoif is red, covered with *gold* network, and bordered with pearls.

Your glory shall no longer be ecclipsed, to be termed a bare lawndres, or a dresser of lawne, but a Hollandresse, Tiffanie-dresse, Lawndresse, Lockrumdresse, Dowlesdresse, Callicute and Canvasdresse, which in the totall is a Linnendresse, for you are the onely linnen armouresse, cap-a-pea from the declination of the socke, to the exaltation of the nightcap, and from the loftie *quoyfe*, to the lowly and welbeloved smockeskirt.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[52] *Pins and poking-sticks of steel.*

These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's Malcontent, 1604, is the following instance:—"There is such a deale of pinning these ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth them all;" and, again: "If you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of Blurt Master Constable, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands." These *poking-sticks* are several times mentioned in Heywood's If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody, 1633, second part; and in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakespeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July, 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London." Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, 8vo. no date:—"They (*poking-sticks*) be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to anything so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe," &c. Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene (Elizabeth) began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone."—*Steevens.*

A ruffe about his neck, not like a ruffian, but inch broad, with small sets, as if a peece of a tobacco-pipe had beene his *poking-stick*; his gloves are thrust under his girdle, that you may see how he rings his fingers, blesse his worship.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

It shall be thy taske (Phantasma) to cut this gulles throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for all thy jugling rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him, and the *poking-sticke* he weares.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

[53] *Clamour your tonques, and not a word more.*

The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous.—*Warburton.*

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in Much Ado about Nothing. "*Ben.* If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e're he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the *bell rings* and the widow weeps.—*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?—*Ben.* Question? why an hour in *clamour* and a quarter in

rheum."—*Grey.* Perhaps the meaning is, "Give one grand peal, and then have done." "A good *Clam*" in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. In a note on Othello, Dr. Johnson says, to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound. If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us. But, after all, I am inclined to think, with Grey, that *clamour* is here a misprint for *charm your tongues*, i. e. *be silent.* So, in A Faire Quarrell by Middleton and Rowley, 1607:—"*Chan.* Ile not speake a word y' faith.—*Russ. Charme* your man, I beseech you, too."—*Malone.*

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of—"ringing a dumb peal," i. e. with *muffled* bells.—*Steevens.*

To clamour, an expression taken from bell-ringing; it is now contracted to *clam*, and in that form is common among ringers. The bells are said to be *clamm'd*, when, after a course of rounds or changes, they are all pulled off at once, and give a general crash or *clam*, by which the peal is concluded. This is also called *firing*, and is frequently practised on rejoicing days. As this *clam* is succeeded by a silence, it exactly suits the sense of the passage, in which the unabbreviated word occurs. Warburton conjectured rightly that the word had reference to bell-ringing, but mistook the application. In the ringing of bells there is also an accidental *clam*, or *clamour*, as well as an intended one; which is, when bells are struck together unskilfully in ringing the changes, so as to produce discord. This kind of *clam* is mentioned in some old verses inscribed in the belfry of St. Peter's church at Shaftesbury.

What music is there that compar'd may be,
With well-tun'd bells' enchanting melody?
Breaking with their sweet sound the willing air,
They in the list'ning ear the soul ensnare.
When bells ring round and in their order be,
They do denote how neighbours should agree;
But when they *clam*, the harsh sound spoils the sport,
And 'tis like women keeping Dover-court.

A quotation produced by Todd shows that striking four bells at once, even so as to form a concord, was called *clamming.—Nares.*

Warburton asserts that the phrase is from ringing; that to clamour bells is to repeat the stroke quicker than before, previously to *ceasing* them. On the contrary, Dr. Grey maintains that to clamour bells is a *continued* ringing, and Malone, with great probability, suspects that what Warburton has said is *gratis dictum.* Dr. Johnson says that "to clam a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound;" and Nichols, that *a good clam* is a peal of all the bells at once. According to the treatise on ringing in the School of Recreation, 1684, 12mo, "*clamming* is when each concord strikes together, which being done true, the eight will strike but as four bells, and make a melodious harmony." The accounts of bell-clamming are therefore so discordant that it seems but fair to give up entirely this sense of the word. The Clown evidently wishes to keep the damsels' tongues from wagging. Now to *clam*, *clem*, or *cleam*, are provincial words, signifying to glue together or fasten with glue, and, metonymically, to starve by contraction; and we still use *clammy*, for sticking together. All the Northern languages have an equivalent term. The Germans have *klemmen*, to tie, and in the old Icelandic we find *klæmman* in the same sense. Ihre, *Lexicon Suio-Goth.* In Saxon clam, ligamen, *clæming*, a stiffening. Somner *Gloss.* Littelton has *to clamm*, or hunger-starve, and Rider, to *clamme*,

to *stop*. The latter is indeed more to the present purpose than any or all of the others; because by supposing, what is extremely probable, an error of the press, all will be set right. On the other hand, *clamour* is the reverse of what is required. Thus in Macbeth, we have, "The obscure bird *clamour'd* the live-long night," and we are not to suppose that Shakespeare could have used the same word in senses so extremely opposite.—*Douce.*

Mr. Nichols informs me, that he last summer (about 1780) heard the word *clam* used by some bell-ringers near Shakspeare's old neighbourhood, in a sense still more opposite to that of *hindering the sound.* Amidst the various modes of celebrating Admiral Rodney's victories, the bells were not permitted to remain silent; a collection was made through the town of Hinckley by the ringers, who promised in return to *give a good clam*, or several *clams*, in proportion to the money they should receive: and this demonstration of joy seemed very suitable to the occasion, their *clam* being a sudden and forcible *clap* or *clang of all the bells at once*, producing a sound, or, if I may so express it, a *platoon* of sounds, not much unlike that made by a volley of cannon. In Campanalogia Improved, or the Art of Ringing made Easie, 1702, is the following passage,—"for otherwise, by the bells standing too long in leading compass, the rest are thrown and jumbled together; whereby *claps* and *clams* (so unpleasing to the hearers) are occasion'd," and, "here are also four concords to be regarded, that is, 13, 57, 24, and, 68, these may go any peal moving after the same manner as is before shewn, by which great variety of excellent musical changes may be rung, in ringing which they will lie, sometimes thirds, sometimes fifths, and sometimes thirds and fifths, when they lie fifths thus 15263748, 'tis then most pleasant and excellent musick to *clam* them; that is, the two notes of each concord to strike together, and if they be *clam'd* true the eight bells will strike like four, but with far greater musick and harmony; they may *clam* two or three bouts and then open again, or *clam* one bout and strike open the next, observing when they *clam*, that the four biggest notes of the concords must keep the true compass and distance of four bells, and the four small notes of the concords must observe to pull so as to strike exactly at the same time as the biggest, and when they open again, to open in the true and exact compass of eight bells; and then to reduce the bells into their places again, hunt 765 up or 234 down, and this will bring the bells round into their proper places again."—*Waldron.*

Mr. Hunter says, this expression is not well explained; but as in words like this there is always a temptation to disturb the text, and in this particular instance it has been proposed to substitute *charm;* I add, that the same phrase is found in John Taylor (Workes, 1630).

> He thus began; Cease friendly cutting throats,
> *Clamour* the promulgation of your *tongues*,
> And yield to Demagorgon's policy,
> Stop the refulgent method of your moods.

For my own part I am disposed to think that *clamour* is a vulgar depravation of an older word used in the same sense, and derived from the French *chommer*, which became *chammer* and *chaumbre.* It is used in this sense by Udall, in his Apophthegmes, 'From no sort of men whatever did he *refreine* or *chaumbre* the taunting of his tongue.'—*Singer.*

[54] *You promised me a tawdry lace.*

Tawdry lace is thus described in Skinner, "*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, fimbriæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ: Etheldredæ celebratis." We find it in Spenser's

Pastorals, Aprill:—"And gird in your wast,—For more finenesse, with a *tawdrie lace.*"—*Warton.*

So, in the Life and Death of Jack Straw, a comedy, 1593:—"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace.*" Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon. It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in the Four P's, 1569:

Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
Laces round and flat for women's heads.

Again, in Drayton's Polyolbion, song the second:—"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make—Them *tawdries* for their necks." In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches. Again, in the fourth song:——"not the smallest beck,—But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck."—*Steevens.*

It was a happy age when a man might have wooed his wench, with a paire of kiddes lether *gloves*, a silver thimble, or with a *tawdry lace*; but now a velvet gowne, a chaine of pearle, or a coach with foure horses, will scarcely serve the turne.—*Rich's My Ladies Looking Glasse*, 1616.

"Tawdry-lace, *fimbriæ nundinis sanctæ Etheldredæ emptæ*," Coles. A *tawdry lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches; so named after St. Audrey (Ethelreda) who is said to have died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment, for having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces; or it probably implies that they were bought at the fair of St. Audrey, where gay toys of all sorts were sold. This fair was held in the Isle of Ely on the Saint's day, the 17th of October; Harpsfield, who tells the story of the saint, describes the necklace:—'Solent Angliæ nostræ mulieres torquem quendam, extenui et subtili sericâ confectum, collo gestare quam Ethelredæ torquem appellamus (tawdry lace) forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam.'—*Hist. Eccles. Angl.* p. 86. So in the Faithful Shepherdess:—"The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring."—*Singer.*

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Anoder time a *taudry lace*;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth ich die bevore thy vace.—*Old Ballad.*

[55] *I love a ballad in print, a-life.*

A-life, as my life, excessively. The older phrase, of which this is a variation, was, *of life*. "Now Pyllio she doeth like *of life*," Kendall's Epigrammes, 1577, f. 95. "Isabell Queene of Spaine woonted to say, that she lov'd *a life* these foure sightes: an armed man in the fielde, a byshop in pontificalibus, a ladie in estate, and a theefe upon the gallowes," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies. Again, in Fitz-Jeoffery's Satires and Satirical Epigrams, 1617:—"O Venus, how *a'-life* I savour it!"—*Malone.*

One that loves *a-life*, a short sermon, and a long play, one that goes to a play to a whore, to his bedde in circle, good for nothing in the world but to sweat night caps, and foule faire lawne shirts, feed a few foggie serving-men, and preferre dunces to livings.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

Hip. Woo't beleeve mee, sister? I never eat a cherry, but it puts mee in mind of a husband, it kisses my lips with such a harmelesse prettinesse.—*Viol.* Now, in good deed, lo I love em *a-life* too, I thinke I shall never ha' my belly full on em.—*Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

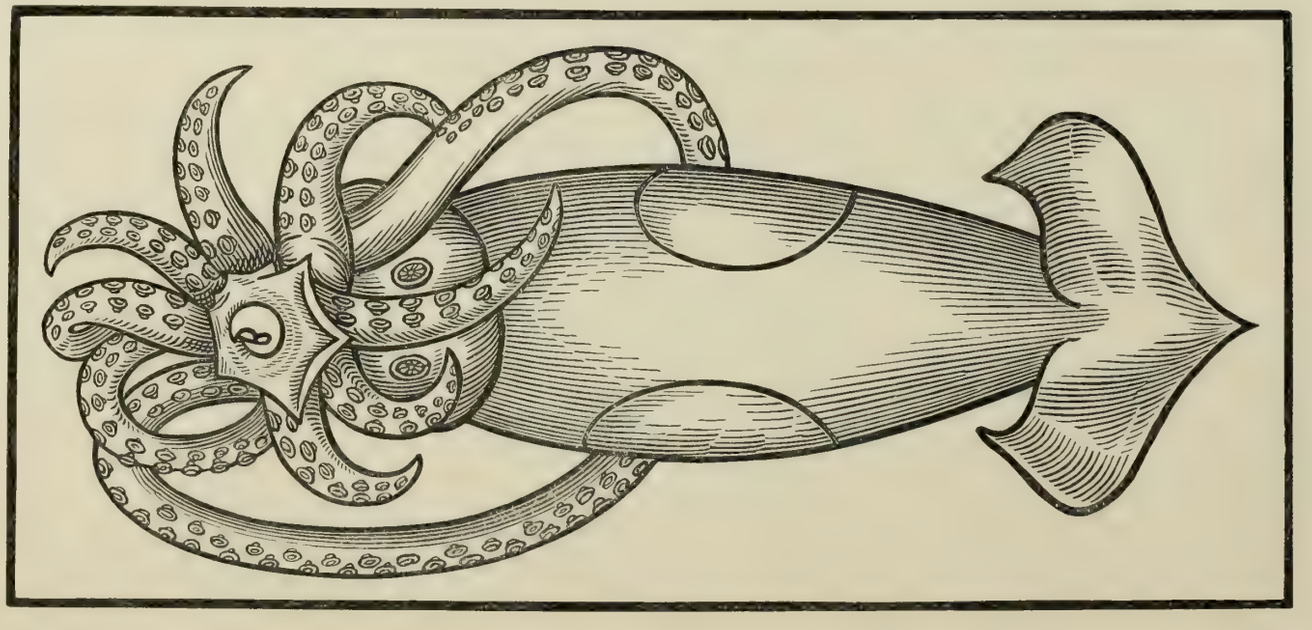
[56] *Here's another ballad, of a fish.*

The Shaksperian era was the age of ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders, which were either gross exaggerations of facts or mere inventions. The present dialogue seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—"The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east cost of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566," here printed in black-letter in imitation of the original. In 1569, was published a prose broadside containing,—"A true description of this marveilous straunge Fishe, which was taken on Thursday was sennight, the 16. day of June, this present month, in the yeare of our Lord God, 1569.—Finis. Q d. C. R.—Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreate, beneath the conduit, at the signe of Saint John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell."—In March, 1586, Wolfe issued a curious broadside of a monster fish discovered in the heart of a horse which died in the city of London, belonging to Mr. Dorrington of Spaldwick, in the county of Huntingdon, one of the King's Body-Guard, accompanied with an engraving and a description in French. In May, 1595, there was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A reporte of a monster borne at Ottringham in Holdernes the ix.th of Aprill, 1595, alsoe of a strange and hughe fishe dryven on the sandes at Outhorne in Holdernes in Februarye before." In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea;" and in May of the same year, "a ballad called a ballad of a strange and monstruous fishe seene in the sea on Friday the 17 of Febr. 1603." In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is preserved a ballad entitled,—"A description of a strange and miraculous fish, cast upon the sands in the meads, in the hundred of Worwell, in the county Palatine of Chester or Chesheire; the certainty whereof is here related concerning the said most monstrous fish; to the tune of Bragandary," in the course of which it is stated that—"A man on horseback, as tis try'd,—May stand within his mouth:—Let none that hears it this deride,—For tis confirm'd for truth,—By those who dare avouch the same;—Then let the writer beare no blame." In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, "a licence to Francis Sherret, to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635." The show of "a strange fish" is amusingly ridiculed in the play of the Citie Match,—

Bright, Newcut, Plotwell, Rosclap, hanging out the picture of a strange fish.—*Br.* Fore Jove, the Captaine foxt him rarely.—*Ros.* O, sir, he is used to it; this is the fift fish now that he hath showne thus. One got him twenty pound.—*New.* How, Rosclap? —*Ros.* Why, the Captaine kept him, sir, a whole weeke drunk, and showd him twice a day.—*New.* It could not be like this. *Ros.* Faith, I doe grant—This is the strangest fish. Yon I have hung—His other picture into th'fields, where some—Say tis an oregrowne porcpisce, others say—Tis the fish caught in Cheshire; one to whom—The rest agree, said 'twas a mermaid.—*Plotw.* S'light,—Roseclap, shalt have a patent of him. The birds—Brought from Peru, the hairy wench, the camel, — The elephant, dromedaries, or Winsor Castle,—The woman with dead flesh, or she that washes,— Threds needles, writes, dresses her children, playes—Oth' virginalls with her feet, could never draw—People like this.—*New.* O that his father were—At home to see him.—*Plotw.* Or his mother come,—Who followes strange sights out of towne, and went—To Branford to a motion.—*Br.* Bid the Captaine hasten,—Or hee'l recover and spoile all." Again,—

The Discription of a Rare or rather most monstrous fishe taken on the East Cost of Holland the xvii. of Nouember, anno 1566.

The Workes of God how great and straunge they be,
A picture plaine behold heare may you see.



Heare thou hast (gentle frend) the picture shape and fashion of a fishe straunge and marbailous taken (as is saide) in Holland, hauing on his finnes hard skales in forme much like the beggers disshes, which in that Contrie they were wont to weare in skoffe and derision. his eies like an owle and mouthed as a Popingaye his taile reede and fower cornered like to a

priestes Cap, which fishe hath bene seene and bewed of most Nobles and Peares of Flaunders, who hath plucked of his skales lyke to disshes and kepes them for a shew and for the more credit hereof, ye shal understand that the .xii. of December the said fishe was brought to the Citie of Antwarpt where it was openly shewed and sene as well of Englishe men as other straungers. what this monster with other uncouth sights sene of late do Prognosticate and signifye unto vs, that I leaue to thy coniecture (louing Reader) beseching God the Lord and gouernour of all creatures not to deale with vs according to our desertes but for Christ his sonnes sake to power his mercye upon vs and graunt vs Grace to amende and to doe those thinges whiche are pleasaunt and acceptable in his sight thorowe Jesus Christe our Lord. Amen.

As thou this formed fishe doest see
J-chaunged from his state
So many men in eche degree.
From kynd degenerate,
To monsters men are turned now,
Disguised in their raye.
For in theyr fonde inuentions new
They kepe no meane ne staye
Their maners mad and monsterous,
What shoulde I now discry?
Or yet their cates delitious,
Why shoulde I them espye?
If one that liued in thys land,
A fortye yeares before:
Could be released from the band,
To be as he was yore.
Would he not wonder wonderously,
When he our monsters spied,
In so small tyme so folyshly
From auntiant custume flyed?
These monsters therfore God doth sende,
To put vs all in minde.
Such shaples shapes for to amend
Whych now are out of kynd,
Or els the God of kind and shape
Wyll shaples vs detest,
And with his plage will punishe vs.
But more to speake I rest.

Imprinted at London in Pawles Churchyarde by Thomas Purfoote at the signe of the Lucrece.

Plotw. Within this place is to be seene,
A wondrous fish. God save the Queene.
Ms. Holl. Amen, she is my customer, and I
Have sold her bonelace often.—*Br.* Why, the Queene?
Tis writ the King—.*Plotw.* That was to make the rime.
Br. Slid, thou didst read it as 'twere some picture of
An Elzabeth fish.—*Quartf.* Bear back there.
Ware. Indeed? so much? pray what to doe?—*Salew.* Why, sir,
They were in hope in time to make this fish
Of faction 'gainst the Spaniard, and doe service
Unto the state.—*Seath.* As how?—*Salew.* Why, sir, next plate-fleet
To dive, bore holes i'th bottome of their ships,
And sinke 'em; you must think a fish like this
May be taught Machiavel, and make a state-fish.
Plotw. As dogs are taught to fetch.—*New.* Or elephants
To dance on ropes.—*Br.* And, pray, what honour would
The States have given him for the service?—*Quartf.* That,
Sir, is uncertaine.—*Salew.* Ha' made him some sea count;
Or't may be admiral.—*Plotw.* Then, sir, in time,
Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum*,
Might dedicate their books to him?—*Salew.* Yes, being
A fish advanc't, and of great place. Sing, boy.
You now shall heare a song upon him.—*Br.* Listen!
New. Doe they not act it rarely? —*Plotw.* If 'twere their trade,
They could not doe it better.—*Seath.* Heare you that, sir?
Ware-h. Still I suspect.—*Ms. Holl.* I warrant you this fish
Will shortly be in a ballad.—*Salew.*—Begin, boy.

Ballads, and short broadsides and pamphlets, were, in fact, the means of disseminating marvellous news before the era of newspapers. Thus in a subsequent scene of this play:—"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it." In 1587 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company,—"a newe ballad intituled, Stowp gallant, concerninge a child borne with great ruffes;" and, in the same records, in 1588,—"a booke intytuled a miraculous and monstrouse but moste true and certen discourse of a woman nowe to be seene in London, of thage of lx. yeres, in the middest of whose forehead by the wonderfull woorke of God there groweth out a croked horne of four ynches longe." The "ballad of the maid transformed to a cat" is mentioned in Warner's Albions England, p. 363, but this may be in reference to the well-known Classical legend.

In the comedy of the London Chaunticleres, 1659, Ditty the ballad-man is introduced saying,—"Come, new books, new books, newly printed and newly come forth, all sorts of ballads and pleasant books, the Famous History of Tom Thumb, and Unfortunate Jack, a Hundred Godly Lessons, and, Alas! poor scholler, whither wilt thou go, the second part of Mother Shipton's Prophecies newly made by a gentleman of good quality, foretelling what was done four hundred years ago, and a pleasant ballad of a bloody fight seen i' th' ayr, which the astrologers say portends scarcity of fowl this year.—*Sings a ballad.—Enter* Budget.—*Bud.* Have you the ballad of the Unfortunate Lover?—*Dit.* No, but I have George of Green, or Chivy Chase, Collins and the Devil, or Room for Cuckolds; I have anything but that.—*Bud.* Have you the Coy Maid?—*Dit.* I sold that just now, but I have the ballad of the London Prentice, Guy of Warwick, or the Beggar of Bednol Green.—*Bud.* What love-songs have you? I

wou'd have a woeing ballad.—*Dit.* I have twenty of them. Look you, her's one, and although I say it myself, as good a one as ever trode upon shoe-leather.—*Bud.* What is't? Good Ditty, let me hear it.—*Dit.* The Honest Milkmaid, or I must not wrong my Dame."

Autolycus's celebrated admonitory ballad, "to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders heads, and toads carbonadoed;" is not, observes Mr. Fairholt, more absurd than the ensuing one, which was compiled, in all seriousness, to warn the proud against excess in apparel. In order to give the narrative greater reality, the accompanying picture of the monster was cut on wood, and headed the ballad; of which there are three copies in the British Museum. It is in black-letter, and is "printed by and for W. O. (William Onley), and sold by J. Blare, at the Looking-glass, on London Bridge." Blare was living there in 1688; but this ballad (with its cut) is evidently a production of the time of James I, and the copies alluded to, but reprints of what appears to have been a very popular "warning-piece."

It is entitled, "Pride's Fall, or a Warning for all English Women, by the Example of a strange Monster lately born in Germany by a Merchant's proud Wife at Geneva." Another one, equally absurd, is entitled,—"A warning for all such as desire to sleep upon the grass, by the example of Mary Dudson, maidservant to Mr. Phillips, a gardener, dwelling in Kent Street, in the Borough of Southwark: Being a most strange, but true relation how she was found in a dead sleep in the garden, that no ordinary noise could awake her: As also how an adder entered into her body, the manner of her long sickness, with a brief discovery of the cause, at length by her strange and most miraculous vomiting up of about fourteen yong adders and one old adder, on August 14, 1664, about fourteen inches in length. The maid is yet living; the like to this hath not been known in this age. Those that desire to be satisfied of the truth more at large, may repair to this woful wight, a spectacle of God's mercy, and an object of true charity, being a constant laborer in her health: It is hard to say whether she will live or die: She lyeth over against the sign of the Ship in Kent Street in the Borough of Southwark: This relation the author had from her own mouth. London, Printed for Charles Tyus on London-bridge, 1664." A ridicule on such productions is given in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671,—"Of a monstrous Monster, or a great huge mighty Giant that was a late-lye taken in the bottom of a bottomless hopsack; or, as others say (for reports do much vary) upon a very great hill that lieth in the plain of No-name, in the land of I-can't-tell-where, or, as most do believe, in the Desert of Bumfezo by some outlandish Land Mariners who intended to bring him to the Tower of London, in Norfolk, for a great prize, but that they could not find a ship big enough to carry him, wherefore now they resolve to keep him there still; and having chain'd him upon the top of Mount Atlas, to one of Hercules's Pillars, stretch'd out at his full length, they think to get mony by shewing him with a prospective glasse upon the top of Paul's steeple; to which place the trumpeter that climb'd to the top of Salisbury spire, is desired to walk up upon the outside of the wall, and sound his trumpet to invite customers, prentises, fools, and citizens wives: Pray walk up, Friends." We may conclude this long note with the chief portion of the following very singular pamphlet,

belonging to a somewhat later period, which shows how long the absurdities ridiculed by Shakespeare were in vogue:—

The Miracle of Miracles, being a full, and true account of Sarah Smith, daughter of John Symons a farmer, who lately was an inhabitant of Darken Parish in Essex, that was brought to bed of a strange monster, the body of it like a fish with scales thereon; it had no legs, but a pair of great claws, tallons like two hands; it had six heads on its neck, one was like the face of a man, with eyes, nose, and mouth to it; the second like the face of a cammell; and its ears cropt, two other faces like dragons with spiked tongues hanging out of their mouths; another like an eagle's head with a beak instead of a mouth at the end of it, and the last seeming to be like a calves head. Which eat and fed for some time; which monster has surprised many thousand people that came there to see it; and daily spectators flock to view it, but it was, by command of the magistrates, knocked on the head, and several surgeons were there to dissect it. Also, you have a funeral sermon on the woman who brought it forth, being a very wicked liver, and disobedient to her parents, and one that was mightily given to wishing, cursing and swearing, with a prayer before and after the said sermon: It being very fit and necessary to be had in all families for a warning to disobedient children. This strange and unheard of monster was brought into the world in May last, and if any doubt the truth thereof, it will be certified by the minister and churchwardens of the said parish of Darken in Essex as aforesaid. 8vo.

Sarah Smith was the daughter of John Symons, a farmer, who was lately an inhabitant of the parish of Darking in Essex, a plain downright honest country farmer. He had this child by his wife, who was reckon'd to be not so good liver as she ought, and somewhat given to the vice of the world, tho' clandestine she was in most of her matters; this girl was a pretty sort of a creature, and was at last married to one James Smith, a husbandman, and she being known to follow some of her mother's steps, soon exceeded her in her vices, and became in an instant mistris of two horrid ones more, viz. swearing and wishing bitter wishes, and about three months after her marriage, she grew with child, but had many strange and amusing dreams, which, when she related to her husband, would strike him with astonishment.

One time she dream'd she was with child of an horse, another time of a cammel, and another time of a dragon that did threaten to kill and devower her, and abundance of such frightful dreams, but the day before she fell in labour, she fell into a strong sleep in the middle of the day, and then dream'd she was brought to bed with a strange monster with twelve heads that suck'd her hearts blood out, and awaking out of it, she fell into such an agony and trembling that she was not able to hold a joynt still, she quaked so much for very fear.

This brought on her travelling pains, and she thought it would be her labour, and her husband, poor man, went and call'd in the neighbourhood and the midwife, who all set down in expectation of her delivery, but the pains soon abated and went off, but her fits of trembling and quaking continued to purpose, and being frighted at her dream which she told the company, they perswaded her that dreams were fabulous, and comforted her up, and said they did not question but she would be safely brought to bed, and with a child in its right shape.

After they had pretty well appeased her passion, and giving her some satisfaction in the matter, she began to come pretty well to herself, and about two hours after, her pains returning, she had a very strong and severe labour, and the midwife perceiving one of the monster's heads, ran away from the woman, and wou'd have left her in that fright for good and all, but the husband, being by, lock'd the door, and commanded the midwife to do her duty upon pain of death,

for he said he would kill her if she refused to do her office, which made her take courage, and at last, with much adoe, she brought her to bed of this monster, tho' the woman dyed in her delivery.—This monster had a body like to a dolphin, with scales thereon; it had no legs, but a pair of great claws tallon'd like two hands, which it was thought it would go on, had it been suffer'd; it had six heads and but one neck; one was like the face of a man, with eyes, nose and mouth to it; the second like the face of a cammell, and its ears crop'd; two other faces like dragons, with spiked tongues hanging out of their mouths; another like an eagle's head, with a beak instead of a mouth at the end of it; and the last seeming to be like a calves head. These said mouths were fed for some time, but by the command of the magistrates, it was destroy'd; several surgeons there were at the dissection of it, and thousands of people were there to see it; but it was at last nail'd up in the coffin with its mother in order to be buryed with her.

[57] *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

To *utter* is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. 1. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same."—*Reed.* See Minsheu's Dict. 1617: —"An *utterance*, or sale." "A sale or *utterance* of ware, *Exactus*," *Baret's Alvearie*, 1580.—*Malone.*

[58] *That have made themselves all men of hair.*

Men of hair are *hairy men*, or *satyrs.* A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him.—*Johnson.*

The curious reader, who wishes for more exact information relative to the foregoing occurrence in the year 1392, may consult the translation of Froissart's Chronicle, by Johan Bourchier knyght, lorde Berners, &c. 1525, vol. ii, cap. C.xcii, fo. CCxliii: "Of the adventure of a daunce that was made at Parys in lykenesse of wodehowses, wherein the Frenche kynge was in parell of dethe.—It fortuned that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph: there was the Dukes of Orléans, Berry, and Bourgogne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry: and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreymen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty

knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the Earl of Valentenois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthorillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses, full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were apparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—'Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said,—'Juan, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised;' and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orléans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them; five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device. When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orléans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world; but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did, burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen. And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then

she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix and the Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain." Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummery:—"During their abode, (that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son,) at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Englishmen: for a Frenchman called Bastian devised a number of men formed like satyrs, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the satyrs were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort, as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them; weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish, and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but so soon as they perceived the satyrs wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who he alledged had done it out of despight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen."—*Reed.*

"This very curious illustration of the conventional mode of dressing satyrs for festive masques, in the time of the poet, is copied from one of the plates in Küchler's representation of the Pageants and Tourney given at Stuttgard on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Württemberg with the Margravine of Brandenburg, in 1609. The satyr wears a mask, and has a crown and girdle of oak leaves, his legs are encased in a vestment of hair; and he carries in one hand a vine-leaf, and in the other a lighted rope of tow, similar to those used for the soldier's musket, at the same era."—*F. W. Fairholt.*

[59] *They call themselves saltiers.*

He means *satyrs.* Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, "All the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre.—*Malone.* Douce has given a song for four voices from Ravenscroft's

collection, called *The Satyres Daunce.* 'Antimasques,' says Lord Bacon, 'are usually composed of *satyrs*, baboons, antiques, beasts, &c.'—*Essay* 37.—*Singer.* According to some,—*Saltiers*, or saultiers, meant the vaulters or somer*sault* throwers; for we afterwards hear that "not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." *Sautiers*, high-dancers (formerly written *saultiers*) from *sauter*, to jump. It is, however, to be observed that the stage-direction in the old copies after they enter is, "Here a dance of twelve *satyrs.*"

[60] *Dispute his own estate.*

Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*; but "dispute his estate" may be the same with "talk over his affairs."—*Johnson.*—The same phrase occurs again in Romeo and Juliet:—"Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate.*"—*Steevens.*—Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecility, lunacy, &c.?—*Chamier.*—It probably means—Can he assert and vindicate his right to his own property.—*M. Mason.*

Dispose, MS. Perkins. Dispute his own estate means, *defend* his property, dispute with any one who questions his rights. The original passage expresses the sense quite perfectly, while "dispose his own estate" appears to me poor and insipid in comparison.—*Anon.*

[61] *Far than Deucalion off.*

Grammar obliges us to read, "*Farther* than Deucalion off;" nor is the metre injured by this reading, though I suppose a mistaken solicitude for it occasioned this corruption. 'Tis no more than a tribrachys substituted for an iambic. Warburton was aware of the true reading, and endeavoured to compound the matter between the sense and the metre, by putting the mark of an apocope at the end of the word, *far'*. But our language will not admit so great liberties. The sense is, No, not our kin, unless it be as far off as Deucalian, or, as we should express it, as Noah's Ark.—*Heath.*

I think for *far than* we should read—*far as.* We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion, the common ancestor of all.—*Johnson.*

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer.* This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre:*—"But er I bere thee moche *ferre*," *H. of Fa.* b. ii. v. 92.—"Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*,"—*Knight's Tale*, 2062.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[62] *I was not much afeard.*

Warburton remarks that, "Perdita's character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education."

[63] *But looks on alike.*

Malone proposes to read, *on both*, and another critic, *on all*, both alterations being, however, unnecessary. "Looks on alike," is supported by a passage in King Henry VIII.:

> ——— No, my lord,
> You know no more than others, but you blame
> Things that are known *alike.*

that is, that are known alike *by all.* To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakespeare's time. So, in Troilus and Cressida:—"He is my prize; I will not *look upon.*" Again, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

Why stand we here—
And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors.—*Malone.*

To look *upon*, in modern phrase is to look *on*, that is, to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances.—*Steevens.*

This passage has been imitated not inelegantly by Habington in his Queen of Arragon:

———The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper.—*Boswell.*

The idea, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is taken from Scripture. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good," St. Matthew. So, in Nosce Teipsum, a poem, by Sir John Davies, 1599;—

Thou, like the *sunne*, dost with indifferent ray,
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine.

Again, in the Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, 1597:

The *sunne* on *rich* and *poor* alike doth shine.

The accompanying engraving of the two lovers is an exact copy of a rude

woodcut on the title-page of a black-letter edition of the Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, 1684.

[64] *Where no priest shovels in dust.*

Meaning, that he should be buried under the gallows, without the burial service. In the Greek church the putting earth upon the body was thought absolutely necessary, and the priest enjoyn'd to do it in the form of a cross; and in the Popish

office before the Reformation, the priest, or person officiating, was order'd to put earth upon the body of the deceased in the form of a cross, with other ceremonies. "Finitis orationibus executor officii terram super corpus in modum crucis ponat; et corpus thurificet, et aqua benedicta aspergat; et dum sequens Psalmus canitur, corpus omnino cooperiatur, cantore incipiente, &c." Inhumatio Defuncti Manual. ad usum Ecclesiæ Sarisburiens: 1530, fol. 139. And by the Rubrick in the first Liturgy of King Edward the Sixth, 1549, there was the following direction, "And then the priest casting earth upon the *corps*, shall say, *I commend thy soul to God the Father Almighty, and thy body to the ground, earth to earth, &c.*" In the Review of the Liturgy in 1552, it was alter'd, and order'd by the Rubrick, "That the earth should be cast upon the body, by some standing by, &c." and has so continued in all our Common Prayer Books, to this time.—*Grey.* The annexed engraving is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illumination in a very beautiful manuscript of Boccaccio in the Imperial Library at Paris, No. 6887.

[65] *Your discontenting father strive to qualify.*

And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c., endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—"*I'll* strive to qualify;"—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. *Discontenting* is in our author's language the same as *discontented.—Malone.*

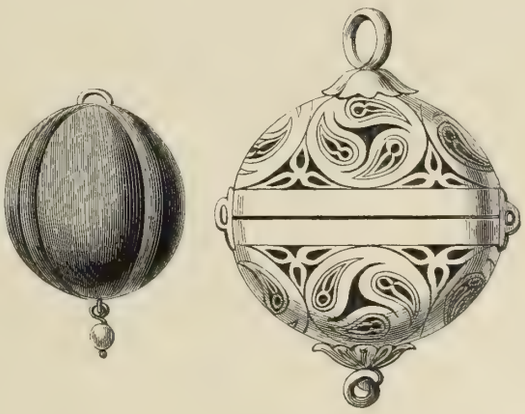
> Frend Vernon, leave such *discontenting* speach;
> Your melancholie overflowes your spleene,
> Even as the billowes over-racke your shippe.
>
> *The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

[66] *Pomander.*

Ancient jewels were often made in the forms of figures, or of objects, such as fruit, which opened and showed a relic or other object inside. "In 1416, the duke of Berri had "a fair apple" which opened, and contained within, on one side, the figure of Christ, and on the other that of the Virgin. Among the jewels of the Dukes of Burgundy, in 1392, there were two pears of gold, enameled, each containing an image of our Lady. We find similar entries in the different inventories of the dukes of Burgundy: an apple of silver, enameled, containing in the inside a picture of St. Catherine, in 1400; a pineapple of gold, which contained figures of the birth of Christ, and of the three kings, in 1467; and in the same year two apples of gold, one containing, on the opposite halves, our Lady and St Paul; the other, St. Peter and St. Paul, the latter suspended by three small chains. These kinds of devices continued in fashion till a much later period; and a very curious example, from the collection of Lord Londesborough, which appears to have belonged to King James I, is represented in the accompanying woodcut. The whole is of silver, and the leaves appear to have been painted green. On opening it we find in the inside the small skull here represented above the apple. The top of this skull opens again like a lid, and inside are two small paintings representing the creation and resurrection, with the inscription, *Post*

mortem, vita, eternitas. The external inscription is not over gallant. To give the apple, externally, a more natural appearance, there are marks of two bites on the side opposite that here represented, shewing a large and small set of teeth. It is engraved here on a scale of two-thirds of the size of the original," *T. Wright.* The form of the apple for the jewel-case can be traced to an earlier period, and the general selection of it for the purpose of enclosing perfumes, or perfume-balls, led to the practice of calling both perfume-boxes, and the perfume-balls themselves, by the name of pomanders. "And nowe we calle for *pommanders*, musk-balles, damaske pouders, and all maner savers, as thynges necessarye to our lyfe, and thynke it greate honour to us to smelle of suche straunge savours. Nother is it women only that are in this faut, but men, specially princis and priestes," *Of the Wood called Guaiacum*, 1539. In Lord Londesborough's museum is preserved a fine and very curious specimen, here engraved the full size of the original, which includes an original perfume-ball (the figure on the left) that still retains a faint scent. It consists of a small case of copper gilt, which opens on a hinge in the centre. It has a ring above for suspension, the surface being covered with geometric tracery which is perforated for the escape of the scent inside. This takes the form of a compact ball, moulded in lines across it, through which a wire passes forming a loop above to secure it inside the metal case, and to the lower part of the wire a small silver knob is attached. The following precise accounts of the mode in which pomanders were made in the sixteenth century are extracted from the Secretes of the Reverende Maister Alexis of Piemount, 1558-9,—

An excellent Pommander.—You may take xvi or xx pepins or other sweete and melowe apples, the which beyng pared and cut in quarters, you shall adde to everye quarter fowre or sixe cloves; thenne put theim in some vessell of earthe welle leaded wythin, wyth as muche rose water, as wylle cover theym over. Then cover them with a trenchour, or somme other cleane thynge, lettynge them stande one whole daye. And after powre theym al in somme newe vessell well leaded, puttynge to it foure pounde of freshe hogges suet, well taken from the fleshe and skynne cut verie



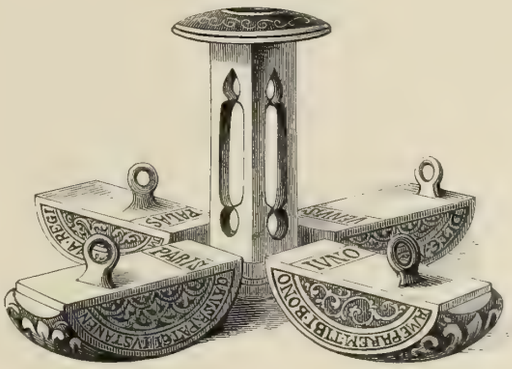
small, and well chopped with a knife: make under it a small fier that it burne not, than in straining it out, you shall make it droppe into some vessell of freshe and cleare water, and so purifie the grease thre or foure daies, keping it in the same vessell, and chaunginge often times a daye the saied water: for the oftener you chaunge it, the better you shall purge the grease. Than take out the saied seyme, the apples and the rose water together, and take the fatte oute of the vessell, dreaninge it well, and adding to it spikenarde, with twoo unces of cloves, an unce of synamon, a quarter of *sandalum citrinum*, an unce of bengewyne, and as muche of *storax calamita*. Braye all these kindes together, and put it in a fine linnen clothe, in maner of litle purses; but let the cloth bee somewhat large, and binde it wel, that the sayd kinds scatter not abrode among the grease. Then make it boyle with a litle fier, far of from the flame or leyt, or set before it some tyle or bricke, letting it boyle so faire and softlye, foure or sixe houres, untill all the rose water bee vanished awaye, whiche may bee proved in this maner. Put a lytle sticke downe to the bottom of the vessell, and plucke it oute agayne quickelye, and put it in the fier; and if it burne without anye noyse, it is a token that there is no moore water: but tarie untyll it bee all well consumed, sturringe it sometime, to the entent it burne not to, or smell of the burning. Beware also of the smoke, for if it take once the savour of it, you can never get it out; and when all is wel sodden, take eyghte unces of white waxe, and put it in the saied vessell, mixinge all together, and let it so melt with the saied substaunces, the whiche you must nowe and then sturre. This dooen, take it from the fier, letting it stande and rest a quarter of an houre, that is to saie, untill the grosse substaunce bee descended to the bottome: then powre it faier and softlye thorowe twoo newe course linnen clothes, into a vessell well leaded within, wherein muste bee twoo dishefull of rose water; but take heede of pressinge it, so that the lees come not oute into the same vessell (but into another) for it woulde be somewhat red. Let it so coole untill the next morninge, and whan it is solide, harde, and massy, devide it into foure partes, and put it into a round vessell leaded, styrringe it well with a pestle, addinge to it by lytle and litle good and fyne muskte rose water, and so styrre it untyll it be well incorporated. Nowe, if in case you se that it doth not well incorporate together, set it a lytle upon the fyre, and whan it is hote powre rose water upon it, sturringe it well about, untill it waxe verye fine and thinne, but take good hede to the fyre. And so kepe it in newe and cleane vessels.

Another Pomaunder.—Take pippins or other like melowe apples, and laye them upon a tyle for to bake in an oven, then take out the core and the kernels, and make them cleane within, brayenge and breakinge the reste, and straine it thorough a fyne canvesse or straynour. This done, take as much fat or grease of a kidde as you have apples, and straine it likewise, boylinge it all together in a newe vessell well leaded, untill the rose water be consumed: than adde to it, muske, cloves, nutmegges, and such like substaunces of a reasonable quantitie, according to your discretion; provided alwayes that they be well brayed and broken in pieces, as is above-saied, and boyle them in the like maner aforesaied; then strain them and kepe them.

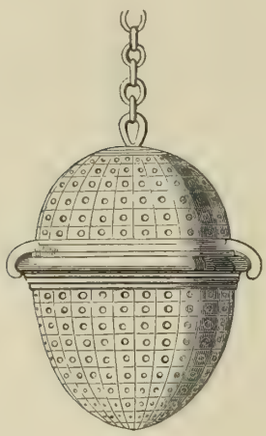
Another Pomaunder.—Take fresh barowes grease, and put it in a new vessel, with rose water underneth, and whiles it melteth in the same, you shal take out that which is melted, to thend it smell not of the fyre; than put it in cold water the space of x daies, raising, and lifting it up every day, ix or x times, and styrring it at eche time, chaunginge alwayes the water. Than take of the saied apples, and purifie them cleane of their kernels, cuttinge them in quarters, not pared; thys doen, laye them three dayes to styepe in muskt rose water; take also fyftene

cloves stieped a daye in colde water often tymes renewed, and puttyng them after in a fyne linnen cloth, boilynge them in rose water with a small fire, the space of an houre; then havinge well scommed away all the ordure and filthe, put in thre unces of white waxe, and make it seeth a lyttle, and after strayne it into a newe vessell well leaded, leaving it so all a night. This done, you shall take out al the white pomander, and because there will remaine a little ordure in the bottom, you shall put it in a morter with rose water, and styrre it: the more you do sever it asonder in styrringe it, and put rose water to it, the more shall you fine it; but you must se that the morter be cleane. Than take the tallowe or greace of a younge barrowe, and stiepe it in colde water, leavynge it so the space of fowre daies, but you muste often chaunge the water, and purifie the sayde greace well of all the lyttell skinnes that is in it, veynes, and gristelles. Take lykewyse twenty of the foresayde apples, and for eche apple putte in two or thre cloves, and havynge devided the apples in foure quarters, cores and all, stampe them a lyttell. Than take the sayd tallowe or greace, and put it in fyne rose water, untyll the sayd water be consumed, and after you have boyled it fayre and softely, put in the sayde apples stamped, and make them boyle, addynge to it a lyttell fyne synamome, spikenarde, nutmegges, and other spices, such as you thynke good. And whan it hath boyled ynough, strayne it thoroughe a lynnen cloathe into some cleane vessell. It shulde be well doone to put to it a lyttell calves tallowe well purified in the maner aforesayde. And when it is sodden and strayned, myxe al togythers, and put it in a cleane vessel, it is a very exquisite thyng.

Another very singular specimen of a pomander has been recently purchased in France by Lord Londesborough, and is here engraved on the scale of the original. It is thus described by Mr. Fairholt.—"The entire surface is covered with an enriched ornament executed in niello. The handle unscrews, and the pin which passes down the centre holds the four parts of which it is composed, by means of the loops of metal on each, which meet in the gothic work of the centre; this allows them to fall down, when it is withdrawn, each forming a receptacle for a different kind of scent, the loops making handles, by which the top of each division may be drawn aside. On each is the name of Paris, and those of the three goddesses to whom he awarded the apple."



Pomanders were frequently worn round the neck, suspended by chains. In a curious MS. inventory of jewels, dated in 1587, the following articles are mentioned,—"Item, a pomander chayne of damaske golde gar: with small pearle and small course blewe stones. Item, a small pomander chayne with lxviij small knobbs of golde gar: with litle sede pearle, and betwene everye pomander a litle sede perle. Item, a chayne of pomaunder netted with golde, every longe knobb havinge a triangle of goldsmithes worke in the middest cont: by estimacion two ells longe. Item, a litle chayne of christall bugles and pearle, with pomander, slightlye gar: with golde." So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour,—"His braine's lighter then his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lie, then that's to wag: he sleepes with a muske-cat every night, and walkes all day hang'd in *pomander chaines* for penance: he has his skin tan'd in civet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady." The accompanying engraving represents a specimen, the original of which is suspended by a chain nearly seven inches long, which is terminated by a small circular loop of silver. It is opened by being turned round, till the two small hooks on the sides arrive at openings in the middle rim, just large enough for them to pass through. There is good taste displayed in this simple design, which might be revived advantageously, even in the present advanced state of ornamental art. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the small perforations are intended for the purpose of allowing the perfume to escape, as pomanders were used as preservatives against the plague, and consequently the effect was required to be continuous. "And these preserve from pestilence, in pomander or ball," Turbervile, 1611. "A fourth hath got a pownc'd pommander box," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "Her moss most sweet and rare, against infectious damps for pomander to wear," Drayton's Polyolbion. "The like may be said of sweet pomanders, strong of musk, civet, ambre, and storax, which are no doubt good correctors of the pestilent aire," Muffet on Food, 1655. In a tract, intitled, "Certain necessary Directions, as well for the curing the plague, as for preventing infection," 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. That for the rich, as follows: "Take citron pills, angelica seeds, zedoary, red rose leaves, of each half a drachm; yellow sanders, lignum aloes, of each one scruple; *Galliæ moschatæ* four scruples; storax, calamint, benzoni, of each one drachm; camphire six grains, labdanum three drachms, gum tragacanth, dissolved in rose water, enough to make it up into a *pomander;* put thereto six drops of spirit of roses, inclose it in an ivory box, or wear it about your neck." As it has been observed, the perfume-balls themselves were called pomanders, and the term seems to have been applied to almost every kind of perfumed ball. One of Becon's works, published in 1532, is called the Pomander of Prayer, in allusion to the sweet incense of prayer. "*Pastillus*, a muske ball, a pomander," Nomenclator, 1585.



Why, with a fire in the roome of sweete wood, as of laurell, rosemarie, cypresse wood, juniper, oake, pine, furre, larix tree; or else I would make a *pomander*, whereof I would smell both day and night, taking halfe a dramme of

saffron, halfe a scruple of orient amber, of muske one dramme, of steraxe, calamite, and of laurell and anna one scruple, dissolving them in Malmesie, and, as I said before, I would make of them a pomander.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

> Whose locks are kem'd, and never a tangled twine;
> Who smels of musk, civet, and *pomander*.
> *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*, 1598.

"A man may carrie fire about him in a flint stone without heate; and perfumes in a *pomander* without smell, except the one be beaten, and the other chafed," Cawdray's Treasurie or Store-house of Similies, 1600. If thou shalt cast into a censer, odoriferous and sweete *pomander* balles, the whole house will be filled with a sweete savour and pleasant perfume;" Ibid. "Your only way to make a good pomander, is this. Take an ounce of the purest garden mold, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water, then take the best labdanum, benjoine, both storaxes, ambergrease, civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog," Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue, 1607. The two specimens of pomander cases, represented in the annexed woodcut, belong to the Shakespearian period. The following recipe for making the perfume of a pomander, is extracted from a rare little book, entitled Closet for Ladies and Gentlewomen, 1650,—"Take of beazon one dram and a halfe, of storax halfe a dram, of lignum aloes in fine powder halfe a scruple, of labdanum halfe an ounce: powder all these very fine, and searce them thorow lawne: and then take of musk a dram, ambergreece ten grains, civet ten grains, and dissolve them in a hot mortar, with a little rose-water, and so make them into a pomander, putting into it six grains of civet."

A sweet and delicate Pomander.—Take two ounces of labdanum; of benjamin and storax, one ounce; muske, six grains; civet, six grains; amber-greese, six grains: of Calamus Aromaticus and Lignum Aloes, of each the weight of a groat; beat all these in a hot mortar, and with an hot pestell, till they come to paste; then wet your hand with rose-water, and roule up the paste suddenly.—*Plat's Delightes for Ladies.*

To renew the sent of a Pomander.—Take one graine of civet, and two of muske, or if you double the proportion, it will be so much the sweeter: grinde them upon a stone with a little rose-water; and after, wetting your hands with rose-water, you may work the same in your pomander. This is a sleight to passe away an old pomander; but my intention is honest.—*Ibid.*

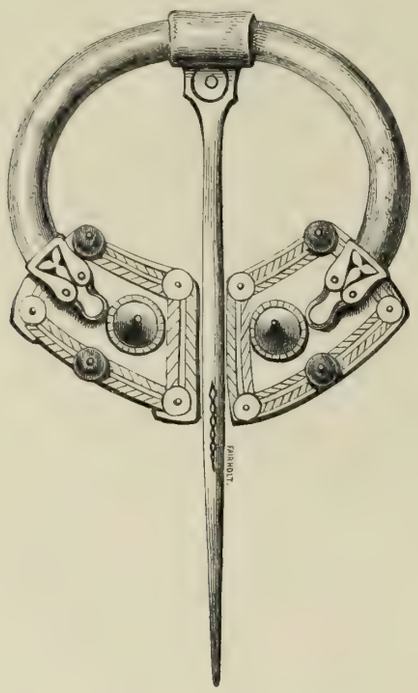
To make Pomanders.—Take two penny-worth of labdanum, two penny-worth of storax liquid, one penny-worth of calamus aromaticus, as much balm, half a quarter of a pound of fine wax, of cloves and mace two penny-worth, of liquid aloes three penny-worth, of nutmegs eight penny-worth, and of musk four grains: beat all these exceedingly together till they come to a perfect substance, then mould it in any fashion you please, and dry it.—*Markham's English House-Wife*, ed. 1675, p. 109.

There are also technical receipts for pomanders in the Hermeticall Banquet drest by a Spagiricall Cook, 1652. "But of all, their *pomanders* are worne to most

purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want eyther a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse," *Overbury's Characters*, 1626.

> Nor here omit the bob of gold
> Which a *pomander* ball does hold,
> This to her side she does attach
> With gold crochet, or French pennache.
>
> *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690.

Of making Pomanders for Bracelets.—I. *The first sort.* Take orrice powder, cloves, mace, cinnamon, of each half an ounce; yellow sanders, styrax, sweet assa, of each two drachms; ambergriese, musk, of each one drachm; balsam of Peru, oil of Rhodium, of each one scruple; civet, two drachms, all being in fine powder, except the balsam and oil; mix together, and make into paste with mucilage aforesaid, of which form beads, drying them in the shade for use.—II. *The second sort.* Take storax labdanum, one drachm and a half; benjamin one drachm; cloves, mace, spicknard, geranium moschatum, of each ten grains; musk, ambergriese, of each six grains; with mucilage make a pomander for bracelets.—III. *The third sort.* Take damask-rose leaves exungulated two ounces, beat them impalpable; musk, ambergriese, of each two scruples; civet, one scruple; labdanum, one drachm, with mucilage of gum tragacanth, in rose-water aforesaid, make a Pomander for bracelets.—IV. *The fourth sort.* Take storax, benjamin, of each an ounce and half; musk, two drachms, oil of cinnamon, one drachm, with mucilage aforesaid, make a paste of pomander, very excellent.—*Salmon's Polygraphice, or the Arts of Drawing*, 1675.

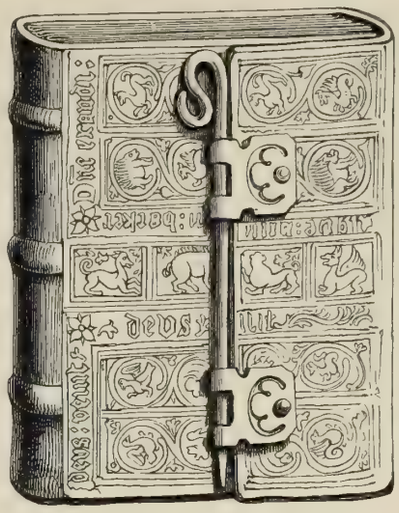


The costume and date of the events of this play are singularly anachronistic, the manners and customs of England in the Elizabethan period being delineated in this scene, while other portions of the play are presumed to belong to a pagan era. The illustrations may, therefore, be selected without a special reference to any supposed chronology, otherwise the example here given of a fine brooch, in the possession of Lord Londesborough, might be considered of too ancient a period when viewed in connexion with the other illustrations of the present speech.

[67] *Table-book.*

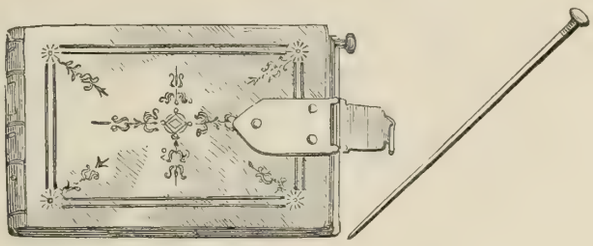
The table, or memorandum-books, used in England in the sixteenth century, were usually imported from Germany. In the Secretes of Mayster Alexis of Piemount, 1559, is a receipt "to make white *tables* to write in, with the point of a wire, suche as come out of Germanie," which is as follows,—"Take plaister called Gipsum, cribled and syfted, and stiepe it, and temper it with hartes glue, or other, and geve your parchement leafe one touch with it, and whan it is drie, scrape

it that it may be even and bright, and cover it over agayne with the said plaister called Gipsum, and scrape it as before: than take ceruse, wel braied and sifted, and stiepe it with the oile of lineseed sodden: annoynt your tables with this mixtion, and let it drie in the shadowe the space of five or six daies. This doone, take a clout or linnen clothe wete in water, wherwith you shall slike and make smothe the sayde tables, but the clothe muste fyrst be wronge harde, and the water pressed oute, then leave it so the space of xv or xx dayes, untyll it be thorowe dry, than apply it to your use." Lord Londesborough possesses a remarkably curious early German table-book, being a Calendar printed at Antwerp in 1527, with twelve tablets of asses skin inserted for memoranda. It is in the original binding, one side being here engraved, with clasps fastened by a metal stylus, that still writes perfectly well on the skin, which is evidently prepared by some composition on it for that purpose. There is a notice in the book that John Seners, the younger, the publisher of the almanac, undertakes for a trifle to restore the skin, when worn out, in such a manner that it will take writing equal to new. The table-books of the Shaksperian period were made of different sizes, occasionally in large oblong quarto, a prepared composition being placed on the parchment or vellum. Physicians sometimes used those of very large size for medical memoranda and prescriptions. They were in very general use, every kind of occurrence, literary or domestic, being chronicled in them.



Fifthly, if shee useth you hardly either in words or deeds, or countenanceth any of your enemies or evill willers, set it downe in your *table-bookes*, and write it upon the wal in your bed-chamber, that you may at al times better remember them: and consider if she tendered you, she wold not wrong you.—*Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609.

Now there was about the King a kinde of buffon or jester who had a *table-book* or journall, wherein he was used to register any absurdity, or impertinence, or merry passage that happened about the Court. That day the Moor was dispatched for Barbary, the said jester waiting upon the King at supper, the King call'd for his journall, and askt what he had observed that day: thereupon he produced his *table-book*, and amongst other things, he read how Alphonso King of Naples had sent Beltran the Moor, who had been a long time his Prisoner, to Morocco, his own countrey, with so many thousand crowns, to buy horses. The King asked him why he inserted that:



Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again, and so you have lost both man and money. But if he do come, then your jest is marr'd, quoth the King: No, sir; for if he return, I will blot out your name, and put him in for a fool.—*Howell's Familiar Letters*, 1650.

The second engraving of a table-book was selected by Mr. Fairholt, who forwards me the following account of the original,—"A small pocket-book measuring three inches by four, having a clasp, and a brass point in a tuck running down one side, for writing on the skin tablets at the end. The title-page has a woodcut border, and runs thus:—'Writing Tables with a Kalender for xxiiij. yeares, with sundrie, necessarie rules. The Tables made by Robert Triplet. London, imprinted for the Company of Stationers.' In the fly-leaf are memorandums of the births, marriages, &c., of the family of Clifton, who appear to have been English merchants connected with the Low Countries in trade; and some married and buried at Amsterdam. The entries begin in 1586, and end in 1637."

68 *Shoe-tye.*

How many againe are so eager of superfluities, that all their racked rents in the country are not able to discharge the shop-books in the city, when there be that will spend as much as some knights be worth but in a payre of garters, and a payre of shooe-strings?—*Rich's My Ladies Looking Glasse*, 1616.

Rome's great arch-tyrant Nero, amongst all
The matchlesse vices he was tax'd withall,
(The which in histories are truely told,)
Was said t' have *Shoo-ties* al wrought o'r with gold;
If in an Emperour (that did command
Almost the whole world, both by sea and land,
Who countermaunded Indian mines and jems,
Jewels, and almost all earths diadems,)
To weare gold *Shoo-strings* were a noted crime,
What may it then be called at this time,
When many, below hostlers in degree,
Shall (in that point) be deckt as brave as he?
The Workes of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630.

69 *I picked and cut most of their festival purses.*

"At two after none I toke a *cutpurse* taking my purse out of my pocket in the Temple," Dr. Dee's Diary, p. 51. "His eares be cutte of, it is a signe he hath ben a cut-purse," Palsgrave, verb. The annexed very curious example of a cut-purse at his nefarious work is copied by Mr. Fairholt from the corner of a very curious piece of tapestry from the Chateau d'Effiat, and published by M. Jubinal. The original represents a gentleman and lady who have been hunting in a forest, stopping to look at a gypsey

encampment. While the gentleman is directing her attention to the group, one of the number cuts the string which connects her purse with her girdle.

[70] *I would not do it.*

The reasoning of Autolycus is obscure, because something is suppressed. "The prince," says he, "is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, because that would be inconsistent with my profession of a knave; but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with respect to the *prince*, and therefore I might, consistently with my character, reveal that matter to the king, *though* a piece of honesty to him: however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession."—Hanmer and all the subsequent editors read—"If I thought it were *not* a piece of honesty, &c. I *would* do it:" but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change.—*Malone.*

[71] *I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business.*

The first folio reads—*at toaze;* the second—*or toaze.* To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it.—*Steevens.*

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:—

> With death she humbly doth *insinuate*,
> Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
> His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

The word *touze* is used in Measure for Measure, in the same sense as here:—"——We'll *touze* you joint by joint,—But we will know this purpose." To *touse*, says Minsheu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*.—*Malone.*

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

> ——close the serpent sly
> *Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine,
> His braided train, and of his fatal guile
> Gave proof unheeded.—*Par. Lost*, b. iv. l. 347.
> ——coarse complexions,
> And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
> The sampler, and to *teaze* the housewife's wool.
> *Comus*, l. 749.—*Henley.*

"Think'st thou *because I wind myself into*, or *draw* from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?" To *toze* is to pluck or draw out. As, to *toze* or teize wool, *Carpere lanam.* See the old dictionaries. "To loosen by pulling," Wilkins, Univ. Lang. Coles renders it by *carpo, vellico.* A term used in the dressing of wool, equivalent to *tease*, and made like it from the Saxon. Capell says, "A word proper to carders, signifying to pull or draw out their wool." He adds a conjecture, that it might come from *tozzare*, Italian, to pull or break in pieces; which would be probable, were it not much more so that the word is originally English, or rather Saxon, and *tease*, *tose*, and *towse*, only different forms of it.—*Nares.*

Impatient he, impure hands then imposed
Upon his daughter, and her shooke and *toased.*
The Newe Metamorphosis, 1600, MS. i. 50.

Herein are certain chuffes differing from the glorious nature of gentilitie, who, having stumbled upon the raritie of beautie, are cloyed in their owne delicacies; not prizing the invaluable jewell of what they possesse, not esteeming the benefit of their precious felicitie, but, like swine, *towze* pearle without respect, when as generous spirits glorie in their ample fortune, and subject themselves to their chiefest glorie; for, to be a deserving servant to a deserved ladie, is liberally to enjoy heaven on earth.—*Ford's Honor Triumphant*, 1606.

[72] *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant.*

As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant.*—*Steevens.*

The allusion here was probably more intelligible in the time of Shakespeare than it is at present, though the mode of bribery and influence referred to has been at all times employed, and as it should seem, with success. Our author might have had in his mind the following, then a recent instance. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, "for half a dozen of *chickens* would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes." See Sir Simon D'Ewes's Journals of Parliament, in Qeeen Elizabeth's Reign.—*Reed.*

The following very curious illustration of this passage is taken from the Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665,—"I gave to Mr. Cripps, solicitor, for acting for mee in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10*s.*, and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, *and presenting my lord with two brase of pheasants*, 10*s.*; Charles, Lord Goring, Earle of Norwich, livith in the country at Laytonstone, on the way to Epping, and when in London, at his house in Queens Streete, next door to the Queens Head Taverne."

To Justices of Peace men rarely bring
Money for favour, but some other thing,
As turkies, geese, pigs, capons they present
To them, or to their ladies with consent;
Or else the clerks by the poor men are fee'd,
That th' justice may at sessions interceed
And speak for them, to get 'em a discharge
Of their recognizance, to go at large;
So tho' to money th' Justice is not bent,
Yet he will something take equivalent.
Money Masters all Things, 1698.

[73] *What's i' the fardel.*

Fardel, a burden. It is worthy of observation that the old copies have the old form, *farthell.*

Then shoulde they of those two parishes undertake to carrie all such passengers, either for twopence each one with his *farthell* or trusse, or otherwise, making the whole fare or passage woorth foure shillings.—*Lambarde's Perambulation*, 1596, p. 486.

A fardel, says Baret, is "a pack that a man doth bear

with him in the way." The annexed woodcut of a pedler with a fardel is taken from Holme's Academy of Armory,1688. He says,—"the porter's pack reacheth over his head, but the pedler's is a small truss, bundle, or fardel, not exceeding the middle of his head, as in this figure."

[74] *'Nointed over with honey.*

A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakespeare might have seen:—"—he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life," Stage of Popish Toyes, 1581, p. 33.—*Reed.*

[75] *Being something gently considered.*

Means, "I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me," i. e. a bribe, "will bring you," &c. So, in the Three Ladies of London, 1584: "——sure, sir, I'll *consider* it hereafter if I can.—What, *consider* me? dost thou think that I am a *bribetaker?*" Again, in the Ile of Gulls, 1633: "Thou shalt be well *considered*, there's twenty crowns in earnest."—*Steevens.*

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord:[1]
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say, I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good, now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name;[2] consider little,[3]
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,[4]
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[5]
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I

Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,——
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,[6]
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin,—"And why to me?"
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.[7]
Leon. She had; and would incense me[8]
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be,—"Remember mine."
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[9] his eye.
Cleo. Good madam, I have done.[10]
Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.[11]

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now.[12] Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so,[13] (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,)—"She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,—
Jewel of children,—seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more, cease,[14] thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.——

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth[15]
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.[16]
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[17]
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves

(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,—
Good gentleman!—the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage—
At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Lybia.[18]

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his,[19] parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Lybia, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods[20]
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless: and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge,
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.[21]

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,

Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth[22] as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,[23]
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him: therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Sicilia. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another

to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance[24] were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled: the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it!

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle[25] of queen Hermione's:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother:—the affection of nobleness,[26] which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia

forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her:[27] now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten[28] conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it,[29] and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes[30] (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there,[31] changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,[32] who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione,

that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence,[33] that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he then took her to be,—who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do: and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.[34]

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it,[35] I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,[36] and that thou wilt not be drunk: but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.[37] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Sicilia. *A Room in* PAULINA'S *House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart:[38] But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a Curtain, and discovers a Statue.*[39]
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled;[40] nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.
Paul. O patience:
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine,)[41]
I'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[42]—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins,
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[43]
As we are mock'd with art.[44]
Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness.[45] Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.[46]

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it: stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those,[47] that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: strike.— [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs;
[HERMIONE *comes down from the Pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double; Nay, present your hand:

When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and mak't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PERDITA *who kneels to* HERMIONE.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces[48]
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all;[49] your exultation
Partake to every one.[50] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough;[51] and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far

(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty,[52]
Are richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother :—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king,—whom heavens directing,—[53]
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *True, too true, my lord.*

The old editions read,—"Bred his hopes out of, true.—*Pau.* Too true, my Lord."—A very slight examination will convince ev'ry intelligent reader, that *true* here has jump'd out of its place in all the editions. What the King would say, is absolutely complete without it: and the placing it, where the printed copies have done, is an embarrassment to the sense.—*Theobald.*

We restore here the reading of all the old editions. Leontes, in grief and remorse, states a fact, and adds mournfully "true;" to which Paulina naturally adds that it is "too true." All the modern editors, from the time of Theobald, have disturbed the authentic text, and have made Paulina say, "True, too true, my lord." The word *true*, printed without a capital, could hardly have found its way into the preceding line by a mere error of the press.—*Collier.*

The old reading is so extremely forced and unnatural, there can be little doubt of the correctness of Theobald's emendation. The error is of a kind not unusual in early editions of old English plays.

[2] *Of his most sovereign name.*

Nothing can be plainer, but all the modern editions substitute *dame* for *name*, and thus absolutely contradict the poet's meaning. Shakespeare would hardly have made Dion advert to the fate of Hermione, at the moment when he was urging another marriage upon the king. Moreover, in the folio of 1623, and in the three others, *Name* is printed with a capital letter.—*Collier.*

[3] *Consider little.*

Too scrupulous an apprehension for the metre hath spoiled the sense. We should read,—"*Consider a little;*" an anapæst only instead of an iambic.—*Heath.*

[4] *What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue.*

The following ingenious criticism by Chalmers may interest some readers, although it is in the highest degree improbable that Shakespeare was here alluding

to the historical position of his own era.—" The pertinence of this passage would have struck the audience; and every one must have felt the *danger*, by *her highness's fail of issue*, which *might devour* even *incertain lookers on*. The whole allusion was finely adapted to the state of the public mind; which had been harassed by the dispute about the succession. The suspense, wherein the whim of Elizabeth kept *incertain lookers on*, to the last, about her successor, no longer existed, after the accession of James, who was far from *heirless*. After this event, the audience would have disdained that fine passage as idle declamation. *The crown* had now *found an heir;* and, to have longer talked about the dangers of uncertainty, when none were felt, nor foreseen, would have been rejected by the audience as senseless fiction."

[5] *Than to rejoice the former queen is well.*

"The dead are well," Antony and Cleopatra. A similar expression is used in Romeo and Juliet, and is supposed to be adopted from Scripture, 2 Kings, iv. 26. So, in Henry the Fourth,—" *Ch. Just.* How does the king?—*War.* Exceeding *well.* His cares are now all ended.—*Ch. Just.* I hope not *dead.*—*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature."

[6] *And, on this stage, &c.*

Sure, a verb is wanting here to compleat the sense, " And on this stage soul-vext, and begin—." I suspect there should be a slight alteration in the text; and another in the pointing of it. I have read,—" and on this stage—(Where we *offend her now*) appear soul-vext,—And begin, Why to me—." Surely, 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for the King to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost with the subject of a second match; rather than in general terms to call themselves offenders, sinners.—*Theobald.* But how did the king and Paulina offend the deceased Queen at the time of this conversation? Theobald answers, " By making a second match the subject of it." But could she possibly be displeased with the King for rejecting the solicitation to it, or with Paulina for earnestly dissuading him from it? It would be unreasonable to suppose it; and it is necessary therefore to have recourse to some more plausible conjecture. For my own part I have little doubt but that the poet wrote,— " and on this stage,—(Were we offenders now) appear soul-vext." That is, if we should now at last so far offend her.—*Heath.*

M. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed thus:—" And begin, why? to me."—that is, begin to call me to account. There is so much harsh and involved construction in this play, that I am not sure, but the old copy, perplexed as the sentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again possess her corpse, (and on this stage
Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd,)
And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy*, Leontes insinuates would be the purport of Hermione's speech. There is, I think, something aukward in the phrase—" Where we offenders now *appear*." By removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *soul-vex'd* to Leontes and the rest who mourned the loss of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated.—*Malone.*

I believe no change is necessary. If, instead of being repeated, the word *appear* be understood, as, by an obvious ellipsis, it may, the sense will be sufficiently clear.—*Henley.* " Why to me?" means, I think, " why such treatment to me? when a worse wife is better used."—*Boswell.*

[7] *She had just cause.*

In eds. 1623 and 1632, the word *such*, which was probably repeated erroneously by the compositor from the previous line,is inserted after *just*. The error is corrected in the two later folios.

[8] *And would incense me.*

Incense, to *instigate* or *stimulate*, was the ancient sense of this word; it is rendered in the Latin dictionaries by *dare stimulo*. So, in King Richard III.—"Think you, my lord, this little prating York—Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?"—*Singer*. The term also occurs in the same sense in Much Ado about Nothing and in Henry VIII.

[9] *Affront his eye.*

That is, meet his eye, or *encounter* it. *Affrontare*, Ital. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning again in Hamlet, Act iii, and in Cymbeline: "Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of." The word is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson, and even by Dryden. Lodge, in the Preface to his Translation of Seneca, says, "No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemie."—*Singer*. "To affront, to come across," MS. Glossary of Words used in Gloucestershire in the year 1790.

Now, the yeare next before, the French King and the King of Spayne with two mighty armies, *affronted* each other neere to the river Some, eyther of them beeing obstinately bent to drive the other out of the field.—*Hayward's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, p. 33.

Thus they in vaine my downefall did conspire,
Like dogs that at the moone doe fondly barke,
And did but burne themselves like Ætna's fire,
Or like grim owles did wonder in the darke,
Contem'd of me that mounted like the larke,
Or that rare bird that builds her nest on high
In cedar trees whose tops *affront* the skie.

Leicester's Ghost, by R. Parsons.

[10] *Good madam, I have done.*

The vehemence of Paulina overbears the interruption of Cleomenes, and he says, "I have done." The modern editors give "I have done" to Paulina; when she is evidently going on, perfectly regardless of any opposition.—*Knight*. The commencing word of the next line, *yet*, may by some be considered to justify the alteration usually made in the arrangement of the text, but it is sanctioned by the interruption of Cleomenes, and scarcely impairs the impetuosity of Paulina. In some editions, *I* is altered to *pray*, a reading without authority.

[11] *Enter a Gentleman.*

In the old copies, the stage-direction is, "Enter a Servant;" but it is obvious from what he says, and is said to him, that he is above the rank of a servant.—*Collier*.

[12] *So must thy grave give way to what's seen now.*

"*Thy grave* here means, thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the *continent* for the *contents*," Edwards. For "thy grave," Collier, with the authority of the MS. suggestion of Lord Francis Egerton's folio, would substitute "thy grace:" on the ground that grace means beauty, and grave means nothing; but no figure is so common among great poets as to place that which contains a

thing for the thing itself—the grave in which Hermione's beauty lies, for the present image of that beauty. And in this particular passage, Shakespeare had an exquisite additional reason for such an expression in the mouth of Paulina. What she says is said publicly; is addressed aloud, and in direct reproach to the courtier; and it is her object through the whole scene, emphatically, and with a view to the project she is so soon to realize, to keep the death of Hermione fresh in the minds of all, nor suffer her grave to be even for an instant closed.—*Anon.*

[13] *Have said and writ so.*

The word *so* refers to the sentence that follows, "She had not been, nor was not to be equall'd," but your zeal now has cooled.

[14] *Pr'ythee, no more; cease.*

Steevens considers that *cease* was a mere marginal gloss or explanation of—*no more*, and, injuriously to the metre, had crept into the text; but the metre, as it is, is Shaksperian, and it would be unsafe to alter the original text. So, above, Hanmer, without authority, reads,—"This is *such* a creature."

[15] *That 'twixt heaven and earth.*

The King's meaning is this; he had lost a pair of children, who might have stood the wonder of two worlds, the objects of admiration to gods and men: as this young prince and his princess did, in his opinion.—*Theobald.*

[16] *Once more to look on him.*

For this incorrectness our author must answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his writings. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line—"*Sir*, by his command," in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors.—*Malone.* Steevens altered *on him* to *upon.*

[17] *At friend.*

At is altered to *as* in ed. 1632: Malone conjectured to read, *and*, and Steevens, *a*. The expression, "at friend," is, however, probably correct. So, in Hamlet,—"the wind *at help.*"

[18] *She came from Libya.*

Perdita is here transformed into a Moor: but it is at least possible that an error of the press has substituted *Libya* for *Lydia* or *Lycia.—Douce.*

[19] *Whose daughter his tears proclaim'd his.*

Grammar obliges us to read,—"His tears proclaim'd at parting with her," that is, from him, whose tears at parting with her proclaimed her to be his daughter.—*Heath.* We may better read:—"His tears proclaim'd *her* parting with her." The Prince first tells that the lady came from Libya; the King, interrupting him, says, from Smalus? from him, says the Prince, whose tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter.—*Johnson.*

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is cleared.—*Steevens.*

At is probably understood. "Parting with her" is equivalent to,—at parting with her.

[20] *The blessed gods.*

It has been proposed to read either *ever-blessed* or to insert *happily* before *are*

in the previous line, but the imperfect metre does not necessarily require alteration. Numerous examples of the same kind occur in Shakespeare.

[21] *The odds for high and low's alike.*

That is, My father will think there is as great a distance, as to rank and proportion of birth, as there is between the stars and the vallies.—*Heath.* The expression *odds* seems to imply there may here be a quibbling allusion to the false dice called high men and low men. The line is thus explained by Singer,—"Fortune is as unfavorable to us as Prince and Princess, as when we were Shepherd and Shepherdess;" but I rather think the poet means to say that the case is so hopeless, it is of no use to speculate on the chance, the improbability of the union being as great as its disparity, which can only be represented by the distance between the stars and the valleys of the earth.

[22] *Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty.*

In birth, Warburton. *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty.—*Johnson.* Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation.—*Malone.* So, in Twelfth-Night:—"But were my *worth* as is my conscience firm," &c.—*Steevens.*

[23] *I'd beg your precious mistress.*

The present line would probably not have been written, had not the author had in his remembrance the revolting incident of the original novel, where the King attempts the seduction of Fawnia. It is true that, in the text, there is merely the evidence of great kindness, yet the prose tale has probably exerted an influence on the direction of the dialogue.

[24] *If the importance were joy, or sorrow.*

Malone says that "importance" here means merely *import;* but the word is rather to be taken in its etymological sense, from the Fr. *emporter.* Spenser uses *important* in a kindred manner:

———He fiercely at him flew,
And with *important* outrage him assail'd.

The meaning of the text seems to be, that a beholder could not say if they were carried away by joy or sorrow.—*Collier.*

[25] *The mantle of queen Hermione.*

The metrical version of the story of Dorastus and Fawnia, which bears the title of the Royal Courtly Garland, was probably not composed, at the earliest, before the commencement of the eighteenth century. It is obviously, therefore, of too late a date to be of any value or interest beyond its consideration as a mere curiosity, and the following concluding lines of the ballad are merely here preserved as a specimen of the doggrel in which it is composed:—

He likewise produced the mantle of gold:
The king was amaz'd this strange sight to behold.
Tho' long time the shepherd made choice of the same,
The king knew it well, being wrought with his name.
He swooned away, but recovered again,
Saying, Thou art my child whom I laid on the main;
My child is alive, whom I thought to destroy;
The prince made himself known too, which raised their joy.

With honour and triumph soon marry'd they were:
The father was sent for, who quickly came there,
And likewise Dame Mopsy, the old shepherd's wife,
Whose dancing well pleased the court to the life.
The shepherd and his wife made pastime and sport;
The king made the shepherd a lord of his court.
Now by what was thus acted, ye plainly may see
That nothing can hinder what Fate doth decree.

[26] *The affection of nobleness.*

Affection here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title: "The first Set of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the Sense of the Original Ditty, but to the *Affection* of the Noate," by Thomas Watson, 1590. Perhaps both here and in King Henry IV. *affection* is used for *propensity*:—"in speech, in gait,—In diet, in *affections* of delight, &c.—*Malone.*

[27] *With clipping her.*

He wolde me love day and nyghte,
Clyppe and kysse with alle hys myghte.
Bevis of Hamtoun, MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38.

He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,
Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms.—*Sydney.*

[28] *Like a weather-bitten conduit.*

Thus the old copy. The later folios and the modern editors,—weather-*beaten*. Hamlet says: "The air *bites* shrewdly;" and the Duke in As You Like It:—"when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *coroded* by the weather.—*Steevens.* The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Munday, in the preface to Gerileon of England, the second part, &c. 1592, has—"*winter-bitten* epitaph."—*Ritson.* Conduits representing a human figure were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. Shakespeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in Romeo and Juliet:—"How now? a *conduit*, girl? what still in tears?—Evermore showering?"—*Henley.*

[29] *Which lames report to follow it.*

We have the same sentiment in the Tempest:

For thou wilt find she will *outstrip* all praise,
And make it *halt* behind her.

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

———a face
That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.—*Malone.*

[30] *That which angled for mine eyes.*

That is, what most claimed my observation; but which *bedimming* with tears my sight, prevented my beholding it, "caught the water, not the fish." This seems to be an ancient jeer upon unsuccessful anglers.—*Strutt.*

[31] *Who was most marble there, changed colour.*

Marble, hard-hearted, unfeeling. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—"now from head to foot—I am *marble* constant."—*Steevens.*

[32] *That rare Italian master, Julio Romano.*

Warburton is very severe, as well upon Shakespeare himself, as upon Theobald, for admiring this elogium of the poet. He tells us, "the passage happens to be quite unworthy Shakespeare" and that for two reasons,—"1. Because he makes his speaker say, that was Julio Romano the God of Nature, he would out-do Nature. This, he says, is the plain meaning of the words." I believe he is himself mistaken, and that the plain meaning is no other than this; Were Julio Romano as immortal as Nature, and could, like her, put breath into his works, he would be so generally preferred as to beguile her of her custom, or trade, that is, would draw her customers from her. 2. "Julio Romano was not a statuary, but a painter." This is true; but a mistake, supposing it to be one, in a mere matter of fact, can be no detraction from the poet's genius. The calling him a painter of statues, in consequence of what is here said of him, is a misrepresentation. I suppose, the painting a statue executed under his own direction, on a particular occasion, and for a particular purpose, could be no disparagement to him. At least, I have known more than one of our most eminent portrait-painters, who have not thought it beneath them to paint a bust moulded from the life, and corrected under their own eye, and who have succeeded extremely well in it.—*Heath.*

All the encomiums, put together, that have been conferr'd on this excellent artist in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our author. He was born in the year 1492, liv'd just that circle of years which our Shakespeare did, and dy'd eighteen years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this tribute of praise must be own'd, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is suppos'd within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism.—*Theobald.* But, in the same play, are introduced notices of Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, a hobby-horse, and an emperor of Russia.

By *eternity* Shakespeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity;* and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimic nature.—*Johnson.*

It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his Magnetic Lady, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the City:

> *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sr. Moth.* And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
> *Rut.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
> Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.—*Singer.*

Sir Henry Wotton, in his Elements of Architecture, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood,* as the poet expresses it afterwards.—*Tollet.*

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted, and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

> The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
> You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
> With *oily painting.—Malone.*

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir

William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at Pompeii, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures.—*Steevens.*

It is not said by the poet that this painter was the suppos'd statue's carver, but it's colourer, for which his word is *perform'd;* it had been *many years in doing,* carving, and was *now newly perform'd,* finish'd by having colouring given it, by the hand of *that rare master;* the supposition of colouring being in this case necessary: and for the compliment,—that has no fault in it but excess, a thing expected in compliment: nature and nature's God are distinct, not confounded as says the modern refer'd-to; the sense of *had he eternity* being only—had he a portion of the Divinity, such portion as should enable him to *put breath into his work;* and the thing asserted—that, if he had such, he *would beguile of her custom* nature, who is God's agent.—*Capell.*

[33] *Who would be thence.*

It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators.—*Johnson.*

Probably this event is given in narrative that the paramount interest of the play may rest, as it ought to do, with the restoration of Hermione.—*Harness.*

The narration of the discovery is not only entertaining but moving, and he seems accidentally to have hit on something like the ancients, whose catastrophes were generally in narration. And is a proof that if our poets had the genius of Shakespeare, the shocking representations of the stage might easily and with beauty be thrown into narration, and so leave room for the poet to shew his eloquence and his imagery.—*Gildon.*

[34] *Give me the lie . . . . a gentleman born.*

This is a satire on certain ridiculous punctilios very much in use at this time. Thus in the Booke of Honor and Armes, 1590,—"In saying *a gentleman borne,* we meane he must be descended from three degrees of gentry, both on the mother's and father's side." The same work has many particulars relating to the circumstances in which *the giving the lie* is to be resented. See likewise Vincent Saviolo On Honor and Honorable Quarrels, book ii.—*Douce.*

[35] *Let boors and franklins say it.*

Franklin is a *freeholder,* or *yeoman,* a man above a *villain,* but not a *gentleman.* —*Johnson.*

It was my chance to meete two clownes, commonly called *boores,* who because they went in ragged cloathes, strooke no small terrour into mee.—*Coryat's Crudities,* 1611.

In our English tongue, the name bore or boore doth truely explaine their swinish condition, for most of them are as full of humanity as a bacon-hog, or a bore, and their wives as cleanly and courteous as sowes. For the most part of the men they are clad in thin buckerom, unlined, bare legged and footed, neyther band nor scarce shirt, no woollen in the world about them, and thus will they run through all weathers for money by the waggon's side, and though no better

apparelled, yet all of them have houses, land, or manuall meanes to live by.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[36] *Thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.*

In other words, a stout strong man. "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main,—A man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker*, like enough to lay about him; proud, surlie, sullen, stubborn," Cotgrave. A similar phraseology occurs in Gower's Confessio Amantis,—"A noble knight eke of his honde;" and Palsgrave, in Acolastus, 1540, speaks of "a good man of thyne habite." See also Palsgrave, 1530, verbs, f. 410, "He is a tall man of his handes, *C'est ung habille homme de ses mains.*"

If a man be a royster, and knowing how to fight his fight, then he is called by the name of honesty. If he can kil a man, and dare rob upon the highway, he is called a *tall* man, and a valiant *man of his hands:* if he can dice, playe, and daunce, hee is named a proper and a fine nimble man.—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

Coniehood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongst mirth having but one crosse worde given him, straightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through superfluity of his manhood; and doth this for this purpose, that the standers by may say that he is *a tall fellow of his hands*, and such a one as will not swallow a cantell of cheese.—*Questions concernyng Coniehood*, 1595.

Long-rob'd Iaons, Locrians, and (brave men *of their hands*)
The Phthian and Epeian troops.—*Chapman's Homer.*

Schol. What the courtier dreamingly possesses, the country gentleman with curses, and the souldier with cares; I quietly enjoy without controll. In my studie, I contemplate what can be done in batels, and with my pen hurt more than thousands do with pikes; I strike him that sees me not.—*Raph.* I thought you were a *proper man of your hands* to come behinde one.—*Wilson's Coblers Prophesie*, 1594.

Ay, and he's a *tall* fellow, and a *man of his hands* too; for, I'll tell you what, tie him to the bull-ring, and, for a bag-pudding, a custard, a cheesecake, a hog's cheek, or a calf's head, turn any man i' the town to him, and if he do not prove himself as *tall a man* as he, let blind Hugh bewitch him, and turn his body into a barrel of strong ale, and let his nose be the spiggot, his mouth the fosset, and his tongue a plug for the bung-hole.—*Wily Beguiled.*

It goes against his conscience to see the cup stand quietly, and against his stomack to see you preferre mutton before powdred beefe. He is a prettier *fellow of his handes* then any of the guarde: for give him leave to draw apace, and hee will strike down twelve gards.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

Thus then I prove that holds a false position,
I say thou art a man of faire condition,
A man true of thy word, *tall of thy hands*,
Of high discent, and left good store of lands.
Harington's Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

A traveller that loves to see strange lands,
May be a man or not a *man of's hands;*
But yet 'tis very requisite and meet,
He should be furnish'd with good brains and feet.
Taylor's Short Relation of a Long Journey, 1652.

G. Dooth he plaie well? hath he good skill in his weapon?—*E.* As much as

any other man.—*G.* Is he valiant, and a talle man of his hands?—*E.* More valiant than a sword itselfe.—*G.* How much doo you give him a moneth?—*E.* I have made no price with him.—*G.* What weapon doo you plaie at moste?—*E.* At rapier and dagger, or rapier and cloake.—*G.* The true and right gentleman-like weapons.—*E.* Truelie he teacheth verie well, and verie quicklie.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

Since you will goe, goe; but heare me, if you goe, looke at me well; as little a fellow as I am, I will come and Cuffe you both out of the fields; if I doe not, say Cuffe is no man of his hands.—*Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe.*

The passage from Questions concernyng Coniehood, 1595, has been supposed to prove that one of the meanings of the phrase was nimble-handed, skilful in thievery, in which sense it is understood by Autolycus; but a little reflection will show that this is not the case, for the Clown knew for certain that Autolycus was a thief, and there would, therefore, be no humour in such an equivoque, independently of the consideration that the passage referred to is not in itself sufficient to enable us to infer that the phrase ever was used in such a second sense.

[37] *We'll be thy good masters.*

Good master, a patron. The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style. Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing; "Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear."—*Whalley.*

[38] *Lonely, apart.*

Lonely, ed. 1623. *Lovely*, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. Hanmer reads:—"*Lonely*, apart:" as if it could be *apart* without being *alone.—Warburton.*

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that "I keep it alone, separate from the rest," is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines.—*Johnson.*

The same error is found in many other places in the first folio. In King Richard III, we find this very error:—"Advantaging their *loue* with interest." Here we have *loue* instead of *lone*, the old spelling of *loan.—Malone.*

[39] *Undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*

In the old editions there is no stage-direction, excepting that at the beginning of the scene "Hermione (like a statue)" is inserted among the characters. Hermione was most likely concealed by a curtain.—*Collier.*

[40] *Hermione was not so much wrinkled.*

The word *much*, here, is a burden on the metre; but still more injurious to the sense. The lady, at the time of her supposed death, was not wrinkled at all. —*Seymour.*

[41] *For the stone is mine.*

I do not know whether we should not read, without a parenthesis:—"*for the stone i' th' mine*—I'd not have shew'd it." A *mine* of *stone*, or *marble*, would not at present perhaps be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakespeare, as it has been used by Harrison, Descript. of England, c. ix. p. 235:—"Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines of sundrie*

kinds of coarse and fine marble are there to be had in England?"—and a little lower he uses the same word again for a quarry of stone, or plaister:—"And such is the mine of it, that the stones thereof lie in stakes," &c.—*Tyrwhitt.*

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. So, afterwards, Paulina says; "—— be *stone* no more." So also Leontes: "Chide me, dear *stone.*"—*Malone.*

[42] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—*

Leontes, in his sorrow, wishes he were dead, even as he presumed his queen was, "but that, methinks, already the statue is about to move," that it is living, the sentence, in his astonishment, abruptly breaking off with the word *already*, thus giving it an intensity beyond words, with a dramatic effect far more powerful than if it had been completed. In the Perkins MS. a whole line is supplied,—"I am but dead, stone looking upon stone," an addition of very doubtful antiquity, which could not safely be admitted into the text, even if it were in unison with the context. Leontes, who is struck with amazement at the life-like appearance of the statue, would hardly be likely to repeat the observation he made in a previous speech, before this had occurred to his mind,—"Does not the stone rebuke me, for being more stone than it?"

A somewhat similar scene occurs in the play of Erminia, 1661.—"*Scena* 5. *The Prince in form of* Mars's *Statue, Erminia, Althea.—Er.* Prodigious! the statue speaks!—*Pr.* 'Tis you, fairest, have animated it.—*Al.* A good beginning, if it hold on as well.—*Er.* Cold horror seizes me! and I'm become by wondrous metamorphose,—of living, a dead statue,—as that of dead's become a living one. —And see it moves too!—[*descends from his base.*]—*Pr.* 'Tis your beauty, fairest, —has given me life and motion;—and if in the cold veins of frozen marble 't has the vertuous force to inspire and infuse such spirit and vital heat, imagine in my bosom what it must needs beget.—[*discovers himself.*]—*Er.* Ha! my Lord the Prince!—*Pr.* The Prince your servant, dearest,—for you metamorphos'd into statue thus,—for you, thus chang'd into myself again."

[43] *The fixure of her eye has motion in 't.*

Fixure, fixture, fixedness, that by which anything is fixed. Leontes says that the very fixing of the eye in the head appears to have the tremulous motion belonging to that of a living person. "Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky," Drayton. "Her eye in silence hath a speech, which eye best understands," Sydney. Various alterations in the text have been proposed, but the reading of the old copy is strongly confirmed by our author's 88th Sonnet, where we meet a similar thought:

> —Your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand*,
> Hath *motion*, and mine eye may be deceived.

[44] *As we are mock'd with art.*

As is used by our author here, as in some other places, for *as if.* Thus, in Cymbeline:—

> He spake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
> And she alone were cold.

Again, in Macbeth:—"*As* they had seen me with these hangman's hands—List'ning their fear."—*Malone.*

M. Mason and Malone very properly observe that *as*, in this instance, is used, as in some other places, for *as if.* The former would read *were* instead of *are*, but unnecessarily, I think, considering the loose grammar of Shakespeare's age.—

With, however, has the force of *by*. A passage parallel to that before us, occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:—"And *mock* our eyes *with* air."—*Steevens.*

[45] *The pleasure of that madness.*

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.—*Milton.*

[46] *I could afflict you further.*

It is evident that the word, *afflict*, is used in its proper and usual sense (and not to signify, *affect*, as Warburton would persuade us) from the reply of Leontes. —The affliction here meant is the remorse of Leontes, for having been, as he imagined, the cause of Hermione's death, which is revived by the sight of the statue. —*Heath.*

[47] *Or those.*

On, old eds. The ancient reading is adopted by Collier, with the meaning,—'Let those *go on*, and depart, who think it is unlawful business I am about.' Mr. Knight prints;—"*On:* Those that think it is unlawful business,"—and explains, *On*,—"let us go on."

[48] *And from your sacred vials pour your graces.*

Compare Isaiah, xlv. 8,—"Drop down, ye Heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness;" and Revel. xvi. 1,—"And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the seven Angels, Go your ways *and pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth."

[49] *You precious winners all.*

You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.—*Johnson.*

[50] *Partake to every one.*

Partake here means *participate.* It is used in the same sense in the old play of Pericles, Prince of Tyre.—*Malone.* It is also thus employed by Spenser:

My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*
Of all my love, and all my privity.—*Steevens.*

[51] *Will wing me to some wither'd bough.*

So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Euridice, says:—"Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur." It is observable, that the two poets, in order to heighten the image, have used the very same phrase, having both placed their turtles on a dry and withered bough. So, again, in Lodge's Rosalynd or Euphues' golden Legacie, 1592, a book which Shakespeare is known to have read;

A *turtle* sat upon a *leaveless* tree,
Mourning her absent pheer
With sad and sorry cheere,—
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her love *laments*, &c.

Chapman seems to have imitated this passage in his Widow's Tears, 1612: "Whether some wandering Eneas should enjoy your reversion, or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered bough till Atropos cut her throat." —*Malone.*

Like as the culver on the bared bough
  Sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
  For his return that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
  Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And wand'ring here and there all desolate,
  Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.—*Spenser.*

[52] *Whose worth and honesty.*

Whose relates to Camillo, though Paulina is the immediate antecedent. In the loose construction of ancient phraseology, *whose* is often used in this manner, where *his* would be more proper.—*Singer.*

[53] *Whom heavens directing.*

Whom heavens directing is here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written—"*him* heavens directing." So, in the Tempest:—

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (*who being* then appointed
Master of the design,) did give us.

Again, in Venus and Adonis:—"Or as the snail (*whose* tender horns *being* hurt.")—Here we should now write—"*his* tender horns." See also a passage in King John,—"Who *having* no external thing to lose," and another in Coriolanus, which are constructed in a similar manner.—*Malone.*

King John.

INTRODUCTION.

Some of the prominent incidents of the reign of King John were selected by Bishop Bale, about the middle of the sixteenth century, certainly before the year 1563, the date of the bishop's decease, for the subject of a play, entitled Kynge Johan, in which that sovereign's disputes with the Pope are made the vehicles of an application to the circumstances of the Reformation and to the state of England during the latter part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, especially with reference to the struggles of the people with the Church of Rome. This drama, which is the earliest known example of an English play constructed with reference to events of history, was never printed, but the original manuscript, partly in the author's handwriting, and throughout carefully corrected by him, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and has been published under the editorship of Mr. J. P. Collier, 4to. 1838. The historical characters in this production are King John, Pope Innocent, Cardinal Pandulph, Archbishop Langton, the monk Simon of Swineshead, and another called Raymondus. There are also several abstract impersonations, namely, England, represented as a widow; Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the reins of government after King John has been poisoned; the three estates of Nobility, Clergy, and Civil Order, representing the magistracy; Treason, Verity, and Sedition, the last of whom is the Vice or jester. The introduction of the latter allegorical impersonations imparts to the work the character of a morality, but in all essential respects it may

be considered a genuine historical play. King John is here represented as a chivalrous and generous sovereign, whose exertions to benefit his country are neutralised by the malice of the clergy, instead of the ruler whose want of principle involves him in all the horrors of gloomy and timorous guilt, as he is depicted by Shakespeare. Bale's play is in two parts, the colophon being as follows,—"Thus endeth the ij. playes of Kynge Johan," but, owing to some defect in the manuscript, the exact division intended by the author is not clearly ascertained, though it is obviously too long for a single performance, and there can be no doubt but that it is an early example of a practice, afterwards common, of the separation of a drama into parts for the convenience of representation. No information is accessible with respect to the period or locality in which it was performed, but it is unlikely to have been for any length of time a popular composition, and, as it was never published in the sixteenth century, it is in the highest degree improbable that any part of it was known to the author or authors of a subsequent drama on the events of the same historical era, also in two parts, which was published in 1591 under the title of, "The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the discoverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne (vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Majesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe side of the Royall Exchange, 1591." A separate title to the second part of this edition is as follows,—"The second part of the troublesome Raigne of King John, conteining the death of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysning of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Majesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-side of the Royall Exchange. 1591." This production is of great interest, Shakespeare, following the custom adopted by his professional contemporaries, having constructed an abridged drama out of the materials afforded by this inferior old play, but making, as usual, the subject so entirely his own as to preclude the suggestion of plagiarism, in the objectionable sense of that term. The name of the author of the Troublesome Raigne of John is not

Fac simile of the Title pages to the First Edition of the Troublesome Raigne of King John, from the only copy known, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge

THE Troublesome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the discouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge): *also the* death of King *Iohn* at *Swinstead Abbey*.

As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London.

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known, the attribution of it to Rowley and others not being supported by any evidence. Pope asserts, (ed. 1723, p. 148), as if speaking from traditional knowledge, it was the joint production of Shakespeare and William Rowley, but if any writer of the latter name were concerned in the authorship, it could hardly be Rowley the actor, but rather the Maister Rowley, whom Meres alludes to in 1598 as "once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge." The former Rowley married as late as 1637, and was a player in the King's Company in 1625, his first work appearing in 1607. In the first edition of 1591, are the following lines, addressed "to the gentlemen readers,"—

> You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
> Have entertain'd the Scythian Tamburlaine,
> And given applause unto an infidel;
> Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,
> A warlike Christian and your countreyman.
> For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,
> And set himselfe against the man of Rome,
> Until base treason by a damned wight,
> Did all his former triumphs put to flight.
> Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,
> And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport.

which have been supposed to indicate that Marlowe was the author of the work, but it certainly proves no more than that Tamburlaine the Great, published in the preceding year, 1590, met with the success here solicited on behalf of the old King John. The lines were probably only inserted at the suggestion of the bookseller, and are not to be accepted as a prologue attached to the original manuscript of the play. Some trifling similarities of thought and diction to be traced in this tragedy, and others to which Marlowe is believed to have largely contributed, are too insignificant to warrant the deduction of any theory of authorship beyond the enunciation of a possibility that Marlowe may have been concerned with others in the composition of the Troublesome Raigne; but, on the whole, considering its style, the probability is that the entire work is the production of one or more authors whose names are yet to be discovered. It was republished in the year 1611, under the following title,—"The first and second Part of the troublesome Raigne of John King of England. With the discoverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard Fawconbridge:) Also, the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As they were (sundry times) lately acted by

the Queenes Maiesties Players. Written by W. Sh. Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for John Helme, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetestreet. 1611." The publisher of this edition, it will be observed, inserted the deceptive letters W. Sh. as indicative of the author, and carefully altered the statement that the play had been "publicly acted in the City of London," the company to which Shakespeare belonged having no public theatre within the precincts of the City, their only City theatre being the Blackfriars', a private play-house. The lines addressed to the reader, cited above, were omitted. The expression, "lately acted," may have been inserted with the view to lead the intending purchaser to the belief that it was Shakespeare's play, the older drama having been then probably superseded; but the retention of the word *Queenes* may perhaps show that this edition of 1611 was a mere reprint in every particular of an unknown impression which may have appeared between the year 1591 and the death of Queen Elizabeth. It may be worthy of remark that the printer of it appears to have had a deficient supply of type of the letter *e*, which is misprinted *c* no fewer than sixty times in the course of the play; at least, such is the case in the copy in my possession. In the next edition, issued in 1622, the name of Shakespeare was boldly given at full length,—"The first and second part of the troublesome Raigne of John King of England. With the discoverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard Fauconbridge:) Also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As they were (sundry times) lately acted. Written by W. Shakespeare. London, Printed by Aug: Mathewes for Thomas Dewe, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleet-street, 1622." In this edition, notwithstanding that the first title includes both parts, there is a second one in which the name of Shakespeare is also conspicuously given,—"The Second Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John, containing the entrance of Lewis, the French Kings sonne, with the poysoning of King John by a Monke. Written by W. Shakespeare. London, Printed by Aug: Mathewes for Thomas Dewe, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleet-street, 1622." There had been no doubt a demand for Shakespeare's play, but that not being accessible, and retained by the stage-managers, the older drama was reprinted under the shelter of his popular name. Langbaine,

writing in 1691, speaking of the two parts of the latter play, observes,—"These plays are not divided into acts, neither are the same with that in folio. I am apt to conjecture that these were first writ by our author, and afterwards revised and reduced into one play by him: that in the folio being far the better;" a conjecture that has been revived of late years, but it is improbable, judging only from internal evidence, and no other testimony of value is accessible, that our great poet had much share in the composition of the older play, a work of great merit for the age at which it appeared, but written in a style bearing small trace of the hand of Shakespeare beyond the occasional fondness of the writer for jingling repetitions of words, a peculiarity not in itself sufficiently marked to be considered a test of authorship, and a few pathetic touches of expression that are scarcely unworthy of his pen, to which may be added, as the possible rough draft and an author's early attempt, the spirited delineation of the character of Falconbridge so inimitably elaborated into an almost new personage by Shakespeare. The main story and dramatic arrangement of the old play are faithfully copied by our great dramatist, who has also adopted a few of the lines (slightly altered) as well as two complete lines and some expressions, but his amplifications of scenes and speeches are strikingly original, and the variations and omissions of incidents are made with consummate judgement. It is worthy of remark that Shakespeare does not adopt in any shape those portions of the Troublesome Raigne which satirize the depravity of the monastic orders, but that he confines his denunciation of the papistical system to the tyrannical and usurping tendency exhibited by the court of Rome. The dramatis personæ are nearly the same in both plays, the only character added by Shakespeare being James Gurney, servant to Lady Falconbridge. He has, however, omitted a few personages who are introduced by his predecessor, such as the Earls of Chester and Clare, Lord Beauchamp, the Abbot of Swinstead, &c. The reprint of the old play, which is here given, is well worthy of perusal, and will enable the reader to form his own judgement on the matters above referred to.

Enter K. John, Queene Elinor his Mother, William Marshall, Earle of Pembroke, the Earles of Essex and of Salisbury.

Q. El. Barons of England, and my noble lords;
Though God and fortune have bereft from us
Victorious Richard, scourge of infidells,

And clad this land in stole of dismall hew:
Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A king that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his emperie.

K. John. My gratious mother queene, and barons all;
Though farre unworthy of so high a place,
As is the throne of mighty England's king;
Yet John your lord, contented uncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heavy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang upon a crowne.
My lord of Pembrooke and lord Salsbury,
Admit the lord Chattilion to our presence,
That we may know what Philip king of Fraunce
(By his ambassadors) requires of us.

Q. Elinor. Dare lay my hand that Elinor can gesse
Whereto this weighty embassade doth tend:
If of my nephew Arthur and his claime,
Then say, my sonne, I have not missde my aime.

Enter Chattilion *and the two Earles.*

John. My lord Chattilion, welcome into England:
How fares our brother Philip king of Fraunce?

Chat. His highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your majestie,
And say the message he hath given in charge.

John. And spare not, man, wee are preparde to heare.

Chat. Philip, by the grace of God most christian king of France, having taken into his gardain and protection Arthur D. of Brittaine sonne and heire to Jeffrey thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the saide Arthur, the kingdome of England, with the lordship of Ireland, Poiters, Anjow, Toraine, Maine: and I attend thine answer.

John. A small request: belike hee makes account,
That England, Ireland, Poiters, Anjow, Toraine, Maine,
Are nothing for a king to give at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leave for me.
Tell Philip, he may keepe his lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chat. Is this thine answer?

John. It is, and too good an answer for so prowd a message.

Chat. Then, king of England, in my masters name,
And in Prince Arthur duke of Brittaines name,
I doe defie thee as an enemie,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elinor. My lord (that stands upon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew; tell the boy,
That I queene Elianor (his grandmother)
Upon my blessing charge him leave his armes,
Whereto his head-strong mother prickes him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,

So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the king of Fraunce,
And come to me and to his uncle here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.
Chat. This shall I do, and thus I take my leave.
John. Pembrooke, convey him safely to the sea,
But not in haste: for as we are advisde,
We meane to be in France as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In Anjow, Toraine, and in Normandie. [*Exit* Chatt.

Enter the Shrive and whispers the Earle of Salis. *in the eare.*

Sals. Please it your majesty, here is the shrive of Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and have appeald to your majestie, beseeching your highnesse for speciall cause to heare them.
John. Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,
Goe, Salsbury, and make provision;
We meane with speed to passe the sea to France. [*Exit* Sals.
Say, shrive, what are these men, what have they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?
Shrive. Please it your majesty, these two brethren, unnaturally falling at odds about their fathers living, have broken your highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of lawe, or order of justice, and unlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous maner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your highnes: and here I, Thomas Nidigate, shrive of Northamptonshire, do deliver them over to their triall.
John. My lord of Essex, wil th'offenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.
Essex. Gentlemen, it is the kings pleasure that you discover your griefs, and doubt not but you shal have justice.
Phil. Please it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'unrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of myself, and the bad dealing of my brother, in this princely assemblie.
Robert. Then, by my prince his leave, shall Robert speake,
And tell your majestie what right I have
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not unknowne unto your grace)
Receiv'd his spurres of knighthood in the field,
At kingly Richards hands in Palestine,
When as the walls of Acon gave him way:
His name sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery.
What by succession from his ancestors,
And warlike service under Englands armes,
His living did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes revenew every yeare:
And this (my lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge?
Philip. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of Englands auntient lawe,
How should myselfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge?
John. Fond youth, to trouble these our princely eares,

Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?
Robert. Please it your grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.
John. A doubtfull tale as ever I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke ænigma.
Robert. I grant (my lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And here my mother stands to proove him so:
But I (my lord) can proove, and doe averre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious lord) let Fauconbridge enjoy
The living that belongs to Fauconbridge.
And let not him possesse anothers right.
John. Proove this, the land is thine by Englands lawe.
Q. Elin. Ungratious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.
Mother. My gratious lord, and you, thrice reverend dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eies,
And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receive the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masserate the bowells of my soule.
John. Lady, stand up, be patient for a while:
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?
Philip. Not for myselfe, nor for my mother now;
But for the honour of so brave a man,
Whom hee accuseth with adulterie:
Heere I beseech your grace upon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse us hence.
Robert. Nor mad, nor mazde, but well advised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a bastard to king Richards selfe,
Sonne to your grace, and brother to your majestie.
Thus bluntly, and—
Elian. Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy sire. But forward with thy proofe.
Robert. The proofe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your highnesse and these noble lords,
And all (save those that have no eies to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the king.
First, when my father was embassadour
In Germanie unto the Emperour,

The king lay often at my fathers house;
And all the realme suspected what befell;
And at my fathers backe-returne agen
My mother was delivered, as tis sed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on Philips face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but king Richards sonne.
Then, gratious lord, rest he king Richards sonne,
And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

John. Is this thy proofe, and all thou hast to say?

Robert. I have no more, nor neede I greater proofe.

John. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy sire
My brother often lodged in his house;
And what of that? base groome to slaunder him,
That honoured his embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold; proceed unto the next.

Q. Elin. Thou saist she teemde sixe weekes before her time;
Why, good sir squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes;
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

John. And where thou saist, he looketh like the king,
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I never saw so lively counterfet
Of Richard Cordelion, as in him.

Robert. Then, good my lord, be you indiffrent judge,
And let me have my living and my right.

Q. Elinor. Nay, heare you, sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *omne simile non est idem?*
Or have read in— Harke yee, good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise:—
Shee lay with sir Robert your father, and thought upon king Richard my sonne, and so your brother was formed in this fashion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to jest it out;
I crave my right: king John, as thou art king,
So be thou just, and let me have my right.

John. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are frivolous,
Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irrevocable, as I am king of England.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife:
And as they say, so shall thy living passe.

Robert. My lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To give away my right, and put the doome
Unto themselves. Can there be likelihood that shee will loose?

Or he will give the living from himselfe?
It may not be, my lord. Why should it be?
John. Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom.
Essex, first aske the mother thrice who was his sire?
Essex. Lady Margaret, widow of Fauconbridge,
Who was father to thy sonne Philip?
Mother. Please it your majesty, sir Rob. Fauconbridge.
Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.
John. Aske Philip whose sonne he is.
Essex. Philip, who was thy father?
Philip. Mas, my lord, and that's a question, and you had not taken some paines with her before, I should have desired you to aske my mother.
John. Say, who was thy father?
Philip. Faith (my lord) to answere you, sure hee is my father that was neerest my mother when I was begotten, and him I thinke to be sir Robert Fauconbridge.
John. Essex, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.
Robert. Was ever man thus wrongd as Robert is?
Essex. Philip, speake I say, who was thy father?
John. Young man, how now, what art thou in a trance?
Elianor. Philip, awake, the man is in a dreame.
Philip. *Philippus atavis æditæ regibus.*
What saist thou, Philip, sprung of auncient kings?
Quo me rapit tempestas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of majestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho sound,
That Philip is the sonne unto a king:
The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am Richards sonne:
The bubling murmur of the water's fall,
Records, *Philippus regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountaines, eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heaven?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre unfitting Fauconbridge:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge.
Why, how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
Wilt thou upon a franticke madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thyselfe base borne?
No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge.
John. Speake, man, be sodaine, who thy father was.
Philip. Please it your majestie, sir Robert:
Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaves to thy jawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say I am sonne unto a Fauconbridge.
Let land and living goe, tis honors fire
That makes me sweare king Richard was my sire.
Base to a king addes title of more state,
Than knights begotten, though legittimate.
Please it your grace, I am king Richards sonne.
Robert. Robert, revive thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.
Mo. What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?
Philip. Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.
John. Then, Philip, blame not me, thyselfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy living and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbridge;
God give thee joy, greater than thy desert.
Q. Elia. Why, how now, Philip; give away thine owne?
Ph. Madame, I am bold to make myself your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your highnesse hath:
And with this proverb gin the world anew;
Help hands, I have no lands, honor is my desire;
Let Philip live to shew himselfe worthy so great a sire.
Eli. Philip, I think thou knewst thy grandams minde:
But cheere thee, boy, I will not see thee want
As long as Elinor hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine uncle heere,
Who shall give honour to thy noble mind.
John. Philip, kneele downe, that thou maist throughly know
How much thy resolution pleaseth us;
Rise up sir Richard Plantaginet, king Richards sonne,
Phil. Grant heavens that Philip once may shew himselfe
Worthy the honour of Plantaginet,
Or basest glorie of a bastards name.
John. Now, gentlemen, we will away to France,
To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be ruler of my realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie abbey-lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The pope and popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward, lords, let our commaund be done, [*Mother.*
And march we forward mightily to France. [*Exeunt.* *Manet* Philip *and his*

Philip. Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.

Mother. What's the matter, Philip? I thinke your suit in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burnes in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No, madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow,
But such a suit, as might some other grant,
I would not now have troubled you withall.
Mother. A Gods name, let us heare it!
Phil. Then madam, thus;—your ladiship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord up and downe,

I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge.
This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What so I doe, or wheresoere I am,
I cannot chase the slaunder from my thoughts;
If it be true, resolve me of my sire,
For pardon, madam, if I thinke amisse.
Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge,
His father doubtlesse was as brave a man.
To you on knees, as sometime Phaeton,
Mistrusting sielly Merop for his sire,
Straining a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.
Moth. Yet more adoe to haste me to my grave,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse myselfe to close with you?
Slaunder myselfe, to quiet your affects?
Thou moov'st me, Philip, with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
Phil. Nay, lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit drives dutie hence awhile:
Your husband Fauconbridge was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of nature like the sire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.
Can nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely judge us both one countrey borne.
This madam, this, hath drove me from myselfe:
And here by heavens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed Nero with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolve me not.
Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And urge no further what thou doest require.
Phil. Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else shee dies: Ile not infringe my vow.
Moth. Unhappy taske: must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings use.
Why wish I so, unhappy as I am?

The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
I blush, I faint; oh, would I might be mute!
Phil. Mother, be briefe, I long to know my name.
Moth. And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.
Phil. Come, madame, come, you need not be so loath,
The shame is shared equall 'twixt us both.
Ist not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,
To be so old, and cannot write my name?
Good mother, resolve me.
Moth. Then, Philip, heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours losse by purchasse of thyselfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimd and staind by youths unruly sway.
And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
To moove by love, or massacre by death.
To yeeld with love, or end by loves contempt.
The mightinesse of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not advantage me so much;
Upbraid me rather with the Romane dame,
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro et contra*, now the deed is done?
When, to conclude, two words may tell the tale,
That Philips father was a princes sonne,
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours losse left me with child of thee,—
Whose sonne thou art; then pardon me the rather,
For faire king Richard was thy noble father.
Phil. Then, Robin Fauconbridge, I wish thee joy,
My sire a king, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady, mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to Plantaginet.
I marry, sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed Mary, Ile not sell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes;
Away, good mother, there the comfort goes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *the* French *king, and* Lewis, Limoges, Constance, *and her sonne* Arthur.

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young Arthur in the Albion territories,
Skaring proud Angiers with a puissant siege:
Brave Austria, cause of Cordelions death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces joyne for Arthurs right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from England come,

Twice should not Titan hide him in the west,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an unresisted shocke
Controld the mannage of prowd Angiers walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to chaunce.
Const. May be that John in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to Fraunce,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.
Arth. Ah, mother, possession of a crowne is much,
And John, as I have heard reported of,
For present vantage would adventure farre.
The world can witnesse, in his brothers time,
He tooke upon him rule, and almost raigne:
Then must it follow, as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l resigne the rule unto his nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,
And sooner would he scorne Europa's power,
Than loose the smallest title he enjoyes;
For questionlesse he is an Englishman.
Lewis. Why are the English peerelesse in compare?
Brave cavaliers as ere that island bred,
Have liv'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet never grac'd their countrey for the cause:
England is England, yeelding good and bad,
And John of England is as other Johns.
Trust me yong Arthur, if thou like my reed,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this need.
Lymog. The Englishman hath little cause, I trowe,
To spend good speaches on so proud a foe.
Why Arthur here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liv'd outrov'd his brother John:
But hastie curres that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their over-match.
But newes comes now, here's the embassadour. [*Enter* Chattilion.
K. Phil. And, in good time, welcome my lord Chattilion:
What newes? will John accord to our command?
Chat. Be I not briefe to tell your highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought us both to France.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld unto the least of your demands.
The mother queene shee taketh on amaine
Gainst lady Constance, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to Albion,
Conjuring Arthur with a grandames care,
To leave his mother; willing him submit
His state to John, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.

More circumstance the season intercepts:
This is the summe, which briefly I have showne.
K. Phil. This bitter wind must nip some-bodies spring:
Sodaine and briefe; why, so, tis harvest weather.
But say, Chattilion, what persons of account are with him?
Chat. Of England, Earle Pembrooke and Salisburie,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a bastard of the kings deceast,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolve.
Then is there with them Elinor mother queene,
And Blanch her neece, daughter to the king of Spaine:
These are the prime birds of this hot adventure.

Enter John *and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.*

K. Phil. Me seemeth, John, an over-daring spirit
Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my confines with thy armed troupes;
I rather lookt for some submisse reply
Touching the claime thy nephew Arthur makes,
To that which thou unjustly dost usurpe.
K. John. For that Chattilion can discharge you all,
I list not pleade my title with my tongue.
Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To France or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchase of my right,
The towne of Angiers: which thou dost begirt
In the behalfe of lady Constance sonne,
Whereto nor he nor she can lay just claime.
Constance. Yes (false intruder) if that just be just,
And head-strong usurpation put apart,
Arthur, my sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst.
Q. Elinor. Misgovern'd gossip, staine to this resort,
Occasion of these undecided jarres,
I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
Thy sonne hath nought to do with that he claimes.
For proofe whereof, I can inferre a will,
That barres the way he urgeth by discent.
Con. A will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the divell is an overseer,
And prowd dame Elinor sole executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were never made to hinder Arthurs right.
Arthur. But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The law intends such testaments as void,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht.
Q. Elinor. Peace, Arthur, peace, thy mother makes thee wings,
To soare with perill after Icarus,
And trust me, yongling, for the fathers sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.
Constance. Beshrew you else how pittifull you are,

Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such grandames and such griefe,
That minister a poyson for pure love.
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be us'd too well?
I, there's the griefe, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a princes raigne.
Q. Elia. Impatient, franticke, common slaunderer,
Immodest dame, unnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not envie to thy sonne,
But justice makes me speake as I have done.
K. Phil. But here's no proofe that shews your sonne a king.
K. J. What wants, my sword shal more at large set down.
Lew. But that may breake before the truth be known.
Bast. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.
Lym. Good words, sir Sauce; your betters are in place.
Bast. Not you, sir Doughtie, with your lyons case.
Blanch. Ah, joy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle belong'd:
Ah, Richard, how thy glory here is wrong'd.
Lym. Me thinks that Richards pride and Richards fall,
Should be a president t' affright you all,
Bast. What words are these? how do my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle!
A thousand furies kindle with revenge;
This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares?
Delay not, Philip, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the savages;
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slave,
What mak'st thou with the trophie of a king?
Sham'st thou not, coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too pretious for a monarkes coverture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the presence of my soveraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee, traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,
Twise will I not review the mornings rise,
Till I have torne that trophie from thy backe,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me Richards sonne.
Lym. Nay, soft, sir bastard, hearts are not split so soone,
Let them rejoyce that at the end doe win:
And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.
Blan. Wel may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That wins this hide to weare a ladies favour.
Bast. Ill may I thrive, and nothing brooke with me,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings, forbeare, for time is comming fast,
That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
And to the purpose for the cause you come.
Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.
So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength:
A tyrants practise to invest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giveth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of Arthur, Geffreys sonne,
Am come before this city of Angiers,
To barre all other false supposed claime,
From whence, or howsoere the error springs,
And in his quarrell on my princely word,
Ile fight it out unto the latest man.

John. Know, King of France, I will not be commanded
By any power or prince in Christendome,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,
More than to answere, that mine owne is mine;
But wilt thou see me parley with the towne,
And heare them offer me allegeance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleeve it till I see it,
And when I see it, Ile soone change it.

They summon the towne; the citizens appeare upon the walls.

K. John. You men of Angiers, and as I take it my loiall subjects, I have summoned you to the walls; to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few words, our brothers sonne, backt with the king of France, have beleagred your towne upon a false pretended title to the same: in defence wherof I your liege lord have brought our power to fence you from the usurper, to free your intended servitude, and utterly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest. Say, then, who keepe you the towne for?

Citizen. For our lawfull king.

John. I was no lesse perswaded: then, in Gods name, open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen. And it please your highnes, we comptroll not your title, neither will wee rashly admit your entrance; if you be lawfull king, with all obedience we keep it to your use; if not king, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate triall; wee answere not as men lawlesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooves lawfull.

John. I shall not come in then?

Citizen. No, my lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me speak in the behalfe of Arthur son of Geffrey, elder brother to John, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of England, with Angiers, and divers townes on this side the sea: wil you acknowledge him your liege lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertain you with all favors, as beseemeth a king to his subjects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is proved by the sword.

Citiz. We answer as before, till you have proved one right, we acknowledge none right; he that tries himselfe our soveraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subjects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the

truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Phil. Then, John, I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of Arthur Plantaginet, thy king and cousin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battel make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. John. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. The bastard chaseth Lymoges *the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyons skin.*

Bast. And art thou gone! misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.
Morpheus, leave here thy silent eban cave,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly objects of pale threatning mors.
Affright him every minute with stearne lookes,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.
Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
The first freehold that Richard left his sonne:
With which I shall surprize his living foes,
As Hectors statue did the fainting Greekes. [*Exit.*

Enter the kings Heraulds with trumpets to the wals of Angiers: *they summon the towne.*

Eng. Her. John, by the grace of God, king of England, lord of Ireland, Anjou, Toraine, &c., demandeth once againe of you, his subjects of Angiers, if you wil quietly surrender up the towne into his hands?

Fr. Herold. Philip, by the grace of God king of France, demaundeth in the behalfe of Arthur duke of Brittaine, if you will surrender up the towne into his hands, to the use of the said Arthur?

Citizens. Herrolds, go tell the two victorious princes, that we, the poore inhabitants of Angiers, require a parley of their majesties.

Herolds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene Elianor, Blanch, Bastard, Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembrooke, Salisbury, Constance, *and* Arthur *Duke of* Brittaine.

John. Herald, what answer doe the townsmen send?

Philip. Will Angiers yeeld to Philip king of France?

Eng. Her. The townsmen on the wals accept your grace.

Fr. Her. And crave a parley of your majesty.

John. You citizens of Angiers, have your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes
Have made upon the coward fraudfull French?
And have you wisely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the English king?

Phil. Their losse in yeelding to the English king.
But, John, they saw from out their highest towers
The chevaliers of France and crosse-bow-shot
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolv'd to yeeld to Arthur's right.

John. Why, Philip, though thou bravst it fore the wals,
Thy conscience knowes that John hath wonne the field.
Phi. What ere my conscience knowes, thy army feeles
That Philip had the better of the day.
Bastard. Philip indeed hath got the lions case,
Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace.
Base duke, to flie and leave such spoiles behind;
But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.
It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waves like mountaines fore the wind,
That throwes out emptie vessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth sayle away.
Philip, 'tis thine; and fore this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first adventure I atchiev'd,
And first exploite your grace did me enjoyne:
Yet many more I long to be enjoyn'd.
Blanch. Philip, I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy father did;
Therewith receive this favour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow Richards fame.
Arth. Ye cittizens of Angiers, are ye mute?
Arthur or John, say which shall be your king?
Cittizen. We care not which, if once we knew the right,
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.
Bast. Might Philip counsell two so mightie kings,
As are the kings of England and of France,
He would advise your graces to unite,
And knit your forces gainst these cittizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The towne once wonne, then strive about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.
Citti. Kings, princes, lords, and knights assembled here,
The cittizens of Angiers all by me
Entreate your majestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their advice.
John. Phil. Speake on, we give thee leave.
Cittiz. Then thus: whereas the young and lusty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot chuse but please the good.
And such as love the quiet of the state.
But how, my lords, how shold your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subjects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But unto peace your forces should be knit,
To live in princely league and amitie:
Doe this, the gates of Angiers shall give way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of love,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.

Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of France,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet unmarried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the king of Spaine,
Neece to K. John, the lovely lady Blanch,
Begotten on his sister Elianor.
With her in marriage will her unkle give
Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.
The kings thus joynd in league of perfect love,
They may so deale with Arthur duke of Britaine,
Who is but young, and yet unmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented every way.
Thus have I boldly (for the common good)
Delivered what the citie gave in charge.
And as upon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the towne.
Arth. A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my landes to make them friends.
Q. Elian. Sonne John, follow this motion, as thou lovest thy mother.
Make league with Philip, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis shall have my neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall have small succour out of France.
John. Brother of France, you heare the citizens;
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.
Const. Why, John, what canst thou give unto thy neece?
Thou hast no foote of land but Arthurs right.
Lew. Bir-lady citizens, I like your choyce,
A lovely damsell is the lady Blanch,
Worthy the heire of Europe for her pheere.
Const. What, kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why, how now, lords? accursed cittizens,
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from Arthurs losse.
Some dismall planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.
K. Phil. Ladie, and duke of Brittaine, know you both,
The king of France respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and favourers.
Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my sonne,
If we upon conditions could agree?
Bast. Swounds, madam, take an English gentleman;
Slave as I was, I thought to have moov'd the match.
Grandame, you made me halfe a promise once,
That lady Blanch should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of English land.
Q. Elian. Peace, Philip, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policie compound this strife.
Bastar. If Lewis get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frollicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If Philip front him with an English horne.
John. Ladie, what answer make you to the K. of France?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your lord?

Blanch. I thanke the king that likes of me so well,
To make me bride unto so great a prince;
But give me leave, my lord, to pause on this,
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.
Q. Elinor. Sonne John, and worthy Philip K. of France,
Do you confer awhile about the dower,
And I will schoole my modest neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you have done.
Constance. I, theres the wretch that brocheth all this il;
Why flie I not upon the Beldams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes?
Arthur. Sweet mother, cease these hastie madding fits;
For my sake, let my grandam have her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But, mother, let us wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.
Phil. Brother of England, what dowrie wilt thou give
Unto my sonne in marriage with thy neece?
John. First, Philip knowes her dowrie out of Spaine,
To be so great as may content a king:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I give in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leave it to thine owne demand.
Phil. Then I demaund Volquesson, Torain, Main,
Poiters and Anjou, these five provinces,
Which thou as king of England holdst in France;
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.
Bast. No lesse then five such provinces at once?
John. Mother, what shal I do? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our English bloud;
And shall I give it all away at once?
Q. Elin. John, give it him, so shalt thou live in peace,
And keepe the residue sans jeopardie.
John. Philip, bring foorth thy sonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do give with her
From me and my successors English kings,
Volquesson, Poiters, Anjou, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now, cittizens, how like you of this match?
Citiz. We joy to see so sweete a peace begun.
Lewis. Lewis with Blanch shall ever live content.
But now, king John, what say you to the duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.
Phil. K. John, be good unto thy nephew here,
And give him somewhat that shall please you best.
John. Arthur, although thou troublest Englands peace,
Yet here I give thee Brittaine for thine owne,
Together with the earledome of Richmont,
And this rich cittie of Angiers withall.
Q. Elian. And if thou seeke to please thine uncle John,
Shalt see my sonne how I will make of thee.

John. Now every thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in S. Maries chappell presently
Shall be performed ere this presence part. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Constance *and*
Art. Madam, good cheere, these drouping languishments [Arthur.
Adde no redresse to salve our awkward haps;
If heavens have concluded these events,
To small availe is bitter pensivenesse:
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our releefe.
Const. Ah, boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
What joy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?
Arth. Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
Rather then helpes, heape up more worke for woes.
Const. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores revenge:
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whose perjurie, as proud Briareus,
Beleaguers all the skie with mis-beleefe.
He promist, Arthur, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride:
But now, black-spotted perjure as he is,
He takes a truce with Elnors damned brat,
And marries Lewis to her lovely neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these lovers; ill betide the match.
And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares;
So heav'ns crosse them with a thriftlesse course.
Is all the blood yspilt on either part,
Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
Growne to a love-game and a bridall feast?
And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes?
Poore helplesse boy, hopelesse and helplesse too,
To whom misfortune seemes no yoake at all.
Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care;
Why lookst thou pale? the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles discourse;
Goe in with me, reply not, lovely boy,
We must obscure this mone with melodie,
Least worser wrack ensue our male-content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, *the King of* France, Arthur, Bastard, Lewis, Lymoges, Constance, Blanch, Chattillion, Pembrooke, Salisburie, *and* Elianor.

John. This is the day, the long-desired day,

Wherein the realmes of England and of France
Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,
From whose sweet bridall such a concord springs,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.
Const. Ungodly peace made by anothers warre.
Phil. Unhappie peace, that tyes thee from revenge;
Rouze thee, Plantaginet, live not to see
The butcher of the great Plantaginet.
Kings, princes, and ye peeres of either realmes,
Pardon my rashnes, and forgive the zeale
That carries me in furie to a deede
Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone (O kings) a boone doth Philip begge
Prostrate upon his knee; which knee shall cleave
Unto the superficies of the earth,
Till France and England grant this glorious boone.
John. Speake, Philip, England grants thee thy request.
Phil. And France confirmes what ere is in his power.
Bast. Then, duke, sit fast, I levell at thy head,
Too base a ransome for my fathers life.
Princes, I crave the combate with the duke,
That braves it in dishonour of my sire.
Your words are past, nor can you now reverse
The princely promise that revives my soule,
Whereat me thinkes I see his sinewes shake;
This is the boone (dread lords) which, granted once,
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule;
Since I shall live and die in Richards right.
Lym. Base bastard, misbegotton of a king,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a dukes disgrace;
Let it suffice, I scorne to joyne in fight,
With one so farre unequall to myselfe.
Bast. A fine excuse! kings, if you will be kings,
Then keepe your words, and let us combate it.
John. Philip, we cannot force the duke to fight,
Beeing a subject unto neither realme:
But tell me, Austria, if an English duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?
Lym. Else let the world account the Austrich duke
The greatest coward living on the earth.
John. Then cheere thee, Philip, John wil keep his word;
Kneele downe, in sight of Philip king of France,
And all these princely lords assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of Normandie,
And of that land I do invest thee duke;
So shalt thou be in living and in land,
Nothing inferiour unto Austria.
Lym. K. John, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'st mine honour; and that thou mai'st see,
How much I scorne thy new made duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compeld:

And so farewell, sir duke of lowe degree,
Ile finde a time to match you for this geare. [*Exit.*
John. Stay, Philip, let him goe; the honours thine.
Bast. I cannot live, unlesse his life be mine.
Q. Elia. Thy forwardnes this day hath joy'd my soule,
And made me thinke my Richard lives in thee.
K. Phil. Lordings, let's in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Card. Stay, king of France, I charge thee joyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know, John, that I, Pandulph, cardinall of Millaine, and legate from the sea of Rome, demand of thee in the name of our holy father, the Pope Innocent, why thou do'st (contrary to the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father the Pope) disturb the quiet of the church, and disanull the election of Stephen Langhton, whom his holinesse hath elected archbishop of Canterburie; this, in his holinesse name, I demaund of thee.

John. And what hast thou, or the Pope thy master, to do to demand of me, how I imploy mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honor the church and holy churchmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me, and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shal either have tythe, tole, or polling peny out of England; but as I am king, so will I raigne next under God, supreame head both over spiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headlesse.

K. Phil. What, K. John, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

John. Philip, though thou and all the princes of Christendome suffer themselves to be abus'd by a prelates slavery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee king of England, let him win it with the sword; I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Card. John, this is thine answer?

John. What then?

Card. Then I, Pandulph of Padua, legate from the apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoever, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

John. So, sir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares; if God blesse me and my land, let the pope and his shavelings curse and spare not.

Card. Furthermore, I charge thee, Philip K. of Fraunce, and all the kings and princes of Christendome, to make warre upon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe, in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as unlawfull, beeing made with an hereticke; howe sai'st thou, Philip? do'st thou obey?

John. Brother of France, what say you to the cardinall?

Phil. I say, I am sory for your majestie, requesting you to submit yourselfe to the church of Rome.

John. And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

Phil. What should I say? I must obey the pope.

John. Obey the pope, and breake your oath to God?

Phil. The legate hath absolv'd me of mine oath;
Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee here.
John. Why, Philip, I defie the pope and thee,
False as thou art, and perjur'd king of France,
Unworthy man to be accounted king.
Giv'st thou thy sword into a prelates hands?
Pandulph, where I of abbots, monkes, and friers
Have taken somewhat to maintaine my wars,
Now will I take no more but all they have.
Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels,
And in despight Ile send them to the pope.
Mother, come you with me, and for the rest
That will not follow John in this attempt,
Confusion light upon their damned soules.
Come, lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good.
Phil. And are they gone? Pandulph, thyselfe shalt see
How France will fight for Rome and Romish rites.
Nobles, to armes! let him not passe the seas,
Let's take him captive, and in triumph lead
The K. of England to the gates of Rome.
Arthur, bestirre thee, man, and thou shalt see
What Philip K. of France will doe for thee.
Blanch. And will your grace, upon your wedding day,
Forsake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me.
Lew. Sweet heart, content thee, and wee shall agree.
Phil. Follow, my lords; lord Cardinall, lead the way;
Drums shal be musicke to this wedding day. [*Exeunt.*

Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, *and kils him.*

Bast. Thus hath K. Richards son performd his vowes,
And offred Austria's blood for his sacrifice
Unto his fathers everliving soule.
Brave Cordelion, now my heart doth say,
I have deserv'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy Philips heart,
As to be cald the duke of Normandie.
Lie there a prey to every rav'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine ensignes underneath his feet,
So doe I tread upon thy cursed selfe,
And leave thy body to the fowles for food. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewis, *having taken Q.* Elianor *prisoner.*

Const. Thus hath the God of kings, with conquering arme,
Dispearst the foes to true succession;
Proud, and disturber of thy countries peace,
Constance doth live to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now avenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.
Q. Elinor. Contemptuous dame, unreverent dutches thou,

To brave so great a queene as Elianor;
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie English kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth, sir boy,
To set your grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to John your uncle and your king.
Const. T'is not thy words, proud queene, shall carry it.
Elin. Nor yet thy threates, proud dame, shal daunt my mind.
Arth. Sweete grandam, and good mother, leave these braules.
Elian. Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.
Const. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that Constance will triumph.
Arthur. Good mother, weigh it is, queene Elinor.
Though she be captive, use her like herselfe.
Sweet grandame, beare with what my mother sayes,
Your highnesse shall be used honourably. [*Enter a messenger.*
Mess. Lewis, my lord, duke Arthur, and the rest,
To armes in hast; K. John relyes his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.
Lewis. Arthur, away, t'is time to looke about.
Eli. Why, how now, dame? what, is your courage coold?
Const. No, Elinor, my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to leade both John and thee as slaves:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [*Exeunt.*

Excursions. Elianor *is rescued by* John, *and* Arthur *is taken prisoner.* *Exeunt.*
Sound victory.

Enter John, Elianor, *and* Arthur *prisoner*, Bastard, Pembrooke, Salisbury, *and* Hubert de Burgh.

John. Thus right triumphs, and John triumphs in right:
Arthur, thou seest, Fraunce cannot bolster thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last, nephew, thou yeeld thyselfe
Into the gardance of thine uncle John,
Thou shalt be used as becomes a prince.
Arthur. Uncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captivitie with patience.
Might hath prevaild, not right, for I am king
Of England, though thou weare the diademe.
Q. Elin. Sonne John, soone shall wee teach him to forget
These prowd presumptions, and to know himselfe.
John. Mother, he never will forget his claime;
I would he livde not to remember it.
But leaving this, we will to England now,
And take some order with our popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of laymens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the abbeis, cloysters, priories,
Convert their coine unto my souldiers use:
And whatsoere he be within my land,
That goes to Rome for justice and for law,

While he may have his right within the realme,
Let him be judgde a traitor to the state,
And suffer as an enemy to England.
Mother, wee leave you here beyond the seas,
As regent of our provinces in France,
While we to England take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gave us victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take Arthur here to thee;
Be he thy prisoner; Hubert, keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy soveraignes crowne.
But in his death consists thy soveraignes blisse;
Then, Hubert, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So use the prisoner I have given in charge.
Hubert. Frolicke, yong prince, thogh I your keeper be,
Yet shall your keeper live at your command.
Arthur. As please my God, so shall become of me.
Q. Elian. My sonne, to England I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.
Bastard. Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To dive into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make some sport among the smooth-skind nunnes,
And keepe some revell with the fauzen friers.
John. To England, lords, each looke unto your charge,
And arme yourselves against the Roman pride. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King of France, Lewes *his sonne, Cardinall* Pandolph *Legate, and* Constance.

Philip. What, every man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droope ye lords of France?
Methinkes it differs from a warrelike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had Lymoges escapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might have servde our losse.
Brave Austria, heaven joyes to have thee there.
Card. His soule is safe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath dispenst his sinnes,
The blessed saints have heard our orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst English heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother church.
Philip. To aggravate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes Constance for her sonne. [*Enter* Constance *alone.*
Be breefe, good madame, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet untold.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeth mis-befalne events;
Out with it, ladie, that our act may end
A full catastrophe of sad laments.
Constance. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap;
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speake? let teares prevent her talke:

Must I discourse? let Dido sigh and say,
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy:
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath rob'd me of my sonne.
Lewis. Have patience, madame, this is chance of warre;
He may be ransom'd, we revenge his wrong.
Const. Be it ne'r so soone, I shall not live so long.
Phil. Despaire not yet; come, Constance, go with me;
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. [*Exeunt.*
Card. Now, Lewis, thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is safe, let John alone with him;
Thy title next is fairst to Englands crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with John;
The Pope sayes, I, and so is Albion thine.
Lewis. Thanks, my lord legat, for your good conceit,
T'is best we follow now the game is faire;
My father wants to worke him your good words.
Card. A few will serve to forward him in this;
Those shall not want; but let's about it then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *leading a friar, charging him shew where the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on, you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but shew me where the abbots treasure lies, or die.
Friar. Benedicamus Domini, was ever such an injurie?
Sweet S. Withold of thy lenitie, defend us from extremitie,
And heare us for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.
In nomini Domini, make I my homily;
Gentle gentilitie, grieve not the cleargie.
Phil. Gray-gown'd good face, conjure ye; nere trust me for a groat,
If this wast girdle hang thee not, that girdeth in thy coat.
Now bald and barefoot Bungie birds, when up the gallowes climing,
Say Philip he had words enough, to put you downe with riming.
Fr. O pardon, *O parce*,—S. Francis for mercie,
Shall shield thee from night-spels,—and dreaming of divels;
If thou wilt forgive me,—and never more grieve me,
With fasting and praying,—and, Haile, Marie, saying,
From blacke purgatorie,—a penance right sory:
Frier Thomas will warme you,—It shall never harme you.
Phil. Come, leave off your rabble,—sir, hang up this lozell.
2 *Fr.* For charitie, I beg his life,—Saint Francis chiefest frier,
The best in all our covent, sir, to keepe a vintners fire.
O strangle not the good old man, my hostesse oldest guest,
And I will bring you, by and by, unto the priors chest.
Phil. I, saist thou so, and if thou wilt, the frier is at liberty;
If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company.
Fr. Come hither, this is the chest, thogh simple to behold,
That wanteth not a thousand pound in silver and in gold.
Myself wil warrant ful so much, I know the abbots store,
Ile pawn my life there is no lesse, to have what ere is more.
Phil. I take thy word, the overplus unto thy share shal come,
But if there want of full so much, thy necke shall pay the summe.
Breake up the coffer, frier.

Frier. Oh, I am undone,—faire Alice the nunne
Hath tooke up her rest,—in the abbots chest.
Sancte benedicite,—pardon my simplicitie.
Fie, Alice, confession,—will not salve this transgression.
Philip. What have we here, a holy nunne? so keepe me God in health,
A smooth-facde nunne (for aught I know) is al the abbots wealth.
Is this the nunries chastitie? beshrew me but I thinke,
They go as oft to venery as niggards to their drinke.
Why, paltry frier and pandar too, yee shamelesse shaven crowne,
Is this the chest that held a hoord,—at least a thousand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whore? well, be the hangman nimble,
Hee'l take the paine to pay you home, and teach you to dissemble.
Nunne. O spare the frier, Anthony, a better never was
To sing a dirige solemnely, or reade a morning masse.
If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient nunne,
That hath a hoord these seven yeeres, did never see the sunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours, so favour now be showne,
You shall commaund as commonly, as if it were your owne.
Frier. Your honour excepted.
Nunne. I, Thomas, I meane so.
Philip. From all save from friers.
Nunne. Good sir, doe not thinke so.
Philip. I thinke and see so: why, how camst thou here?
Frier. To hide her from lay men.
Nunne. Tis true, sir, for feare,
Philip. For feare of the laitie: a pitifull dred,
When a nunne flies for succour to a fat friers bed.
But now for your ransome, my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chest that you speake of where lies so much mony.
Nun. Faire sir, within this presse, of plate and mony is
The valew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let us alone, and take it all; tis yours, sir, now you know it.
Phi. Come on, sir frier, picke the locke, this geere doth cotton hansome,
That covetousnes so cunningly must pay the letchers ransome.
What is in the hoord?
Frier. Frier Laurence, my lord,—now holy-water helpe us!
Some witch or some divell is sent to delude us:
Haud credo Laurentius,—that thou shouldst be pend thus
In the presse of a nunne—we are all undone,
And brought to discredence—if thou be frier Laurence.
Frier. Amor vincit omnia, so Cato affirmeth,
And therefore a frier whose fancie soone burneth,
Because he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.
Philip. How goes this geere? the friers chest filld with a fausen nunne.
The nunne again lockes frier up, to keepe him from the sunne.
Belike the presse is purgatorie, or penance passing grievous:
The friers chest a hell for nunnes! how doe these dolts deceive us?
Is this the labour of their lives, to feede and live at ease?
To revell so lasciviously as often as they please.
Ile mend the fault or fault my aime, if I doe misse amending,
Tis better burne the cloysters downe, than leave them for offending.
But holy you, to you I speake, to you, religious divell,
Is this the presse that holds the summe, to quit you for your evill?

Nun. I crie, *peccavi, parce me*,—good sir, I was beguil'd.
Fr. Absolve, sir, for charitie,—shee would bee reconcil'd.
Phil. And so I shall; sirs, bind them fast, this is their absolution;—
Goe hang them up for hurting them, haste them to execution.
Fr. Laurence. O tempus edax rerum,
Give children bookes, they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætatis*,
At threescore welneere to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me domine, sivis me parce,
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling, for my lives sparing.

Enter Peter *a prophet, with people.*

Pet. Hoe, who is here? S. Francis be your speed;
Come in, my flocke, and follow me; your fortunes I will reed.
Come hither, boy, goe get thee home, and clime not over hie,
For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.
Boy. God be with you, Peter, I pray you come to our house a Sunday.
Pet. My boy, shew me thy hand, blesse thee, my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwel,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.
Boy. I thanke you, Peter, theres a cheese for your labor; my sister prayes yee to come home, and tell her how many husbands she shall have, and shee'l give you a rib of bacon.
Peter. My masters, stay at the townes-end for me. Ile come to you all anone; I must dispatch some busines with a frier, and then Ile reade your fortunes.
Philip. How now, a prophet! sir prophet, whence are ye?
Peter. I am of the world and in the world, but live not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be answered; if not, enquire no more what I am.
Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knave, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies; you are hee I look for, you shal away with me: bring away all the rable, and you frier Laurence, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for yourselfe, and the rest; come on, sir prophet, you shall with me, to receive a prophets rewarde. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hubert de Burgh, *with three men.*

Hubert. My masters, I have shewed you what warrant I have for this attempt; I perceive by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and, for my owne part, I would the king had made choice of some other executioner; only this is my comfort, that a king commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default: therefore, in briefe, leave me, and be ready to attend the adventure: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God save the king, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on Arthur, set him in this chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leave him with me to finish the rest.
Attendants. We goe, though loath. [*Exeunt.*
Hubert. My lord, will it please your honour to take the benefit of the faire evening? [*Enter* Arthur *to* Hubert de Burgh.
Arthur. Gramercie, Hubert, for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne.
The joy of walking is small benefit,

Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks;
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me, curteous keeper, if thou can,
How long the king will have me tarrie heere.
Hubert. I know not, prince, but, as I gesse, not long:
God send you freedome, and God save the king. [*They issue forth.*
Arthur. Why, how now, sirs? what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me, Hubert, gentle keeper, help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reave a wretched guiltles life.
Hubert. So, sirs, depart, and leave the rest for me.
Arth. Then, Arthur, yeeld! death frowneth in thy face!
What meaneth this? good Hubert, pleade the case.
Hubert. Patience, yong lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.
Arthur. What, must I die?
Hubert. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast;
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.
Arthur. Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare:
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it, man, if it must needes be done;
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.
Hubert. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office have at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe;
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.
"Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet."
Arthur. Ah, monstrous damned man! his very breath infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world;
Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens
Of great injustice, that the miscreant
Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah, Hubert! makes he thee his instrument,
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heaven weepes, the saints do shed celestiall teares,
They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience, moving pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell;
Hell, Hubert, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensureth Satan chiefetaine of thy soule:
Subscribe not, Hubert, give not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eies priviledge,

The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:
A cause internall, and eternall too.
Advise thee, Hubert, for the case is hard,
To loose salvation for a kings reward.
Hubert. My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the kings commaund.
Arthur. Yet God commaunds, whose power reacheth further,
That no command should stand in force to murther.
Hubert. But that same essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur. I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.
Hubert. But that appeale, my lord, concernes not me.
Arthur. Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hubert. I, if my soveraigne would omit his quarrell.
Arthur. His quarrell is unhallowed, false and wrong.
Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur. Why, thats to thee, if thou, as they proceede,
Conclude their judgement with so vile a deede.
Hubert. Why, then no execution can be lawfull,
If judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
Arthur. Yes, where in forme of law, in place and time,
Th offender is convicted of the crime.
Hubert. My lord, my lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes up more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolvde I end,
That subjects lives on kings commands depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge, since he commaunds it so.
Arthur. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent:
Send foorth the terror of your moovers frowne,
To wreake my wrong upon the murtherers,
That rob me of your faire reflecting view;
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deepe Tartary
Upbraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not, Hubert, my orisons are ended;
Begin, I pray thee, reave me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance, farewell; tormenter, come away;
Make my dispatch the tyrants feasting day.
Hubert. I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist;
Faint, did I say? feare was it that I named;
My king commaunds, that warrant sets me free;
But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
That great commaunder countercheckes my charge,

He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
Goe, cursed tooles, your office is exempt;
Cheere thee, yong lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
Ile to the king, and say his will is done,
And of the langor tell him thou art dead;
Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne
To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so.
Arthur. Hubert, if ever Arthur be in state,
Looke for amends of this received gift:
I took my eiesight by thy curtesie:
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend
The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes:
Depart we, Hubert, to prevent the worst. [*Exeunt.*

Enter K. John, Essex, Salisbury, Pembrooke.

John. Now, warlike followers, resteth aught undone
That may impeach us of fond oversight?
The French have felt the temper of our swords,
Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
Checking their overdaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an overmatch;
The arch prowd titled priest of Italy,
That calles himselfe grand vicar under God,
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
To ease their soules in painefull purgatorie
That have miscarried in these bloody warres.
Heard you not, lords, when first his holinesse
Had tidings of our small account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting upon his toes,
He urgde a reason why the English asse
Disdaind the blessed ordinance of Rome?
The title (reverently might I inferre)
Became the kings that earst have borne the load;
The slavish weight of that controlling priest:
Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
I grieve to thinke how kings in ages past
(Simply devoted to the sea of Rome)
Have run into a thousand acts of shame.
But now for confirmation of our state,
Sith we have proind the more than needfull braunch
That did oppresse the true well-growing stocke,
It resteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclaimed and invested king.
Pemb. My liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause
Your citie streets have ecchoed to the eare,
God save the king, God save our soveraigne John;
Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre

Your highnesse not deposde from regall state,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it should meane to have you crownd againe.
John. Pembrooke, performe what I have bid thee do;
Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
Essex, goe in, and, lordings, all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anone. [*Enter the Bastard.*
Philip, what newes, how do the abbots chests?
Are friers fatter than the nunnes are faire?
What cheere with church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?
Phil. My lord, I have performd your highnes charge;
The ease-bred abbots, and the bare foote friers,
The monks, the priors, and holy cloystred nunnes,
Are all in health, and were, my lord, in wealth,
Till I had tithde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not, when your highnesse sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.
John. Why so, now sorts it, Philip, as it should:
This small intrusion into abbey trunkes,
Will make the popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones fore the springs approach:
But yet as harmelesse and without effect,
As is the eccho of a cannons cracke
Dischargde against the battlements of heaven.
But what newes else befell there, Philip?
Bast. Strange newes, my lord: within your territories,
Neere Pomfret is a prophet new sprung up,
Whose divination volleis wonders foorth;
To him the commons throng with countrey gifts;
He sets a date unto the beldames death,
Prescribes how long the virgins state shall last,
Distinguisheth the mooving of the heavens,
Gives limits unto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth:
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heaven,
Or kept a register of all the destinies.
Joh. Thou telst me marvels; would thou hadst brought the man;
We might have question'd him of things to come.
Bastard. My lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wist,
And brought the prophet with me to the court;
He staies, my lord, but at the presence doore;
Pleaseth your highnesse, I will call him in.
John. Nay, stay awhile, wee'l have him here anone;
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter the nobles and crowne King John, *and then cry,* '*God save the king.*'

John. Lordings and friends, supporters of our state,
Admire not at this unaccustomed course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.

Once ere this time was I invested king,
Your fealtie sworne as liegemen to our state;
Once since that time ambitious weedes have sprung
To staine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heavens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Have to our joy, made sunne-shine chase the storme.
After the which, to trie your constancie,
That now I see is worthy of your names;
We crav'd once more your helps for to invest us
Into the right that envy sought to wracke.
Once was I not deposde, your former choice;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded king?
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witnesse of your loves,
And binds me over in a kingly care
To render love with love, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes, lordings, to you all:
Aske me and use me, trie me and finde me yours.
Essex. A boone, my lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.
Pemb. We take the time your highnesse bids us aske;
Please it you grant, you make your promise good,
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire,
That not remembred falleth from your head.
John. My word is past; receive your boone, my lords;
What may it be? aske it, and it is yours.
Ess. We crave, my lord, to please the commons with
The libertie of lady Constance sonne;
Whose durance darkeneth your highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Yourselfe were doubtfull of the thing you have.
Dismisse him thence, your highnesse needs not feare,
Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our king.
Pemb. This, if you grant, were all unto your good;
For simple people muse you keepe him close.
Joh. Your words have searcht the center of my thoghts,
Confirming warrant of your loyalties;
Dismisse your counsell, sway my state;
Let John doe nothing, but by your consents.
Why, how now, Philip, what extasie is this?
Why casts thou up thy eyes to heaven so? [*There the five moones appeare.*
Bast. See, see, my lord, strange apparitions!
Glancing mine eie to see the diadem
Plac'd by the bishops on your highnesse head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine-like
Displaid itselfe, I suddainely espied
Five moones reflecting, as you see them now;
Even in the moment that the crowne was plac'd,
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.
Joh. What might portend these apparitions,
Unusuall signes, forerunners of event,

Presagers of strange terrors to the world;
Beleeve me, lords, the object feares me much.
Philip, thou toldst me of a wizard but of late;
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.
Pemb. The heavens frowne upon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious unaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.
Essex. Before the ruines of Jerusalem,
Such meteors were the ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Bastard with the prophet.

John. Is this the man?
Bast. It is, my lord.
John. Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,
That calculat'st of many things to come;
Who by a power repleat with heavenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these five moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I live to see
Thy divination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee above all earthly men.
Pet. The skie wherein these moones have residence,
Presenteth Rome the great metropolis,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure provinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this island Albion,
Who gins to scorne the sea and seat of Rome,
And seekes to shunne the edicts of the pope;
This showes the heaven, and this I doe averre,
Is figured in the apparitions.
John. Why, then it seemes the heavens smile on us,
Giving applause for leaving of the pope.
But for they chance in our meridian,
Doe they effect no private growing ill,
To be inflicted on us in this clime?
Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said;
But on some other knowledge that I have,
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Have brought the sunne unto his usuall height,
Of crowne, estate, and royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossest.
Joh. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes!
Villaine, thou woundst me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;
If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:

Hence with the witch, hels damned secretarie!
Locke him up sure: for, by my faith, I sweare,
True or not true, the wizard shall not live.
Before Ascension day; who should be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime myselfe,
The roote doth live, from whence these thornes spring up,
I and my promise past for his deliv'rie:
Frowne, friends, faile, faith, the divell goe withall,
The brat shall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and Essex, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your favours with my feare;
Nay, murmure not, my will is lawe enough;
I love you well, but if I lov'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent. [*Enter* Hubert.
How now, what newes with thee?
Hub. According to your highnesse strict command,
Young Arthurs eies are blinded and extinct.
Joh. Why, so, then he may feele the crown, but never see it.
Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the extream paine,
Within one houre gave he up the ghost.
Joh. What, is he dead?
Hub. He is, my lord.
Joh. Then with him dies my cares.
Essex. Now joy betide thy soule.
Pemb. And heavens revenge thy death.
Essex. What have you done, my lord? was ever heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie revenge.
Unkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
To clip the beautie of so sweete a flower.
What hope in us for mercie on a fault,
When kinsman dies without impeach of cause,
As you have done, so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall never be cast me in my teeth. [*Exeunt.*
Joh. And are you gone? the divell be your guide;
Proud rebels as ye are, to brave me so:
Saucie, uncivill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues give edge unto the fatall knife,
That shall have passage through thy trayt'rous throats.
But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
Lest time prevent the issue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead; I, there the corzie growes:
But while he liv'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
To whom the divell owes an open shame;
His life a foe that leveld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who living aimed shrewdly at my roome:
But to prevent that plea, twice was I crown'd,

Twice did my subjects sweare me fealtie,
And in my conscience lov'd me as their liege,
In whose defence they would have pawn'd their lives.
But now they shun me as a serpents sting,
A tragyke tyrant, sterne and pitilesse,
And not a title followes after John,
But butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer.
What planet govern'd my nativitie,
To bode me soveraigne types of high estate,
So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no interest?
Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay, curst my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curst be my birth-day, curst ten times the wombe
That yeelded me alive into the world.
Art thou there, villaine, furies haunt thee still,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why here's, my lord, your highnes hand and seale,
Charging on lives regard to do the deed.

John. Ah! dull conceipted pesant, knowst thou not
It was a damned execrable deed?
Shewst me a seale? oh! villaine, both our soules
Have solde their freedome to the thrall of hell
Under the warrant of that cursed seale.
Hence, villaine, hang thyselfe, and say in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hubert. My lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heavens health send Sathan packing hence,
That instigates your highnesse to despaire.
If Arthurs death be dismall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of untruth:
He lives, my lord, the sweetest youth alive,
In health, with eie-sight not a haire amisse.
This heart took vigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.

John. What, lives he! then sweete hope come home
Chase hence despaire, the purveyor for hell.
Hye, Hubert, tell these tidings to my lords,
That throb in passions for yong Arthurs death:
Hence, Hubert, stay not till thou hast reveald
The wished newes of Arthurs happy health.
I goe myselfe, the joyfullst man alive,
To storie out this new supposed crime. [*Exeunt.*

[The First Part concludes with this speech, and, previously to the commencement of the Second, are inserted the following lines, addressed, "To the Gentlemen Readers," which appear to partake of the nature of a prologue, although they were probably only an addition made by direction of the publisher.]

The changelesse purpose of determinde fate
Gives period to our care, or hearts content,
When heav'ns fixt time for this or that hath end;
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie prevent
The doome ordained in their secret will.

Gentles, we left King John repleate with blisse
That Arthur livde, whom he supposed slaine;
And Hubert posting to returne those lords,
Who deem'd him dead, and parted discontent:
Arthur himselfe begins our latter act,
Our act of outrage, desprate furie, death;
Wherein fond rashnesse murdreth first a prince,
And monkish falsenesse poysneth last a king;
First scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,
And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie.

The Second Part of the troublesome raigne of King John. Containing the entrance of Lewis the French Kings Sonne: with the poysoning of King John by a Monke.

Enter yong Arthur *on the walls.*

Now help, good hap, to further mine entent;
Crosse not my youth with any more extremes;
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And, if I die, worlds troubles have an end.
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolve,
My holde will faile, and then, alas! I fall,
And, if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and live in prison still.
Prison, said I? nay, rather death than so;
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter, sure; tis but a leape for life.
He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was woke from his traunce, speakes thus;
Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me up.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake, hoe! where are you gone?
Ay me, poore Arthur, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death, indeed; O God, my bones are burst.
Sweete Jesu save my soule, forgive my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When shee shall heare my tragycke overthrowe.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunke;
I die, I die, heaven take my fleeting soule,
And, lady mother, all good hap to thee. [*He dies.*

Enter Pembrooke, Salisburie, Essex.

Essex. My lords of Pembrooke and of Salisburie,
We must be carefull in our policie,
To undermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we never find the princes grave.
Pemb. My lord of Essex, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? lo, lords! the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the mornings blush,

Cast out a-doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge upon.
Salisb. O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.
Essex. Leave childish teares, brave lords of England,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobs would helpe, or sorows serve the turne,
My heart should volley out deepe-piercing plaints.
But bootelesse were't to breath as many sighes,
As might ecclipse the brightest sommers sunne;
Here rests the helpe, a service to his ghost.
Let not the tyrant, causer of this dole,
Live to triumph in ruthfull massacres;
Give hand and heart, and, Englishmen, to armes!
Tis Gods decree to wreake us of these harmes.
Pemb. The best advice; but who comes posting here? [*Enter* Hubert.
Right noble lords, I speake unto you all,
The king entreats your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me,
For executing of his strict command.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
He craves your company, my lords, in haste,
To whom I will conduct young Arthur straight,
Who is in health under my custody.
Essex. In health, base villaine, were't not I leave the crime
To Gods revenge, to whom revenge belongs,
Here should'st thou perish on my rapiers point.
Call'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.
Hub. My lords, but heare me speake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong prince alive,
Maugre the hastie edict of the king,
Who gave me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gave me living to this houre,
Thunder revenge upon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earnest love,
So God love me, and then I shall be well.
Sals. Hence, traytor, hence, thy counsel is herein. [*Exit* Hubert.
Some in this place appointed by the king,
Have throwne him from this lodging here above,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.
Essex. How say you, lords, shal we with speed dispatch
Under our hands a packet into France,
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.
Besides, the Pope, on peril of his curse,
Hath bard us of obedience unto John;

This hatefull murder, Lewis his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiv'd from Rome,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make us all persever in this deed.
Pemb. My lord of Essex, well have you advis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.
Salisb. And Salisbury will not gainesay the same:
But aide that course as farre forth as he can.
Essex. Then each of us send straight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterprise:
And let us all yclad in palmers weed,
The tenth of April at S. Edmunds Bury
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecie and aid to this advise.
Meane while, let us convey this body hence,
And give him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his months mind, and his obsequies
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you, lordings, are you all agreed?
Pemb. The tenth of April at S. Edmunds Burie,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.
Essex. Then let us all convey the body hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter K. John, *with two or three, and the prophet.*

Joh. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That every object these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come; John, feare not then
The prodigies this pratling prophet threats.
Tis come, indeed: ah! were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.
The diall tels me, it is twelve at noone.
Were twelve at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine,
Remove the sunne from our meridian,
Unto the moonested circle of th' Antipodes,
As turne this steele from twelve to twelve agen,
Then, John, the date of fatall prophecies,
Should with the prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*
Peter, unsay thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of England here I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.
Peter. King John, although the time I have prescrib'd
Be but twelve houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King John shall not be king as heretofore.
John. Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so soone,

To set a king beside his regall seat?
My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,
Onely my barons storme at Arthurs death;
But Arthur lives; I, there the challenge growes;
Were he dispatch'd unto his longest home,
Then were the king secure of thousand foes.
Hubert, what newes with thee? where are my lords?
Hub. Hard newes, my lord; Arthur, the lovely prince,
Seeking to escape over the castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.
Joh. Is Arthur dead? then, Hubert, without more words hang the prophet.
Away with Peter; villain, out of my sight;
I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.
Now, John, thy feares are vanisht into smoake;
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I strived for a crowne,
I could have well affoarded to thine age,
Long life, and happinesse to thy content. [*Enter the Bastard.*
Joh. Philip, what newes with thee?
Bast. The newes I heard was Peters prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall us all:
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.
Joh. There let him hang, and be the ravens food,
While John triumphs in spite of prophecies.
But whats the tydings from the popelings now?
What say the monkes and priests to our proceedings?
Or where's the barons that so suddainely
Did leave the king upon a false surmise?
Bast. The prelates storme and thirst for sharp revenge:
But, please your majestie, were that the worst,
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out by carefull speed,
Or all is lost, for all is leveld at.
Joh. More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd; then, Philip, quickly say,
Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
To give my crowne away to Rome or France;
Or will they each of them become a king?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.
Bast. Not worse, my lord, but every whit as bad.
The nobles have elected Lewis king,
In right of lady Blanch, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected every houre,
The nobles, commons, clergie, all estates,
Incited chiefly by the cardinall;
Pandulph, that lies here legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to see their new elected king.
And for undoubted proofe, see here my liege,
Letters to me from your nobilitie,

To be a partie in this action:
Who under shew of fained holinesse,
Appoint their meeting at S. Edmunds Burie.
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The overthrowe and downefall of your state.
Joh. Why so it must be; one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of passionate effects.
Why shines the sunne to favour this consort?
Why doe the winds not breake their brazen gates,
And scatter all these perjur'd complices,
With all their counsels, and their damned drifts?
But see, the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
The heaven, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
Conspire with those confederates my decay.
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,
To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps,
These traytors: oh! that name is too good for them,
And death is easie; is there nothing worse,
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What saist thou, Philip? why assists thou not?
Bast. These curses (good my lord) fit not the season;
Help must descend from heaven against this treason?
Joh. Nay, thou wilt prove a traytor with the rest;
Goe, get thee to them; shame come to you all.
Bast. I would be loath to leave your highnesse thus;
Yet you command, and I, though griev'd will goe.
Joh. Ah, Philip, whither go'st thou? come againe.
Bast. My lord, these motions are as passions of a mad man.
Joh. A mad man, Philip, I am mad indeed;
My heart is maz'd, my sences all foredone.
And John of England now is quite undone.
Was ever king as I opprest with cares?
Dame Elianor, my noble mother queene,
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
Is dead, and England excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the pope;
All churches curst, their doores are sealed up,
And for the pleasure of the Romish priest,
The service of the highest is neglected,
The multitude (a beast of many heads)
Doe wish confusion to their soveraigne:
The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Assemble powers to beate mine empire downe,
And more than this elect a forrein king.
O England, wert thou ever miserable,
King John of England sees thee miserable:
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Philip, as thou hast ever lov'd thy king,
So show it now: post to S. Edmunds Burie,
Dissemble with the nobles, know their drifts,

Confound their divellish plots, and damn'd devises.
Though John be faultie, yet let subjects beare,
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though shee were unnaturall,
Is better than the kindest step-dame is:
Let never Englishman trust forraine rule.
Then, Philip, shew thy fealty to thy king,
And mongst the nobles plead thou for the king.
Bast. I goe, my lord; see, how he is distraught;
This is the cursed priest of Italy,
Hath heap'd these mischiefes on this haplesse land.
Now, Philip, hadst thou Tullies eloquence,
Then might'st thou hope to plead with good successe. [*Exit.*
John. And art thou gone? successe may follow thee;
Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to thy king.
Sirra, in haste goe greet the cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the legat from the pope.
Say that the king desires to speake with him.
Now, John, bethinke thee how thou maist resolve:
And if thou wilt continue Englands king,
Then cast about to keepe thy diadem;
For life and land, and all, is leveld at.
The pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,
He curseth thee, he sets thy subjects free
From due obedience to their soveraigne:
He animates the nobles in their warres,
He gives away the crowne to Philips sonne,
And pardons all that seeke to murther thee;
And thus blind zeale is still predominant.
Then, John, there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
But finely to dissemble with the pope:
That hand that gave the wound must give the salve
To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'abolish pope, and poperie from thy realme;
But in thy seate, if I may guesse at all,
A king shall raigne that shall suppresse them all.
Peace, John, here comes the legate of the pope;
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou sai'st,
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion. [*Enter* Pandulph.
Pand. Now, John, unworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'st oppugne against thy mother church:
Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe?
John. Thou man of God, vicegerent for the pope,
The holy vicar of S. Peters church,
Upon my knees, I pardon crave of thee,
And doe submit me to the sea of Rome,
And vow for penance of my high offence,
To take on me the holy crosse of Christ,
And carry armes in holy christian warres.
Pand. No, John, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceive the legate of the pope;
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee;

Thy crowne and kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.
John. Accurst, indeede, to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission;
Unsheathe thy sword, and sley the misprowd priest
That thus triumphs ore thee, a mightie king:
No, John, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For priests and women must be flattered.
Yet, holy father, thou thyselfe dost know,
No time too late for sinners to repent;
Absolve me, then, and John doth sweare to do
The uttermost what ever thou demaundst.
Pandulph. John, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rew and pitty thy distrest estate;
One way is left to reconcile thyselfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy crowne and diadem, then shall the pope
Defend thee from th'invasion of thy foes.
And where his holinesse hath kindled Fraunce,
And set thy subjects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the king.
John. From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
Or give my crowne for penance unto Rome:
A miserie more piercing than the darts,
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, shall I give my crowne with this right hand?
No; with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
What newes with thee? *Enter Messenger.*
Mes. Please it your majestie, there is descried on the coast of Kent an hundred sayle of ships, which of all men is thought to be the French fleet, under the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, so they send to your grace for succour.
K. John. How now, lord Cardinal, what's your best advise?
These mutinies must be allaid in time,
By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O, John, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to Luna in a sad eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when kings are grieved so,
The vulgar sort worke princes overthrowe.
Card. K. John, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy land;
But yet be reconcil'd unto the church,
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.
John. On Pandulph, be it as thou hast decreed,
John will not spurne against thy sound advise;
Come lets away, and with thy helpe, I trow,
My realme shall flourish, and my crowne in peace.

Enter the nobles, Pembrooke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe, Clare, *with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet S. Edmund, holy saint in heaven,

Whose shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
Infuze a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight;
Lord Bewchampe, say, what friends have you procur'd.
Bewch. The L. Fitz Water, L. Percie, and L. Rosse,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leventh houre.
Essex. Under the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord Eustauce, Vescy, lord Cressy, and lord Mowbrey,
Appointed meeting at S. Edmunds shrine.
Pemb. Untill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy christian acts,
That venture for the purchasse of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolve,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.
Essex. Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke:
In pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with swift unwoonted pace;
May be they are the persons you expect.
Pemb. With swift unwoonted gate, see what a thing is zeale,
That spurs them on with fervence to this shrine;
Now joy come to them for their true intent,
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That sweat in body by the minds disease;
Hap and hearts-ease, brave lordings, be your lot. [*Enter the Bastard* Philip, &c.
Amen, my lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that travell in a christian cause.
Essex. Cheerely repli'd, brave branch of kingly stocke;
A right Plantagenet should reason so.
But silence, lords, attend our commings cause;
The servile yoke that pained us with toyle,
On strong instinct hath fram'd this conventicle,
To ease our neckes of servitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barren in conceipt,
As cannot levell at the man I meane?
But lest enigma's shadow shining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this resort importeth this,
To root and cleane extirpate tyrant John,
Tyrant, I say, appealing to the man,
If any here that loves him, and I aske,
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
First I inferre the Chesters banishment,
For reprehending him in most unchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the divell should be sav'd,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leisure might display.
Our private wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause

Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,
His cousins death, that sweet unguiltie child,
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes;
Here are my proofes, as cleere as gravel brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who upholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned gilt.
To shew the which, is yet to be describ'd.
My lord of Pembrooke, shewe what is behinde,
Onely I say, that were there nothing else
To moove us, but the popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if we faile,
It were enough to instigate us all,
With earnestnesse of sprite, to seeke a meane
To dispossesse John of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my lord of Essex told his tale,
Which I averre for most substantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that Lewis, in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an uncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our English crowne.
Short tale to make, the sea apostolike,
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault,
If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting Lewis in the usurpers roome:
This is the cause of all our presence here,
That on the holy altar we protest,
To aid the right of Lewis with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for England.
What say you, lords?

Salis. As Pembrooke saith, affirmeth Salisburie;
Faire Lewis of France that spoused lady Blanch,
Hath title of an uncontrouled strength
To England, and what longeth to the crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,
Is to invest him as we may devise,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants stead;
And so the warrant on the altar sworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bast. My lord of Salisburie, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beseeme in such a waightie worke,
But what my conscience and my duty will,
I purpose to impart.
For Chesters exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade;
For any private causes that you have,
Methinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a king in their revenge.

For Arthurs death, K. John was innocent;
He desperate was the deathsman to himselfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Injustly do impute to his defalt;
But wher fel traitorisme hath residence,
There wants no words to set despight on worke.
I say, 'tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wrest such petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Against a king annointed by the Lord.
Why, Salsburie, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subjects may not take in hand revenge,
And rob the heavens of their proper power;
Where sitteth he to whom revenge belongs?
And doth a pope, a priest, a man of pride,
Give charters for the lives of lawfull kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as give to man, and take from God?
I speake it in the sight of God above,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But sels his soule perpetually to paine.
Aid Lewis, leave God, kill John, please hell,
Make havocke of the welfare of your soules,
For here I leave you in the sight of heaven,
A troope of traytors, food for hellish fiends;
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doe your worst, as hatefull traytors.
For Lewis his right, alasse tis too too lame,
A senslesse claime, if truth be titles friend.
In briefe, if this be cause of our resort,
Our pilgrimage is to the divels shrine.
I came not, lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counsell in so bad a cause;
Please you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my king, and you where traytors please. [*Exit.*

Percie. A hot yong man, and so, my lords, proceed;
I let him goe, and better lost than found.

Pemb. What say you, lords, will all the rest proceed?
Will you all with me sweare upon the altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to Le. and enemy to John?
Every man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord.
Wel then, every man to armes to meet the king,
Who is already before London. [*Enter Messenger.*

Pemb. What newes, herauld?

Mes. The right christian prince, my master, Lewis of France, is at hand, comming to visit your honours, directed hither by the right honourable Richard earle of Bigot, to conferre with your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his highnesse?

Mes. Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewis, *earle* Bigot, *with his troupe.*

Lew. Faire lords of England, Lewis salutes you all
As friends, and firme wel-willers of his weale;
At whose request, from plentie flowing France,

Crossing the ocean with a southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To undertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your favours profferd him.
But worlds brave men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heavens dewing favours on my head,
Have in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well-manured bounds,
With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
Your citie Rochester, with great applause,
By some divine instinct laid armes aside:
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
Eccho apace repli'd, Vive la Roy.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To Troynovant, your faire metropolis,
With lucke came Lewis, to shew his troupes of France,
Waving our ensignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull object of fell frowning warre;
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heavens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their high built wals,
Giving me title, as it seemd they wish.
Thus fortune, lords, acts to your forwardnesse
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I live but to requite you all,
Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

Salis. Welcom the balme that closeth up our wounds,
The soveraigne medcine for our quicke recure,
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our lives, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as sheepe, without their heird,
Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe,
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
No marvell then, though with unwonted joy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lew. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of catholike consent.
I cannot name you, lordings, man by man,
But like a stranger unacquainted yet,
In generall I promise faithfull love:
Lord Bigot brought me to S. Edmunds shrine,
Giving me warrant of a christian oath,
That this assembly came devoted here,
To sweare according as your packets show'd,
Homage and loyall service to our selfe;
I need not doubt the suretie of your wils,
Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
The townes have yeelded on their own accords:
Yet for a fashion, not for misbeleefe,
My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare

Your oath upon the holy altar sworne,
And after march, to end our commings cause.
Sals. That we intend no other than good truth,
All that are present of this holy league,
For confirmation of our better trust,
In presence of his highnesse, sweare with me,
The sequel that myselfe shall utter here,—
"I Thomas Plantaginet, earle of Salisburie, sweare upon the altar, and by the holy army of saints, homage and allegeance to the right Christian prince, Lewis of France, as true and rightfull king to England, Cornewall, and Wales, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I, upon the holy altar, sweare all forwardnesse." [*All the Eng. Lo. sweare.*
As the noble earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.
Lew. I rest assured on your holy oath,
And, on this altar, in like sort I sweare
Love to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils unto the full;
And since I am at this religious shrine,
My good wel-willers, give us leave a while,
To use some orizons our selves apart,
To all the holy company of heaven,
That they will smile upon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate event.
Sal. We leave your highnesse to your good intent. [*Exeunt lords of* England.
Lew. Now, vicount Meloun, what remains behind?
Trust me, these traytors to their soveraigne state,
Are not to be beleev'd in any sort.
Meloun. Indeed, my lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the rebels gainst their native king,
Will for as little cause revolt from you,
If ever opportunitie incite them so:
For once forsworne, and never after sound,
There's no affiance after perjury.
Lew. Well, Meloun, wel, let's smooth with them awhile,
Untill we have as much as they can doe;
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe;
Meane while, wee'l use them as a pretious poyson.
To undertake the issue of our hope.
Fr. Lo. Tis policy, my lord, to baite our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much weight;
But when your highnesse needeth them no more,
Tis good make sure worke with them, lest, indeede,
They proove to you as to their naturall king.
Melun. Trust mee, my lord, right well have you advisde,
Venome for use, but never for a sport
Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.
Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall;
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.
Lewes. That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same altar, and, by heavens power,
Theres not an English traitor of them all,
John once dispatcht, and I faire Englands king,

Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:
Nor shall their heires injoy their seigniories,
But perish by their parents foule amisse.
This have I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come unto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me. [*The* French *Lords sweare.*
Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
A smile of Fraunce will feed an English foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
But in the heart like traitors as they are. [*Enter the* English *Lords.*
Now, famous followers, chiefetaines of the world,
Have we sollicited with hearty prayer
The heaven in favour of our high attempt.
Leave we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the tyrant from his chiefest hold:
And when our labours have a prosprous end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolv'd, brave followers, let us hence.

Enter K. John, Bastard, Pandulph, *and a many priests with them.*

Thus, John, thou art absolv'd from all thy sinnes,
And freed by order from our fathers curse.
Receive thy crowne againe, with this proviso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the pope,
And carry armes in right of holy Rome.
John. I holde the same as tenant to the pope,
And thanke your holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.
Philip. A proper jest, when kings must stoop to friers,
Need hath no law, when friers must be kings. [*Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. Please it your majestie, the prince of France,
With all the nobles of your graces land,
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where-ere they set their foot, all places yeeld;
Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out,
But Dover castle, which is hard besieg'd.
Pan. Feare not, king John, thy kingdome is the popes,
And they shall know his holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums and trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembrooke, *and all the nobles from Fraunce and England.*

Lewes. Pandulph, as gave his holinesse in charge,
So hath the Dolphin mustred up his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this land.
But ill becomes your grace, lord Cardinall,
Thus to converse with John, that is accurst.
Pand. Lewes of France, victorious conquerer,
Whose sword hath made this iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy Rome,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know, my lord, K. John is now absolv'd,
The Pope is pleasde, the land is blest agen,

And thou hast brought each thing to good effect;
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to Fraunce againe:
For all is done the pope would wish thee doe.
Lewes. But all's not done that Lewes came to do.
Why, Pandulph, hath king Philip sent his sonne,
And beene at such excessive charge in warres,
To be dismist with words? king John shall know,
England is mine, and he usurps my right.
Pand. Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices,
Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse,
That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,
And yeeld up London and the neighbour townes,
That thou hast tane in England by the sword.
Melun. Lord Cardinall, by Lewes princely leave,
It can be nought but usurpation
In thee, the pope, and all the church of Rome,
Thus to insult on kings of Christendome;
Now, with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leave their armes.
This must not be; prince Lewes, keepe thine owne,
Let pope and popelings curse their bellies full.
Bast. My lord of Melun, what title had the prince
To England and the crowne of Albion,
But such a title as the pope confirm'd:
The prelate now lets fall his fained claime;
Lewes is but the agent for the pope,
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast;
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you, my lords and barons of the land,
Will leave the French, and cleave unto our king.
For shame, yee peeres of England, suffer not
Yourselves, your honours, and your land to fall;
But with resolved thoughts beate backe the French,
And free the land from yoke of servitude.
Salisbury. Philip, not so; lord Lewes is our king,
And wee will follow him unto the death.
Pand. Then, in the name of Innocent the Pope,
I curse the prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell peeres,
As traitors to the king and to the pope.
Lew. Pandulph, our swords shall blesse ourselves agen;
Prepare thee, John; lords, follow me your king. [*Exeunt.*
John. Accursed John, the divell owes thee shame,
Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the pope, all's one.
The divell take the pope, the peeres, and Fraunce;
Shame be my share for yeelding to the priest.
Pand. Comfort thyselfe, king John, the card'nall goes,
Upon his curse, to make them leave their armes. [*Exit.*
Bastard. Comfort, my lord, and curse the cardinall;
Betake yourselfe to armes; my troupes are prest
To answer Lewes with a lustie shocke:
The English archers have their quivers full,

Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push;
Good cheere, my lord, king Richards fortune hangs
Upon the plume of warrelike Philips helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.
John. Philip, I know not how to answer thee;
But let us hence, to answer Lewes pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun *with English lords.*

Mel. O, I am slaine! nobles, Salisbury, Pembrooke,
My soule is charged, heare me; for what I say
Concerns the peeres of England, and their state.
Listen, brave lords, a fearefull mourning tale
To be delivered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie Mars
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to Tellus prison house?
Lifes charter (lordings) lasteth not an houre;
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me give physicke to a sickely soule.
O peeres of England, know you what you do?
There's but a haire that sunders you from harme.
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And simply you runne doating to your deaths.
But lest I die, and leave my tale untolde,
With silence slaughtering so brave a crew,
This I averre, if Lewes winne the day,
There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand
Against king John to plant the heire of France,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; myselfe amongst the rest
Swore on the altar aide to this edict.
Two causes, lords, makes me display this drift,
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt;
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman.
Misdoubt not, lords, the truth of my discourse,
No frensie, nor no brainsicke idle fit,
But well advisde, and wotting what I say,
Pronounce I here before the face of heaven,
That nothing is discovered but a truth.
Tis time to flie, submit your selves to John,
The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death;
Lift up your swords, turne face against the French,
Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
Backe, warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your seate, your nurse, your birth-dayes breathing place,
That bred you, beares you, brought you up in armes.
Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your mothers grave,
Preserve your lambes, and beate away the wolfe.
My soule hath said, contritions penitence
Laies hold on mans redemption for my sinne.

Farewell, my lords; witnesse my faith when we are met in heaven,
And for my kindnesse give me grave roome here.
My soule doth fleet; worlds vanities, farewell.
Sals. Now joy betide thy soule, well-meaning man;
How now, my lords, what cooling-carde is this?
A greater griefe growes now than earst hath beene.
What counsell give you? shall we stay and die?
Or shall we home, and kneele unto the king?
Pemb. My heart misgave this sad accursed newes;
What have we done? fie, lords, what frensie moved
Our hearts to yeeld unto the pride of Fraunce?
If we persever, we are sure to die;
If we desist, small hope againe of life.
Salsb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
That made us wretched with his dying tale,
And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
As women wont; but seeke our harmes redresse.
As for myselfe, I will in haste be gone;
And kneele for pardon to our soveraigne John.
Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the French that would confound us all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter king John *carried betweene two lords.*

John. Set downe, set downe the loade not woorth your paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe;
Sickely and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I have wearied it:
It loathes I live, I live and loathe myselfe.
Who pities me? to whom have I beene kinde?
But to a few; a few will pitie me.
Why die I not? death scornes so vilde a prey.
Why live I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.
Phil. How fares my lord, that he is carried thus?
Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befalne,
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor ever did my eye attaint my heart
With any object mooving more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty king,
Borne by his lords in such distressed state.
John. What newes with thee? if bad, report it straight;
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.
Phil. Such as it is, and heavy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggravate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The bravest bow-man had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiver at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our campe,
That John was fled, the king had left the field.

At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars,
Than ignominous scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of Troy
His weary followers against the Mermidons,
Crying alowd, S. George, the day is ours;
But feare had captivated courage quite,
And like the lambe before the greedie wolfe,
So heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, myselfe, amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe;
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
And fenc'd us from the furie of the French,
As Io from the jealous Junoes eie,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Passing the washes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide, deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And swallowed up the most of all our men;
Myselfe upon a galloway right free, well pac'd,
Out-stript the flouds that followed wave by wave,
I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.
John. Griefe upon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was ever any so infortunate, the right idea of a cursed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight?
My fever growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to Swinstead, tell me do, you know?
Present unto the abbot word of my repaire.
My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize upon me;
I cannot live, unlesse this fever leave me.
Philip. Good cheere, my lord, the abbey is at hand;
Behold, my lord, the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the abbot and certaine monkes.

Abb. All health and happines to our soveraigne lord the king.
John. Nor health nor happines hath John at all.
Say, abbot, am I welcome to thy house?
Abbot. Such welcome as our abbey can afford,
Your majestie shall be assured of.
Philip. The king, thou seest, is weake and very faint;
What victuals hast thou to refresh his grace?
Abb. Good store, my lord, of that you need not feare,
For Lincolneshire, and these our abbey grounds,
Were never fatter, nor in better plight.
John. Philip, thou never needst to doubt of cates,
Nor king nor lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the abbeis throughout all the land;
If any plot of ground do passe another,
The friers fasten on it strait:
But let us in to taste of their repast;—
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to such abbey groomes. [*Exeunt. Manet the monke.*

Monke. Is this the king that never lov'd a frier?
Is this the man that doth contemne the pope?
Is this the man that rob'd the holy church?
And yet will flie unto a friory?
Is this the king that aymes at abbeis lands?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie unto a friorie?
Accurst be Swinstead abbey, abbot, friers,
Monkes, nunnes, and clarks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked John escape alive away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heaven,
And be canonized for a holy saint;
To please the world with a deserving worke,
Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,
And murder him that seekes to murder thee. [*Enter the abbot.*
Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the king?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.
Monke. What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?
Abbot. What, at thy Mumpsimus? away,
And seeke some meanes for to pastime the king.
Monke. Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.
Abbot. Alas, what? meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.
Monke. Ile poyson him, and it shall ne'r be knowne,
And then shall I be chiefest of my house.
Abbot. If I were dead, indeed, he is the next;
But Ile away, for why, the monke is mad,
And in his madnesse he will murder me.
Monke. My L. I cry your lordship mercy, I saw you not.
Abbot. Alas, good Thomas, do not murder me, and thou shalt have my place with thousand thanks.
Monke. I murder you! God shield from such a thought.
Abbot. If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.
Monke. I will not hurt your lordship, good my lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to us all.
Abbot. Wilt thou not hurt me, holy monke? say on.
Monke. You know, my lord, the king is in our house.
Abbot. True.
Monke. You know likewise the king abhorres a frier.
Abbot. True.
Monke. And he that loves not a frier is our enemy.
Abbot. Thou saist true.
Monke. Then the king is our enemy.
Abbot. True.
Mon. Why, then, should we not kil our enemy, and, the king being our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.
Abbot. O blessed monke! I see God moves thy minde
To free this land from tyrants slavery.
But who dare venter for to do this deede?
Mon. Who dare? why, I, my lord, dare do the deed;
Ile free my countrey and the church from foes,
And merit heaven by killing of a king.
Abbot. Thomas, kneele downe, and if thou art resolv'd,

I will absolve thee here from all thy sinnes;
For why the deede is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not, man, for every month,
Our friers shall sing a masse for Thomas soule.
Mon. God and S. Francis prosper my attempt,
For now, my lord, I goe about my worke. [*Exeunt.* *Enter* Lewes *and his armie.*
Lewes. Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong Lodowike;
The Englishmen, as danted at our sight,
Fall as the fowle before the eagles eies;
Onely two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vex me with unrest.
Lord Meluns death, the one part of my soule,
A braver man did never live in Fraunce.
The other griefe,—I, that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that Dover castle should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of Francus Hectors sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant John,
The better halfe of England is our owne:
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We have the face of all the English lords;
What then remaines but overrunne the land?
Be resolute, my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune serve as shee begins,
The poorest pesant of the realme of France
Shalbe a master ore an English lord. [*Enter a messenger.*
Lewes. Fellow, what newes?
Mess. Pleaseth your grace, the earle of Salsbury, Penbrooke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodaine fled with all their powers, to joyne with John, to drive thee backe againe. [*Enter another*
Messen. Lewes, my lord, why standst thou in a maze? [*Messenger.*
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from Fraunce,
For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
Containing twenty thousand souldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from Callis in unluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost. [*Enter another messenger.*
Lewes. More newes? say on.
Messen. John, my lord, with all his scattered troups,
Flying the furie of your conquering sword,
As Pharaoh earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his environed with the tide,
On Lincolne washes all were overwhelmed,
The barons fled, our forces cast away.
Lewes. Was ever heard such unexpected newes?
Messenger. Yet, Lodowike, revive thy dying heart,
King John and all his forces are consumde.
The lesse thou needst the aid of English earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieve thy navies wracke,
And follow times advantage with successe.
Lewes. Brave Frenchmen, arm'd with magnanimitie,

March after Lewes, who will leade you on
To chase the barons power that wants a head,
For John is drown'd, and I am Englands king.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of Fraunce will send us fresh supplies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two friers laying a cloth.

Frier. Dispatch, dispatch, the king desires to eate; would a might eate his last, for the love he bears to church men.

Frier. I am of thy mind, too, and so it should be and we might be our owne carvers. I marvell why they dine here in the orchard.

Frier. I know not, nor I care not. The king comes.

John. Come on, lord Abbot, shall we sit together;

Abbot. Pleaseth your grace, sit downe.

John. Take your places, sirs; no pomp in penury, all beggers and friends may come; where necessitie keepes the house, curtesie is barr'd the table; sit downe, Philip.

Bast. My lord, I am loth to allude so much to the proverb, honors change maners; a king is a king, though fortune do her worst, and we as dutifull in despite of her frown, as if your highnes were now in the highest tipe of dignitie.

John. Come, no more adoe; and you tell mee much of dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow. What cheere, lord Abbot? me thinks ye frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning.

Abbot. No, my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your majestie.

Bast. I thinke, rather, my lord Abbot, you remember my last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abb. Not so, my lord; you, and the meanest follower of his majesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke. Wassell, my liege, and as a poore monke may say, welcome to Swinstead.

John. Begin, monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a king.

Monke. As much health to your highnesse as to mine owne heart!

John. I pledge thee, kind monke.

Monke. The merriest draught that ever was drunke in England. Am I not too bold with your highnesse?

John. Not a whit; all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proofe; why so it workes.

John. Stay, Philip, where's the monke?

Bastard. He is dead, my lord.

John. Then drinke not, Philip, for a world of wealth.

Ba. What cheere, my liege? your collor gins to change.

John. So doth my life: O, Philip, I am poison'd.
The monke, the divell! the poyson gins to rage;
It will depose myselfe a king from raigne.

Bast. This abbot hath an interest in this act;
At all adventures, take thou that from me.
There lie the abbot, abbey-lubber, divell!
March with the monke unto the gates of hell.
How fares my lord?

John. Philip, some drinke! oh, for the frozen Alpes,

To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seven-fold hote.
To burne the holy tree in Babylon,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with faint resist
The fierce invade of him that conquers kings.
Helpe, God, O paine! die, John, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a grave,
My legges disdaine the carriage of a king.
Bast. A, good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.
John. Me thinkes I see a catalogue of sinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters.
The least enough to loose my part in heaven.
Me thinkes the divell whispers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I must be damn'd for Arthur's sodaine death;
I see, I see a thousand thousand men,
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God,
That will forgive the number of my sinnes.
How have I liv'd, but by anothers losse?
What have I lov'd, but wracke of others weale?
Where have I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where have I done a deede deserving well?
How, what, when, and where, have I bestow'd a day,
That tended not to some notorious ill?
My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
Craves little pittie for so strange a death.
Or, who will say that John deceasde too soone?
Who will not say, he rather liv'd too long.
Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
And shame attendeth John unto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dide not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, disdained of my friends.
Bast. Forgive the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.
John. My tongue doth falter; Philip, I tell thee, man,
Since John did yeeld unto the priest of Rome,
Nor he nor his have prospred on the earth;
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I crie unto my God,
As did the kingly prophet David cry,
Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint,—
I am not he shall build the lord a house,
Or roote these locusts from the face of earth;
But if my dying heart deceive me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch,
Whose armes shall reach unto the gates of Rome,
And with his feete treades downe the strumpets pride,

That sits upon the chaire of Babylon.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath overcome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of Jesu John doth die.
Bastard. See how he strives for life, unhappy lord,
Whose bowels are divided in themselves.
This is the fruit of poperie, when true kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by monkes and friers. [*Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. Please it your grace, the barons of the land,
Which all this while bare armes against the king,
Conducted by the legate of the Pope,
Together with the prince his highnesse sonne,
Do crave to be admitted to the presence of the king.
Bast. Your sonne, my lord, young Henry, craves to see
Your majestie, and brings with him beside
The barons that revolted from your grace.
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile; lift up yourselfe, my lord,
And see the prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, *yong* Henry, *the barons with daggers in their hands.*

Prince. O let me see my father ere he die:
O uncle, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poysned by a damned monke?
Ah! he is dead, father, sweet father, speake!
Bastard. His speach doth faile; he hasteth to his end.
Pandulph. Lords, give me leave to joy the dying king,
With sight of these his nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer up
Their lives for ransome of their foule offence.
Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
Lift up your hand in token you forgive.
Salis. We humbly thanke your royall majestie,
And vow to fight for England and her king:
And in the sight of John, our soveraigne lord,
In spite of Lewes and the power of Fraunce,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne yong Henry in his fathers sted.
Henry. Help, help, he dies; ah, father! looke on mee.
Legat. K. John, farewell; in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diest the servant of the lord,
Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
Thou diest the servant of our saviour Christ.
Now joy betide thy soule: what noise is this? [*Enter a messenger.*
Mess. Help, lords, the Dolphin maketh hitherward
With ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders will commaund.
Bast. Let's arme ourselves in yong K. Henries right,
And beate the power of Fraunce to sea againe.
Legate. Philip, not so, but I will to the prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Bast. Lord Salsbury, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.
King. Sweet uncle, if thou love thy soveraigne,
Let not a stone of Swinstead abbey stand,
But pull the house about the friers eares;
For they have kill'd my father and my king. [*Exeunt.*

A parley sounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, *&c.*

Pand. Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry Englands king,
Requires to know the reason of the claime,
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King John, that did offend, is dead and gone;
See where his breathlesse trunke in presence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his fathers roome.
Henry. Lewes, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answere; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword;
I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not.
For now the barons cleave unto their king,
And what thou hast in England they did get.
Lewes. Henry of England, now that John is dead,
That was the chiefest enemie to Fraunce,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.
But Salsbury, and you barons of the realme,
This strange revolt agrees not with the oath
That you on Bury altare lately sware.
Sals. Nor did the oath your highnesse there did take
Agree with honour of the prince of Fraunce.
Bast. My lord, what answer make you to the king?
Dolphin. Faith, Philip, this I say; it bootes not me,
Nor any prince, nor power of Christendome,
To seeke to win this iland Albion
Unlesse he have a partie in the realme
By treason for to help him in his warres.
The peeres which were the partie on my side,
Are fled from me; then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the realme.
Henry. On what conditions will your highnes yeeld?
Lew. That shall we thinke upon by more advice.
Bast. Then kings and princes, let these broils have end,
And at more leisure talke upon the league.
Meane while to Worster let us beare the king,
And there interre his bodie, as beseemes.
But first, in sight of Lewes heire of Fraunce,
Lords, take the crowne, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawfull king. [*They crowne yong* Henry.
Thus Englands peace begins in Henries raigne,
And bloodie warres are closde with happie league.
Let England live but true within itselfe,

And all the world can never wrong her state.
Lewes, thou shalt be bravely shipt to Fraunce,
For never Frenchman got of English ground
The twentith part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to Worster we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your soveraigne
With obsequies of honour to his grave:
If Englands peeres and people joyne in one,
Nor pope, nor France, nor Spaine can do them wrong.—*Finis.*

The exact period at which Shakespeare adapted the incidents of the preceding drama to his own purposes in the composition of his history of King John, is unknown, but the latter must have appeared before 1598, as it is mentioned in the list of his tragedies in the Palladis Tamia of Meres, published in that year, where it is classed with Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, and others. It was probably written after 1591, the date of the publication of the Troublesome Raigne, but still it is possible that Shakespeare may have used a playhouse copy of that piece, so that a limit in that direction can hardly be determined with certainty. There are no allusions in the play itself that can be safely depended upon as arguments in the question respecting the date of its composition, with the exception, perhaps, of the reference, in the first act, to a passage in the tragedy of Solyman and Perseda, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in November, 1592, and was probably then in the commencement of its popularity. The most important of the various passages which have been supposed to allude to events of the author's time are indicated in the Notes, but in no instance is there any evidence of Shakespeare having intended to apply the circumstances of this drama to those of his own era, and, in the absence of proof, it is most reasonable to conclude that he had no design of the kind. King John was not printed until 1623, when it appeared with the other histories in the first folio edition, and it is worthy of remark that it is the only authentic play of Shakespeare that is not named in any way in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. It is not even mentioned in the long list of his plays, amongst "soe manie of the said copies as are not formerly entred to other men," which is inserted in the registers, under the date of November, 1623, the long entry made by Blount and Jaggard preparatory to the issue of the collective edition of the poet's works. Unless, as was probably the case, the omission was accidental, there may either have

1582. 25. Feb.

Mr Cottell — 18 Febr.

Item received of him for his license to
print these booke chronicles viz. } vj d.

~~Songe and Sonnette.~~

~~Romeo and Juliette.~~

(1584) / 6. Augusti /

Mr Jones. — Receiv'd of him for his license to print
~~Ballad~~ of ~~a~~ Sheep shyver
~~Tame bull and behind the~~ } iiij d.

(1634) 8° Aprilis

Mrs Jo: Waterson — Entred for his Copy under the hands of Sr
Hen: Herbert & mr Aspley wardens a
Tragicomedy called the two noble
Kinsmen by Jo: Fletcher & Wm Shakespeare } xij d.

1° Julij 1637. xm° Dar Regis.

Mr Legatt
& Andrew Crooke — Entred for their Copies by Consent
of Mrs Allott & by order of a full
Court holden the Eiaventh day of
November last All the Estate
right & title & interest with the
said Mrs Allott hath in those Copies
and parts of Copies hereafter
following viz. Mrs Robbs —
Allotts dr. ~~Falno Jure tumstang~~ } xx s. vj d.

37. Shakespeares works their Part

been a previous entry of the play to some other publisher although such entry is not now to be found in the register, or the copyright of King John belonged to one of the publishers whose general rights had been purchased by Blount and Jaggard. The play, in the folio editions, is entitled, "the Life and Death of King John," the term "life" probably referring to his life as a sovereign, as there is no portion of the tragedy which refers to his history previously to his accession to the throne of England, which took place in May, 1199.

The plot of the following drama being chiefly founded on that of an earlier play, with merely a few incidents suggested by a recollection of other sources, either the chronicles of Holinshed and others, or old historical ballads, it is obvious that any attempt to reconcile the narrative with the exact facts of history would be irrelevant. The tragedy is undoubtedly invested with additional interest from the circumstance of its characters belonging to a momentous period of English history, and some of its incidents being romantic pictures of real events, but it is to be judged, in its character as a work of art, essentially as if the whole were imaginary, it being, in fact, a production the merits of which do not depend on its connexion with a particular era of the world's annals. Shakespeare and other writers of this department have merely made use of historical materials for dramatic purposes, without any necessary reference to the exactitude of history; so that an endeavour to exhibit the poet in the light of an historian, to correct with minuteness his numerous errors in dates, events, and even confusions of personages, or to reconcile the inconsistencies arising from his defiant neglect of chronology, is not required. It will be sufficient, in our annotations, to refer to the chief points of departure made from real events, and to indicate any sources of information likely to have been accessible to the author. Shakespeare, in delineating some of the chief personages introduced into his historical plays, has, with marvellous genius, elaborated the salient points of their characters as known to the public through the chronicles, ballads, poems, dramas, and other works of the sixteenth century; but there can be little doubt that any coincidences, not thus to be traced, between the results of diligent historical enquiry and the views taken of secret political workings and traits of eminent men are accidental; or, at most, are to be referred merely to the power of the author's genius in estimating the characters of men from the obscure indications of

them given in the sources above alluded to. There is little of this, however, to be traced in the tragedy of King John, which partakes more than any of the other histories of the character of the romantic drama, both in the want of attention paid to the truth and the succession of historical events, and in the manner in which they are made subservient to the purposes of dramatic design.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John.

Prince Henry, *his Son, afterwards King Henry III.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*

William Mareshall, *Earl of Pembroke.*

Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*

William Longsword, *Earl of Salisbury.*

Roger Bigot, *Earl of Norfolk.*

Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*

Robert Falconbridge, *Son of Sir Robert Falconbridge.*

Philip Falconbridge, *his Half-brother, bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

James Gurney, *Servant to Lady Falconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Cardinal Pandulph, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatillon, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

Constance, *Mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

Lady Falconbridge, *Mother to the Bastard, and to Robert Falconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

Act the First.

SCENE.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour,[1] to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;[2]
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,[3]
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,[4]
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon[6] shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—[7]
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to 't.—Farewell, Chatillon.[8]
[*Exeunt* Chatillon *and* Pembroke.
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?[9]
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage[10] of two kingdoms must,
With fearful bloody issue, arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire,[11] *who whispers* Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Falconbridge, *and* Philip *his bastard Brother.*[12]

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,—
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,—
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;[13]—
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it,—
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year;
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy;
But whe'r I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee!
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent[14] us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;[15]
The accent of his tongue affecteth him;
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half face[16] would he have all my land;
A half-fac'd groat[17] five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak,—
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—[18]
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,[19]
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,—
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;[20]
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,—[21]
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Falconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?[22]
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert's his,[23] like him ;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,[24]
Lest men should say, " Look, where Three-farthings[25] goes !"
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,—[26]
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.[27]

Eli. I like thee well : wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance :
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year ;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st :
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.[28]

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand ;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away !

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—
I am thy grandam, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth : what though ?
Something about, a little from the right,[29]
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch ;[30]
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night ;
And have is have, however men do catch :
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Falconbridge : now hast thou thy desire ;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam,—and come, Richard ; we must speed
For France,—for France ! for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee![31]
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all except the Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"Good den,[32] Sir Richard:"—"God-a-mercy, fellow;"
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names,—
'Tis too respective,[33] and too sociable,
For your convertion.[34] Now your traveller,[35]—
He and his toothpick[36] at my worship's mess;[37]
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked men of countries:[38]—"My dear sir,"
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an absey-book:[39]—
"O sir," says Answer, "at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:"
"No, sir," says Question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,—
Saving in dialogue of compliment,[40]
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,—
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,[41]
That doth not smack of observation,—
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,[42]
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?[43]

Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.[44]

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant,[45] that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.[46]
Bast. Philip?—sparrow![47]—James,
There're toys abroad;[48] anon, I 'll tell thee more. [*Exit* Gurney.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday,[49] and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, to confess!
Could he get me?[50] Sir Robert could not do it,—
We know his handiwork:—therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:[51]
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation,[52] name, and all is gone:
Then good my mother, let me know my father,—
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand:[53]
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.[54] [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *In my behaviour.*

The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. "The king of France," says the envoy, "thus speaks in my *behaviour* to the majesty of England;" that is, the King of France speaks in the *character* which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines had been uttered by the ambassador, as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the King of France towards the King of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning.—*Johnson.*

"In my behaviour," means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. So, in the fifth act of this play, the Bastard says to the French king—

——Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak *in me.—Malone.*

[2] *To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine.*

Philip King of France, with an armie, brake into Normandy, and tooke the citty of Everux, the towne of Argues, and divers other places from the English, and passing foorth into Maine, recovered that countrey. Also the Britaines wan the townes of Gozney, Butevant, and Gensoline; they tooke also the citty of Angiers, &c. Which being signified to King John, hee went over into Normandy, where many submitted themselves to him; but a truce was taken betwixt the King of France and him, untill the 26. of August. In the meane time, King Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet Duke of Britaine, Knight of the field, and received of him homage for Anjowe, Poytiers, Turon, Maine, Britaine, and Normandy; for the which the said King Philip promised by oath to ayde him in recovery thereof.—*Stowe's Chronicle.* The line in the text, with the exception of the first word, is copied from the old play, the enumeration of the countries following in the same order.

[3] *And put the same into young Arthur's hand.*

The old play makes John an usurper, and not, as represented by Holinshed,

the legal possessor of the throne under the dying testament of his predecessor, and brother, Richard. It was the object of both the dramatists to excite pity in favour of Arthur, and they, therefore, judiciously suppressed the facts recorded by Holinshed, that the nobility "willingly took their oaths of obedience" to John, and that the pretensions of his nephew were at one time so little insisted upon, that "a peace was concluded upon betwixt King John and Duke Arthur."—*Courtnay.*

As a slight evidence of the popularity of the old play in the time of Shakespeare, the following catalogue of a library, if so short a list can be fairly so termed, belonging to a country gentleman, may deserve insertion. It is copied from an old manuscript inventory,—

Item, there also behind the dore ar 2 alminackes.—Item, the wyndow and casement of the studdy roome is sownd without crackes.—Item, there is a deske whereuppon the Book of Martyres now standes.—Item, of bookes, besides the Booke of Martyres, are 24, viz., the book called Godfrey of Bullcigne; the tragedy of Soophonisbe; The Duty of Subjects; the Kinges Lepant; The Pennitent Publican; a play book called What You Will; a book called Speculum Brytanniæ; The Kuckowe; The Servingmans Comfort; The Troublesome Raigne of King John; The Tragicall Historyes; Fotherbies Searmons; The Dumb Knight; a Bible of a very fayre print; The Apollogy for the Oath of Alleageance; Slaydenes Commentaryes; The English Cronicles; an Abridgment of Roman Histories; Churchyeards Chippes; The Whole Booke of Salmes; a Book of dyvers Gody Prayers; a book called the Mystery of Redemptyon; the New Testament and the Salmes at the later end; The Choyce of Change; Guyes Historyes; The Book of Survey.—Item, the Story of the Tryumph of Roome.

[4] *The proud control of fierce and bloody war.*

Johnson says that *control* means opposition, but I think it rather means *constraint* or *compulsion;* so in the second act of Henry the Fifth, when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, and the King answers, or else what follows.—Exeter replies:—"Bloody constraint;—For if you hide the crown even in your hearts,—There will he rake for it."—The passages are exactly similar.—*Mason.*

[5] *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.*

King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the King of Portugal, in the first part of Jeronimo, 1605, produced before 1590:

And. Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—
Bal. Tribute for tribute then; and *foes for foes.*
And. —— I bid you sudden wars.—*Steevens.*

[6] *The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.*

We have the same anachronism in Hamlet and in Macbeth. It is scarcely necessary to tell our readers that gunpowder was invented about a century later than the time of John, and that the first battle-field in which cannon were used is commonly supposed to have been that of Cressy. And yet the dramatic poet could not have well avoided this literal violation of propriety, both here and in the second act, when he talks of "bullets wrapp'd in fire." He uses terms which were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the mangonell and the petraria,—the stone-flinging machines of the time of John,—he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness: but his words would have fallen dead upon the

ears of the many. We have other anachronisms in this play, which we may as well dismiss at once, in connexion with the assertion of the principle upon which they are to be defended. In the first act, we have the "half-faced groat" of Henry VII. and the "three-farthing rose" of Elizabeth. The mention of these coins conveys a peculiar image, which must have been rejected if the poet had been bound by the same rules that govern an antiquary. So in the fifth act, where the Dauphin says he has "the best cards for the game," the poet had to choose between the adoption of an allusion full of spirit and perfectly intelligible, and the substitution of some prosaic and feeble form of speech that might have had the poor merit of not anticipating the use of playing cards in Europe by about a century and a half.—*Knight.*

The allusion to Basilisco is another trivial anachronism. In reply to certain criticisms on the passage in the text, it may be worth observing there is no allusion whatever to the destructive power of thunder. King John merely adverts to the swiftness of the lightning at first, and, having used the word, adds, "as the lightning precedes the thunder, so you shall precede the thunder of my artillery." —*Pye.*

In the play of Kynge Johan by Bale there is an anachronism similar to that above named. Allusion is there made to Alphonso being on his way from Spain to assail John with ships full of gunpowder, and the Dauphin prepares to invade England, "with wylde fyer, gunpouder, and suche lyke myrye trickes."

[7] *And sullen presage of your own decay.*

Sullen, gloomy, sad. By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird* of *ill-omen* to croak out the prognostic of your own ruin.—*Johnson.*

That here are two ideas is evident; but the second of them has not been luckily explained. "The sullen presage of your own decay," means, the dismal passing bell, that announces your own approaching dissolution.—*Steevens.*

The epithet *sullen* may be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell.* In our author's King Henry IV. Part II. we find—"Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*—."—*Malone.*

Surely Johnson is right: the epithet *sullen* may be applied as Milton also has applied it to a *bell* "swinging slow with *sullen* roar," with more propriety than to the sharp sound of a trumpet.—*Boswell.*

"And dumb presagers of my speaking breast," Sonnets. In the Perkins MS., *sullen* is altered to *sudden.*

[8] *Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.*

Spelt *Chatillion* in the folio, and so anglicised for the sake of the verse elsewhere, as in the first line of the play, though it might not be necessary to vary from the French pronunciation here, if "to't" were pronounced as a dissyllable.—*Collier.*

[9] *Upon the right and party of her son?*

Upon the title, claim, the question of right. "Surely Queene Elianor, the kyng's mother, was sore agaynst hir nephew Arthur, rather moved therto by envye conceyved agaynste his mother, than upon any juste occasion given in the behalfe of the childe, for that she sawe, if he were king, howe his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till hir sonne shuld come to lawfull age to governe of himselfe; so hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrarie. When this

doyng of the Queene was signified unto the saide Constance, she, doubting the suretie of hir son, committed him to the truste of the Frenche king, who, receiving him into his tuition, promised to defend him from all his enemies, and forthwith furnished the holdes in Britayne with French souldiours. Queene Elynor, being advertised hereof, stode in doubt by and by of hir countrey of Guyenne, and therfore with all possible speede passed the sea, and came to hir sonne John into Normandie," Holinshed's Chronicles, ed. 1577.

[10] *Which now the manage of two kingdoms.*

By the word *manage* I understand the strength and power of France and England, rather than, according to Steevens, the conduct and administration of them, which seems more remote from the author's meaning; though perhaps the word may comprehend both.—*Davies.* The term *manage*, in the sense of conduct or management, is of frequent occurrence. The use of the word in the text was possibly suggested by its appearance in the old play of King John,—

> Till I had, with an unresisted shock,
> Control'd the *manage* of proud Angiers' walls.

[11] *Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire.*

The stage-direction in the folio, 1623, is only, "Enter a Sheriff;" but it is evident that he was Sheriff of Northamptonshire. In the old play of King John, he is said to "whisper Salisbury," who stands in the place of Essex.—*Collier.*

[12] *Philip, his bastard brother.*

Though Shakespeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages. Matthew Paris says: "Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcasius de Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat," &c. Philip the Bastard is thus noticed in Holinshed; nor is there any other mention of him:—"the same year also (the first of John), Philip, bastard sonne to King Richarde, to whome his father hadde given the castel and honor of Coynack, killed the Vicount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slayne (as yee have heard) in besieging the castel of Chalus Cheverell," ed. 1577, p. 547. Perhaps the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of Faulconbridge to King Richard's natural son, who is only mentioned in our histories by the name of Philip; "one Faulconbridge, therle of Kent, his bastarde, a stoute-hearted man." In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:—"Next them, a bastard of the king's deceas'd,—*A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.*" Who the mother of Philip was is not ascertained. It is said that she was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province. In 1558, a book called "Cur de Lion" was entered on the Stationers' Registers. By an entry in the same registers, 29th November, 1614, it appears that there had been an old edition of the tract entitled the History of George W. Faulconbridge, the son of Richard Cordelion, and that the copy had been assigned by William Barley to Thomas Beale. The oldest edition now known appeared in 1616. A play called the Funeral of Richard Cordelion, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Munday, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598.—*Malone.*

To face p. 300

Effigy of Richard Cœur de Lion † 6th April 1199
Discovered at Fontevraud under the Tabernacle on the South side of the Choir beneath Cathedral

[13] *I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother.*

The resemblance between this sentiment, and that of Telemachus, in the first book of the Odyssey, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

My mother, certaine, says I am his sonne;
I know not; nor was ever simply knowne,
By any child, the sure truth of his sire.

Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in Euripides, Menander, and Aristotle. Shakespeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. —*Steevens.*

In the old King John, the mother of Philip and Robert being present while the legitimacy of the former is canvassed, Robert says,—"And here my mother stands to prove him so;" that is, not the legitimate son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge; the mother affects to be very indignant at the accusation.—*Collier.*

[14] *What a madcap hath heaven lent us here!*

Lent, given, from the old English verb *lene*, to give. The expression in the text is of usual occurrence in works, especially in the metrical romances, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but it was getting obsolete in Shakespeare's time. Heath proposed to alter *lent* to *sent*.

A fulle harde grace was hir *lentte*
Er she owt of this worde wentte.
MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, f. 43.

[15] *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face.*

The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley, in their comedy called Fortune by Land and Sea: "Her face, *the trick of her eye*, her leer." The following passage, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, proves the phrase to be borrowed from delineation:—"You can blazon the rest, signior?—O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." So, again, in Cynthia's Revels: "the parish buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them."—*Steevens.*

By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion. So Helena uses the word, in All's Well that Ends Well, speaking of Bertram;—and Gloster, in King Lear, says—"the *trick* of that voice I do well remember." In this and other places, by the word *trick* Shakespeare means some distinguishing air or feature of the face, in which a strong resemblance of the parent may be discovered. In the Winter's Tale, Paulina proves the legitimacy of Queen Hermione's daughter by a *trick of face* which she has in common with her father. So Falstaff, when representing Henry the Fourth, in a mock-scene between the Prince of Wales and himself, tells the Prince,—"Thou art my son: I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip."—*Davies.*

In 1838, a very curious effigy of Richard Cœur de Lion was discovered under the pavement of the south side of the choir in Rouen Cathedral, which is more interesting in many respects than the one at Fontevrault. The face in this effigy is somewhat mutilated, but sufficient remains to give an idea of the character of his countenance.

[16] *With that half-face would he have all my land.*

"With half that face," old editions, by a printer's error. So in Fletcher's

Love's Pilgrimage, act ii. sc. 4, ap. Dyce,—" Where's the falconer's *half-dog* he left?", stands thus in the first folio, " Where's the *half* Falconer's *dog* he left?" Mr. Collier retains the old reading, with the following explanation,—" the meaning is, that because Robert had only a thin narrow face, like his father, yet with only half the face of his father, he would have all his father's land. Since the time of Theobald, all editors have printed the second line, ' with that half face,' which does not express what the poet seems to have intended. Philip ridicules Robert for having, in fact, only half of the half-face of his father, yet claiming all the inheritance by reason of it."

[17] *A half-faced groat.*

This coin was not struck till the year 1504, when a groat, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but half the face; the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, that is, faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of King Henry VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it: for in the time of King John, there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III.—*Theobald.*

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:—" You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face." Again in Histriomastix, 1610:—" Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion."—*Steevens.*

What, not a poor old *Harry-Groat* that looks as *thin* as a poet's cloak? But, however, my noble mountain-hearted uncle, I ha' made her maiden-head a crack'd groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, she shall ha' nothing more from me.—*Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663.

[18] *Large lengths of seas and shores.*

This is Homeric, and is thus rendered by Chapman in the first Iliad;

—— hills enow, and farre-resounding seas
Powre out their shades and deepes between.—*Steevens.*

[19] *And took it, on his death.*

Took it, that is, asserted positively. " On his death" may possibly refer to an asseveration, but I rather imagine it merely means, when he was dying, in his dying moments. In the fifth act of the First Part of King Henry IV., Falstaff says, " *I'll take it upon my death*, I gave him this wound in the thigh."

[20] *This calf, bred from his cow.*

The decision of King John coincides with that of Menie, the Indian lawgiver: " Should a bull beget a hundred *calves* on *cows* not owned by his master, those *calves* belong solely to the proprietors of the *cows*." See the Hindu Laws translated by Sir W. Jones, p. 251.—*Steevens.*

[21] *This concludes.*

This is a *decisive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. —*Johnson.*

[22] *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.*

That is, Lord of thy own person, which comprehends the whole of thy lands, lordships, and titles. Warburton objects that Robert might be lord of his person, without parting with his land. So undoubtedly he might; but he probably misunderstands the alternative proposed by the Queen. In the next act, King John, wishing to impress the possession of his royal dignity on the notice of the people of Angiers, calls himself, "Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you." The term *presence* was sometimes used in the sense of, aspect, personal appearance, or dignity. A line resembling this, but written with a different idea, occurs in Wotton's beautiful poem of the Happy Man—

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

[23] *Sir Robert's his.*

So in ed. 1623, and the later folios, the construction being, Sir Robert's shape being his shape. Some critics consider that *his* is here the common old form of the genitive case.

[24] *That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose.*

The *roses* stuck in the ear were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribands. In Marston's What You Will is the following passage: "Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband*, wearing it in his *ear*," &c. Again, in Every Man out of his Humour:—"Faith, here be some slight favours of her's, sir, that do speak it, she is; as this scarf, sir, or *this riband in my ear*, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir: slight, slight, a foolish toy." Again, in Love and Honour, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649:—"A lock on the left side so rarely hung—With *ribbanding*," &c. Among Vandyck's pictures in the Duke of Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, is one with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribands which terminate in *roses;* and Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, says that "it was once the fashion to stick real *flowers in the ear.*" At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, there is a juvenile portrait, supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth, with a red *rose* sticking *in her ear.—Steevens.*

Marston, in his Satires, 1598, alludes to this fashion as fantastical:—"*Ribbanded eares*, Grenada nether-stocks;" and from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry, in our author's time, suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their mistress's silken shoe-strings in them,—

—Thou know'st I love thee, dear;
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tyes there.—*Malone.*

[25] *Look, where Three-farthings goes!*

In this obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humourously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only, prince who coin'd in England three-half-pence, and three-

farthing pieces. She at one and the same time, coin'd shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence: and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not; the other intermediate coins, the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings, had the rose. As each of the lesser of these pieces were hardly to be distinguished in size from that immediately next to it in value; it was the common practice to deface the rose upon the lesser coin, to make it pass for that next above it in price. And this serves to give light to a passage of Beaumont and Fletcher in their Scornful Lady.—" He had a bastard, his own toward issue, whipt, and then cropt, for washing out the roses in three-farthings to make them pence."—*Theobald.*

Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends; viz., that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin.* From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his Every Man in his Humour, 1616, says, " He values me at a *crackt three-farthings*, for ought I see."—*Malone.*

So, in the Shoemaker's Holiday, &c. 1610:—"——Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings.—*Firk.* 'Tis but three-half-pence I think: yes, 'tis three-pence; I smell the *rose.*"—*Steevens.*

The sticking roses about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy, l. ii. c. i.: " Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roses par tous les coins;*" that is, in every place about him, says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions. Camden, in his Remains, in the chapter of money, tells us, that Queen Elizabeth first coined the pieces of three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings, with this motto, *rosa sine spina.* I apprehend, he means that this queen first coined these small pieces with such a motto; for I find by Holinshed, in his History of that Reign, p. 1194, that she, in her third year, 1560, upon calling-in the base copper coins, only restored these little silver coins. And in his other volume, where he gives a description of England, p. 218, he tells us that King Edward the First, in the eighth year of his reign, first coined the penny, and smallest pieces of silver roundwise, which before were square, and wont to bear a double cross with a crest, in such sort that the penny might easily be broken either into halves or quarters.—*Warburton.*

" The least peece of coine or currant monie, as *three-farthings* with us," Nomenclator, 1585. " Where dwell'd onely some halfe dozen shepheards and colliers besides his father, the richest of them being scarce worth *three-farthings*," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614.

> Verses are nothing worth, yet he that buyes
> Ought that is thine, at a *three-farthings* price,
> Will thing it too too dear.—*Wits Recreations*, 1640.

Hence, the expression *three-farthings* came to be used as typical of any thing or person very worthless or mean. Tom Farthing was another similar term of contempt, and in Counsellor Manners Last Legacy, 1673, mention is made in like manner of " a three-halfpenny fellow."

[26] *And, to his shape, were heir to all this land.*

"*To* his shape" means, "in *addition* to it." So in Troilus and Cressida:—

The Greeks are strong, and skilful *to* their strength,
Fierce *to* their skill, and *to* their fierceness valiant.

M. Mason, however, would transpose the words *his* and *this*:—"And to *this* shape were heir to all *his* land." By *this* shape, says he, Faulconbridge means, the shape he had been just describing.—*Steevens.* Malone proposed to read, "*though* his shape."

[27] *I would not be Sir Nob in any case.*

Sir *Nob* is used contemptuously for Sir *Robert.* The old copy reads—"*It* would not be—." The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that it is necessary.—*Malone.*

We have given the text of the folio—"*It* would not be sir Nob,"—not "*I* would not be." This face, he says, would not be sir Nob. *Nob* is now, and was in Shakespeare's time, a cant word for the head.—*Knight.*

[28] *Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*

It is a common opinion that Plantagenet was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II.; but it is, as Camden observes, in his Remaines, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II., the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress;* his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion;* and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-land.—Malone.*

[29] *Something about, a little from the right.*

This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. I am, says the sprightly knight, your grandson, a little irregularly, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that dares not go about his designs by day, must make his motions in the night; he, to whom the door is shut, must climb the window, or leap the hatch. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that to have is to have, however it was caught, and that he who wins, shot well, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it.—*Johnson.*

[30] *In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.*

These expressions mean, to be born out of wedlock. So, in the Family of Love, 1608: "Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at the window!*" So, in Northward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "—kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and sailing to Westminster," &c. Such another phrase occurs in Any Thing for a Quiet Life: "—then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects *came not in at the right door.*" Again, in the Witches of Lancashire, by Heywood and Broome, 1634: "—It appears then by your discourse that you *came in at the window.*—I would not have you thinke I scorne my granams cat to leape *over the hatch.* He hath confest himselfe to be a bastard." Again: "—to escape the dogs hath leaped *in at a window.* 'Tis thought *you came into the world that way*—because you are a *bastard.*"—*Steevens.*

One making his bastard sonne his heire; the true begotten sonne being unthrifty, it hapned the two brothers falling out, the true begotten twitted the bastard that he came in at the windowe; true, said the bastard, I came in at the *window* to keepe the house, whilst you might walke out of the doores to beg for he house.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

[31] *Good fortune come to thee!*

Alluding to the proverb, that bastards are born lucky.—Philip wishes his brother good fortune, because Robert was not a bastard: had he been illegitimate, the wish, according to the proverb, would have been needless.—*Collier.*

[32] *Good den, sir Richard.*

Good den, good evening. So, in Englishmen for my Money, 1631,—"Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether."

Sir Richard;—thus the old copy, and rightly. In Act IV. Salisbury calls him sir *Richard*, and the King has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *sir Robert.* Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it.—*Steevens.*

[33] *'Tis too respective, and too sociable.*

Respective, formal, respectful, considerate, regardful. So, in the Case is Altered, by Ben Jonson, 1609: "I pray you, sir; you are too *respective* in good faith." Again, in the old comedy called Michaelmas Term, 1607: "Seem *respective*, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew." Again, in the Merchant of Venice, "You should have been *respective*," &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the eleventh Iliad: ——"his honourable blood—Was struck with a *respective* shame." So, in Chapman's Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools, 1619: "Didst thou not mark how he entreated me with *respective* terms?" Again, in the 2d Part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602, Mario says, "I give the duke most *respective* thanks." Again, in Sir John Oldcastle,—"with thy kind respective tears."—*Malone.*

> Nor any ill affected cause beside,
> Begat these lines; but true *respective* love,
> Which all good meanings to one end doth move.
>
> *Scott's Four Paradoxes of Arte*, 1602.

[34] *For your conversion.*

"For your *conversion*" is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. —*Steevens.*

Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing.* Our author has here, I think, used a licence of phraseology that he often takes. The Bastard has just said, that "new-made honour doth *forget* men's names;" and he proceeds as if he had said, "does *not remember* men's names." To remember the name of an inferior, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for your *conversion*,—for your present condition, now *converted* from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight.—*Malone.*

The probability is that *conversion* is an archaic term used in the sense of *conversation.* So, in Englishmen for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will,

I can no longer hold my patience!
Impudent villaine, and lascivious girles,
I have ore-heard your vild *conversions;*
You scorne philosophy! you'le be no nunne!
You must needs kisse the purse, because he sent it.

[35] *Now your traveller.*

It is said, in All's Well that Ends Well, that "a *traveller* is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.—*Johnson.*

So, in the Partyng of Frendes, a Copy of Verses subjoined to Tho. Churchyard's Praise and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita, &c. 1578:—"and all the parish throw—At church or market, in some sort, will talke of *trav'lar* now."—*Steevens.*

[36] *He and his tooth-pick.*

Among Gascoigne's poems is one entitled, Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withipoll a little before his latter Journey to Geane, 1572. The following lines may, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:—

Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array;—
As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe;
Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;
A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;
A slender slop close couched to your dock;
A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose, &c.

Again, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson, 1601: "—A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth." So also, Fletcher:—"——You that trust in travel;—you that enhance the daily price of *tooth-picks.*" —*Steevens.*

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1616, (article, an Affected Traveller:)—"He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping: he will choke rather than confess beere good drink; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour."—*Malone.*

[37] *At my worship's mess.*

Means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed. "Your *worship*" was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as "your *honour*" was to a lord.—*Malone.*

[38] *My picked man of countries.*

Picked, finically spruce in dress. "My picked man of countries," my travelled fop. Chaucer says, in one of his prologues: "Fresh and new her geare *ypiked* was." And in the Merchant's Tale; "He kembeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh.*" In Hyrd's translation of Vives's Instruction of a Christian Woman, printed in 1591, we meet with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly*

arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to e regarded by their virtue, and not their ornaments, banished out of the country, by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling." Again, in a comedy called All Fools, by Chapman, 1602 :—"Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a haire—About his whole bulk, but it stands in print." Again, in Love's Labour's Lost, "He is too *picked*, too spruce," &c. Again, in Greene's Defence of Conny-catching, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. alamode de France," &c. So, in Wilson's Art of Rhetorique, 1553 : "—such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pyking*," &c. "To picke or trimme," Minsheu.—*Steevens.*

By the following passage in Holinshed's description of the soldiers employed by the Earl of Arundel in 1387, it appears that *picked* was not always used thus, but sometimes merely, selected.—"The Lord Admirall, understanding that the Duke of Glocester and many other noblemen would see the muster of his men, used all diligence and spared no costs to have the most choisest and *pickedst* fellowes that might be gotten, not following the evill examples in times past, which received tag and rag to fill up their numbers, whom they levied for small wages, and reserved the residue to their purses; the Earle of Arundell contrarillie got the ablest men he might, not sparing his own pursse." If this sense be adopted in the passage in the text, a comma must be placed after the word *man.*

[39] *Like an absey-book.*

The ABC-book is thus spelt in ed. 1623, retained here on account of the metre. It is a common old form, corrupted from *abece*, the archaic orthography, as it usually occurs in works of the fifteenth century. "He was more than ten ȝer old, ar he couthe ys abece," Robert of Gloucester. "That men callyt an *abece*," MS. Harl. 3954, fol. 87.

Al be it that thei ben writen with dyverse metre, netheles thei ben writen and woven to-gideris with the *abece* of the same noumbre.—1 Kings, Wickliffe's version.

Off arsmetique the matere
Is that of whiche a man may lere
What algorisme in nombre amounteth,
Whan that the wise man acompteth,
Aftir the formel propirté
Of algorismes *abece.*—Gower, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134.

"*Abecé*, an abcee, the crosse-row, an alphabet, or orderly list, of all the letters. —*Abecedaire*, in his abcee; that but beginnes to learne his abcee: hence also, childish, yoong, simple, ignorant," Cotgrave. The ABC-books sometimes included a Catechism, and hence the allusion in the passage in the text.

[40] *Saving in dialogue of compliment.*

We of these latter times, full of a nice curiosity, mislike all the performances of our fore-fathers; we say they were honest plaine men, but they wanted the capring wits of this ripe age; we are not yet so impudent as to say they were fooles, but wee affirme they were fooles, for all they did is undone, and their whole courses altered. They had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we thinke it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another; they gave entertainement to their friend, to strangers, wee accomplement, and civilized, or civited (for our actions smell like a profound courtier) kisse the hand as if we meant to take say of it, imbrace curiously, and spend even at his entrance a whole volume of words, which when it meetes with a fellow

unprovided of that windy commodity, hee is driven to take all without exchange, and so is thought either clownish or shallow, or else he is bound to the penance of a milion of "I thanke you with all my heart, sir; I am glad to see you well; tell me how you doe, sir," but if they be both cunning, what a deale of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! "O how blessed doe I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight; O, Signieur, the starre that governes my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myselfe in your armes; not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to containe such pretiousnesse; but pleaseth it you to honour mee so much, as to make mee the bridge of your passing home, happy shall I bee to have had the impression of your footsteps;" this and a cup of drinke makes the time as fit for a departure as can be, by this time they are both drunke dry, and they have no more to say; but by way of repetition, which the eare loatheth as much, as the pallat meate already chewed, onely certaine shotte are left to bring themselves off, as unhappy occasions. Why doe you spurre me to depart out of this paradise? no, sir, pardon me, it is I that have cause to complaine of injurious time, who wanting you, doe wish the want of myselfe, for myselfe without my second selfe is alike loathsome; no more, sweet friend, let us not thinke too much of the misfortune of separation, but let me leave you here.—*Essayes by Sir William Cornwallyes*, 1632. The first edition of this book appeared in 1600.

[41] *For he is but a bastard to the time.*

He is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries; and that not only by his outward habit and address, but also by the infallible criterion of politeness, a perpetual propensity to flattery, that sweet poison, so highly palatable to the age's tooth.—*Malone.*

[42] *Which, though I will not practise to deceive.*

Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, *this*, for *which*, is hardly necessary; the dependant word is not wholly alienated from its principal, and we shall find in these works many genitural nouns standing more proudly aloof from their humble relatives.—*Seymour.*

[43] *To blow a horn before her.*

There is a quibbling allusion here to cuckoldism, and to the horn blown by a post or travelling messenger. The Bastard, in the old play, makes a similar joke, but it is applied differently. The accompanying engraving of a post blowing a horn is copied from an old London token.

[44] *James Gurney.*

Our author found this name in perusing the history of King John, who, not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh *Gorney*, near Butevant, in Normandy.—*Malone.* "King Philip forthwith assembled an armie, and invaded the castle of Butevant in Normandy; he tooke the land of Hogh Gorney, and all castles thereabout," Stowe's Chronicle, p. 166.

[45] *Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man.*

Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton, in his Polyolbion.—*Johnson.*

Colbrand is also mentioned in the old romance of the Squyr of Lowe Degre: —"Or els so doughty of my honde—As was the gyaunte syr Colbronde."—*Steevens.*

Here in banter, he compares the little, diminutive gentleman, to Colbrand the Danish giant, who, in the reign of King Athelstan, in behalf of the Danes, challeng'd any person the English should bring into the field. Guy Earl of Warwick accepted the challenge, and being unknown to every one but the king, fought the giant near Winchester, and kill'd him; and the Danes yielded the victory; while Guy retired to a hermit's cell near Warwick, and there privately ended his days.—*Grey.*

[46] *Good leave, good Philip.*

Good leave means a *ready assent.* So, in the Third Part of King Henry VI. —"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.—*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave."—*Steevens.* Again, in As You Like It, —"he gives them good leave to wander."

[47] *Philip?—sparrow!*

So call a sparrow, but no longer so address me. The sparrow was called Philip or Phip, from its note, whence the Latin *pipilo*, a verb used by Catullus in his Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow. "To whit, to whoo, the owle does cry,—*Phip, phip*, the sparrowes as they fly," Lyly's Mother Bombie, iii. Sir Philip Sydney, in his Astrophel and Stella, has some verses addressed to a sparrow, who nestled in the bosom of his love,—

> But you must needs with those lips billing be?
> And through those lips drinke nectar from that toong;
> Leave that, sir Phip, least off your neck be wroong.

Skelton's poem of Philip Sparrow, whom he exalts above all sparrows, is well known. "With me in kepynge such a Phylyp Sparowe," Skelton's Magnificence.

> My neighbour woodcocke, buzzard and the gull,
> And *Philip Sparrow* all most plentifull;
> All sorts of faire fowle, or the foulest fowle,
> From the degree of the eagle to the owle.—
>
> *Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

"*Non.* Yes, Lady, I am *Sir Philip.*—*Con.* But you are none of my Sparrow," Brome's Northern Lasse. "Had he but the perceiverance of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip," Widow, 1652. Perhaps one of the most curious illustrations of this familiar name is a poem entitled, the Praise of Philip Sparrow, in Gascoigne's Workes, 1587, where, however, the bird, though called Philip, is represented as a female,—

Of all the byrds that I doo know,—Philip my Sparrow hath no peere:
For sit she high, or lye she low,—be she far off, or be she neere,
There is no byrd so faire, so fine,—nor yet so fresh as this of mine.
Come in a morning merrily,—when Philip hath beene lately fed,
Or in an evening soberly,—when Philip list to go to bed:
It is a heaven to heare my Phip,—how she can chirpe with cherry lip.
She nevers wanders far abrode,—but is at hand when I doo call,
If I command she layes on lode,—with lips, with teeth, with toong and all:
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheere,—that I beleeve she hath no peere.

And yet besides all this good sport,—my Philip can both sing and dance,
With new found toyes of sundry sort,—my Philip can both pricke and prance:
As if you say but fend cut phip,—lord, how the peat will turne and skip.
Hir fethers are so fresh of hew,—and so well proined every day,
She lacks none oile, I warrant you,—to trim hir taile both tricke and gay;
And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,—Hir tongue is sweete and short beside.
And for the rest I dare compare,—she is both tender, sweete and soft:
She never lacketh daintie fare,—but is well fed and feedeth oft:
For if my phip have lust to eate,—I warrant you phip lacks no meate.
And then if that hir meate be good,—and such as like do love alway:
She will lay lips thereon by rood,—and see that none be cast away:
For when she once hath felt a fit,—Phillip will cry still, yet, yet, yet.
And to tell trueth he were to blame,—which had so fine a bird as she,
To make him all this goodly game,—without suspect or jellousie:
He were a churle and knewe no good,—would see hir faint for lacke of food.
Wherefore I sing and ever shall,—to prayse as I have often prov'd,
There is no byrd amongst them all,—so worthy for to be belov'd.
Let other prayse what byrd they will,—sweete Phillip shall be my byrd still.

[48] *James, there're toys abroad.*

Toys, rumours, idle reports, vain speculations. So, in Ben Jonson's Sejanus, —"*Toys*, mere *toys*,—What wisdom's in the streets." Again, in a postscript of a letter from the Countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner, for the murder of Sir Tho. Overbury: "—they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys*."—State Trials, i. 322.—*Steevens.*

[49] *Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast.*

——he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate.
Heywood's Dialogues upon Proverbes, 1562.

[50] *Marry,—to confess!—could he get me?*

Mason regards the adverb *to* as an error of the press: but I rather think, *to* confess, means—*to* come to confession. "But, to come to a fair confession now," says the Bastard, "could he have been the instrument of my production?"—*Steevens.* The pronoun *he* is not in the original editions, and *not* is inserted in the Perkins MS. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that a question is asked.

[51] *Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.*

Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, called Soliman and Perseda. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him; as, for instance:

Pist. Naye, but here you, sir, I must talke with you before you goe. [*Getting him downe, and striding over him.*
Basi. O, if thou beest magnanimious, come before me.
Pist. Nay, if thou beest a right warrior, get from under me.
Bas. What, wouldst thou have me a Typhon, to beare up Pelion or Ossa?

Pist. Typhon me no Typhons, but sweare upon my dudgen dagger, not to go till I give thee leave.

Bas. O, I sweare, I sweare,

Pist. By the contents of this blade.

Bas. By the contents of this blade.

Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight.*

Pist. *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave.

So that, it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humourously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood;* as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight*, in the passage above quoted.—*Theobald.*

The braggadocio character of Basilisco is mentioned in Nash's Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596.—*Steevens.* This character must have been very popular, as his oaths became proverbial. Thus in Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth, 1617, 4to, we have, "three-pil'd, huge *Basilisco* oaths that would have torn a roring-boyes eares in a thousand shatters."—*Douce.*

[52] *Legitimation.*

For though mariage hath many difficulties attending; especially the feare of *legitimation* in our children, and suspicion of that honour which lies on our wives honesty.—*History of Patient Grisel*, p. 6.

[53] *Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.*

Shakespeare here alludes to a story originally told in the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur-de-lion, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles. So, Rastal, in his Chronicle: "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beynge in prison to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arm in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so harde that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon;* but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake."—*Grey.* In the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur-de-lion, Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of 'a palmer in Almayne,' and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the King's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, 'if he dare stand a buffet from his hand,' and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waited his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, 'held forth as a trewe man,' and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek as broke his jaw-bone and killed him on the spot. The King, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion kept purposely from food shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the King's daughter, having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk 'kerchers,' with which he protects his arm, and, when the lion opened his mouth, he thrust his hand down the animal's throat, and succeeded in reaching and pulling out its heart!—*Percy.*

The same story is told by Knighton, inter Decem Scriptores, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable.* It probably took its rise from Hugh de Neville, one of

Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy Land; a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris.—*Malone.*

[54] *Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.*

This is confused, even to contradiction. The Bastard says that he will show his mother to his new royal kindred, and they shall say that if she had said nay to Richard, it would have been a sin; he then adds, who says it was a sin, lies; for I say it was not. The meaning intended by the poet is, who says the yielding to Richard was a sin, lies; I say 'twas not a sin to yield to his begetting me.

Act the Second.

SCENE.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*[1]

Enter, on one side, PHILIP, *king of France,* LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Forces; on the other, the* Archduke of Austria *and Forces.*

Lou. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:[2]
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lou. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;[3]—
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,—
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,[4]
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,—
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love !

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages :
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.[5]

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady,[6]—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived !—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;[7]
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:[8]
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,[9]
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,[10]
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums within.*
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not,—bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[11] into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this[12] is Geffrey's: in the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. J. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?[13]

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,—
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners,—being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.[14]

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier![15]

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

And 'a may catch your hide and you alone :[16]
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,[17]
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;
I 'll smoke your skin-coat,[18] an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :—[19]
But, ass, I 'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same,[20] that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.[21]

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child ;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig ;
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, wher she does or no ![22]
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.[23]

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;[24]
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate;
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—[25]
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:—
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—therefore, hear us first.—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes,[26] your winking gates;[27]
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
For-wearied in this action of swift speed,[28]
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,—
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys;
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty, which you truely owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rondure[29] of your old-fac'd walls,
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.[30]

K. John. Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. [*Aside.*] Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. [*Aside.*] Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.[31]

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Phi. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon,[32] and, e'er since,
Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,[33]
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah [*to Austria*], were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to Louis*] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French kings, &c.*

After Alarums and Excursions, enter a French Herald, *with Trumpets, to the Gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald *with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day;
Their armours that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;[34]
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,[35]
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:[36]
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:[37]

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power;
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Re-enter, on one side, King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and Forces; on the other,* King PHILIP, LOUIS, AUSTRIA, Lords, *and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?[38]
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell,
With course disturb'd, even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more; and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,[39]
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents,[40] fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
First Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here ;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this ;[41]
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates ;
King'd of our fear,[42] until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bast. By heaven, these scroils of Angiers[43] flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes[44] and acts of death.
You royal presences, be rul'd by me :—
Do, like the mutines of Jerusalem,[45]
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town ;
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city ;
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point ;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of the policy ?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?
Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder, from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south,—
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. [*Aside.*]—Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near[46] to England;—look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,[47]
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—
If not complete of,[48] say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen[49] than powder can enforce,

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance : but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion ; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,[50]
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke,[51] and bounce ,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France :
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father,—dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,—
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath[52]
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak, England, first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city : what say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read,—I love,—
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
For Anjou,[53] and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,—
Except this city now by us besieg'd,—

Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lou. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.[54] [*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. [*Aside.*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor:—this is pity now,
That, hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine;
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will,—to speak more properly,—
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,—
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,—
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones?—What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lou. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,[55]
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.
Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.[56]
K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel,[57] presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.
Lou. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.[58]
K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all except the Bastard. The Citizens retire from the wall.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;[59]
And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear[60]
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose[61]
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—[62]
Commodity, the bias of the world;[63]
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,[64]
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,[65]
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

"Angiers, the capital of Bretagne, is situated on the Loire, which divides it into two parts. The cathedral is a venerable and ancient structure, and the walls of King John's period remain nearly entire, and are of great circumference," Tytler, 1797. The cathedral here referred to is that of St. Maurice, the nave of which is a work of the middle of the twelfth century, and the choir with its apse belong to the age of John, or perhaps to a period shortly before he commenced his reign.

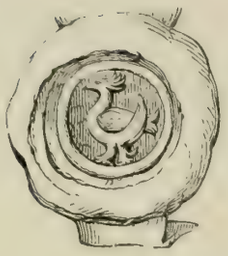
[2] *By this brave duke came early to his grave.*

The old play led Shakespeare into this error of ascribing to the Duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power.—*Steevens.*

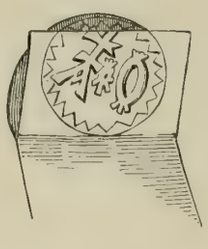
The producing Austria on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown in prison in 1193, died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195. The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knighte of the Duke of Ostriche the said Duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old King John.—*Malone.*

Why does the Dauphin take upon him to anticipate his father in welcoming Austria, and his father here in presence? I doubt not but this speech should be placed to King Philip.—*Theobald.*

[3] *As seal to this indenture of my love.*



Although the poet is of course speaking metaphorically, this passage may deserve an illustration in the annexed specimens of seals attached to indentures of the Shakespearian period. The sealing, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was an essential part of the process necessary to secure the validity of the instrument, and hence the propriety of the metaphor. In Shakespeare's time, the sealing was a more solemn affair than it is now, and the private seals of the parties to the deed were generally used.



[4] *Hedg'd in with the main.*

Second, seeing how secure we slept, carelesse, reposing ourselves in that our owne strength, for that wee were hedged in with the sea, and had a long and peaceable time of quiet.—*Greene's Spanish Masquerado*, 1589.

[5] *That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.*

Indirectly is, out of due course, out of the fair and equitable order of proceeding; as in Julius Cæsar:

——— I would rather coin my heart, &c., than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.—*Seymour.*

The Perkins MS. corrector suggests *indiscreetly*, a most unhappy substitution. "Indiscreetly" means, imprudently, inconsiderately. "Indirectly" means, wrongfully, iniquitously, as may be learnt from these lines in King Henry V., where the French king is denounced as a usurper, and is told that Henry

bids you, then, resign
Your crown and kingdom, *indirectly* held
From him the native and true challenger.

It was certainly the purpose of Constance to condemn the rash shedding of blood as something worse than indiscreet, as criminal and unjust, and this she did by employing the term *indirectly* in the Shakespearian sense of that word.—*Anon.*

[6] *A wonder, lady!*

The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less, in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good.—*Johnson.*

[7] *An Até, stirring him to blood and strife.*

An Ace, old eds. This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called Leicester's Commonwealth, originally published about the year 1584: "—She standeth like a fiend or *fury*, at the elbow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve."—*Steevens.*

[8] *With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd.*

This use of the double possessive was not unusual, and is even occasionally

1598 Anno 40mo Regnæ Elizabethæ

xxij° Julij

James Roberts. — Entered for his copie under the handes of both the wardens, a booke of the marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce, provided that yt be not printed by the said James Roberts or any other whatsoever without lyceuse first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen. — vj d

23 August (1600)

Andrew Wise
William Aspley — Entered for their copies under the hands of the wardens a noo booke the ould called: Muche a doo about nothyng. Likewise the stowe pte of the Historye of kynge Henry the fifte with the battell of Agincourte as yt was plaied by the Right honorable the Erle of Nottingham his servantes. — xij d

18 January (1601)

Jo. Busby — Entered for his copie under the hand of the Wardens a booke called. The excellent & pleasant conceited comedie of Sir Jo. Falstaffe and the merry wyves of Windsor. — vj d

Contested Comedie

Matthew Johnson — Entered for his copie by assignment from John Busby a booke called an excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Fauelstaffe and the merye wyves of Windsor. — vj d

14° Dec. 1624. Ao Jac: 22°

Jeffa Judge of Israell. — Titus and Andronicus

Photo. A. Dangerfield, Facsim. Bodleian Quarto Series.

found in modern works. So, in the Winter's Tale,—"a son o' the king's." The line in the text, with the exception of the first word, is borrowed from the old play of King John,—"Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,—A hardy wild-head, tough and venturous."

[9] *Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs.*

The English adventurous youths of Shakespeare's time indulged in an extravagance of dress, when departing on their foreign expeditions. "I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz, none dispraised," Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. It has been supposed that Shakespeare, in this speech, alludes to the expedition against Cadiz, in 1596, but there is no evidence to support such a conjecture. "O, many have broke their backs with laying manors on them," Henry the Eighth.

[10] *Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er.*

And from Deaths quiver fell a fatall shaft,
That under Cupid by the winde was *waft.*

The Affectionate Shepheard, 1594.

Mr. Fairholt has furnished me with the following note on the ancient English ships of this period:—"King John is considered by Sir Harris Nicolas, the historian of the British navy, as its true founder. At this early period, the largest ship of war had but one mast and one sail. The king's vessels having the sails emblazoned with the Royal Arms, as in our first cut, copied from a manuscript in Bennet College, Cambridge, supposed to have been executed by Matthew Paris. It represents a vessel used for the transport of warriors such as are mentioned by our poet. The old seals of our sea-ports afford curious specimens of "English bottoms," and we copy that on the town seal of Winchelsea, as it very clearly exhibits the peculiarities of a fighting ship, with its fore and stern castle, the latter surmounted by trumpeters, and giving shelter to the steersman. The standard is planted on the forecastle, and the royal banner floats on the summit of the mast."

[11] *Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.*

Brief, a short writing or description, a letter, &c. So, in Gascoigne's Workes, 1587,—"She sent a brief unto me by her mayd."

[12] *And this is Geffrey's.*

I have no doubt but we should read, "*and his* is Geffrey's;" and the meaning is, "England was Geffrey's right, and whatever is Geffrey's is now his," pointing to Arthur.—*Mason.* Seymour makes the rest of the line to follow this sentence,

without a colon, as in the original, the punctuation of which is seldom, however, any authority.

[13] *To draw my answer from thy articles.*

It has been suggested that we ought to read, "To draw my answer *to* thy articles;" but the old wording is very intelligible; the answer of John was to be drawn *from* the articles of the King of France, just before propounded.—*Collier.*

[14] *It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.*

Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards, 1151, married our King Henry II.—*Malone.*

The character of Elinor is drawn in the most unfavorable terms by Mezeray, who speaks of her as a "woman consummate in all sorts of wickedness, who kept up a war for above sixty years, and settled a hatred between France and England that has continued above three ages."

[15] *Hear the crier.*

Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence*, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes.* Austria has just said *Peace !—Malone.*

[16] *An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.*

The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play; but the story is that Austria, who killed King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted.—*Pope.*

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakespeare, having familiarised the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient, at that time, to bring it to mind.—*Johnson.* The foundation of the quarrel between the Bastard and Austria is sufficiently obvious, the latter having occasioned the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a circumstance alluded to at the commencement of the present act. The Bastard is of course presumed to be aware of this, and his romantic adoration of Richard, joined to the extravagant pride induced by the belief he was his father, suffices to account for the bitterness of his hatred to the duke who wears the lion's hide, in itself a distasteful emblem of conquest over one who was never fairly conquered.—In a copy of ed. 1663, in the stage-direction at the commencement of this act, is the following note in old MS. after *Austria,* "in a lyon's skin." See also the stage-direction in the old play,—"the bastard chaseth Lymoges, the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin."

[17] *You are the hare of whom the proverb goes.*

Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant. Extat epigramma Græcum cujus argumentum sumptum est ex Homeri Iliad 10., ubi Hectorem ab Achille jam intersectum circumsistunt Græci mortuo insultantes, &c.—*Erasmi Adag. Chil.* 4. *Cent.* 7, *Prov.* 72. So, in the Spanish Tragedy;

He hunted well that was a lion's death;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So *hares* may pull dead lions by the beard.

[18] *I'll smoke your skin-coat.*

"*L'en auray*,—blowes being understood—I shall be well beaten; my *skin-coat* will be soundly curried," Cotgrave. *Smoke* is still used in the provinces in the sense of to beat. The skin-coat here alluded to is the lion's hide worn by Austria.

[19] *As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.*

The shoes of Hercules, which are here introduced in connexion with the hoofs of an ass, were in frequent demand with our old comedians. In Day's Isle of Gulls, 1606, we have, "are as fit, as Hercules' shoe for the foot of a pigmy;" and "Hercules' shoe will never serve a child's foot;" seems to have been a proverbial expression, it is so frequently employed. Thus, in Greene's Epistle Dedicatory to Perimedes the Blacksmith, 1588: "— and so, lest I should shape *Hercules' shoe for a child's foot*, I commend your worship to the Almighty." Again, in Greene's Penelope's Web, 1601: "I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a *Hercules' shoe* on Achilles foot." Again, ibid.: "*Hercules' shoe* will never serve a *child's foot*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "— to draw the lion's skin upon Æsop's asse, or *Hercules' shoes* on a childes feete." Again, in the second of William Rankins's Seven Satyres, &c. 1598:—"Yet in *Alcides' buskins* will he stalke."—*Steevens.*

Theobald thought the shoes must be placed on the back of the ass; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides' *shows.* This endeavour to make our author's similes exactly correspond on both sides, is, as has been more than once observed, the source of many errors.—*Malone.*

There is a passage in Quintilian which, very probably, has been the common source of both Shakespeare's version, and that of the old poets. Quintilian is cautioning against the introduction of solemn bombast in trifling affairs:—"To get up," says he, "this sort of pompous tragedy about mean matters, is as though you would dress up children with the *mask* and *buskins* of Hercules." Here the addition of the *mask* proves that the allusion is purely theatrical. The mask and buskins are put for the stage trappings, or *properties*, of the part of Hercules: of these, one of the items was *the lion's skin;* and hence the extreme aptitude of the allusion, as applied by the Bastard, in *King John*, to Austria, who was assuming the importance of Cœur de Lion. It is interesting to observe how nearly Theobald understood the necessity of the context. The real points of the allusion can scarcely be expressed in better words than his own:—"Faulconbridge, in his resentment, would say this to Austria,—That lion's skin, which my great father, King Richard, once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an ass!" A double allusion was intended: first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass." One step farther, and *the shoes*, by a figure of rhetoric called synecdoche, may stand for the whole character and attributes of Hercules.—*Anon.*

A more whimsical and ludicrous image cannot be presented to the mind, than an ass trotting up and down, his hoofs covered over with fair large buskins, fit for the feet of Hercules. The idea may come from the old proverb, *ex pede Herculem.—Davies.*

[20] *What cracker is this same.*

"*Grand menteur ou vanteur*, a bragger; a boster; a vaunter; a *craker;* a vaine praiser of his owne virtue," Nomenclator, 1585.

Such *craking* declareth an heart of small valour,
For the greatest of *crakers* are not the boldest men.
Barclay's Mirror of Good Manners.

You'll never leave your *crackery;* but tell mee prethee, sirrha, is Athens a fine towne? What be these colleges like? didst thou goe to schoole there?—*Jones' Adrasta*, 1635.

[21] *King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.*

In the old copy this line stands thus:—"King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight." To the first three speeches spoken in this scene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The transcriber or compositor having, I imagine, forgotten to distinguish the word *King* by italics, and to put a full point after it, these words having been printed as part of Austria's speech; "King Lewis," &c., but such an arrangement must be erroneous, for Lewis was not king. Some of our author's editors have left Austria in possession of the line, and corrected the error by reading here: "King *Philip*, determine," &c., and giving the next speech to him, instead of to Lewis. I once thought that the line before us might stand as part of Austria's speech, and that he might have addressed *Philip* and *the Dauphin* by the words King,—Lewis, &c. but the addressing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, seems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above stated.—*Malone.*

The next speech seems clearly to be spoken by the King of France, who makes the claim on King John. The Dauphin would scarcely have been represented as speaking in these terms,—"do I claim of thee." In support of Theobald's first alteration, it is to be observed that Austria elsewhere addresses France as King Philip. On the other hand, the line seems scarcely appropriate to Austria, who is in great indignation at the taunts of the Bastard, and seems then attentive to little else; unless, indeed, we presume he knows he will be foiled in repartee, and is anxious to change the subject.

[22] *Whe'r she does, or no.*

Ritson proposes to read, *whether* he *does or no!*, i. e., whether he weeps or not; and he adds that Constance, so far from admitting, expressly denies that she shames him. It may be answered, that this reading is equally objectionable; for Constance admits also that her son wept. In either case there is ambiguity; but the words as they stand are infinitely more natural, and even defensible, according to common usage.—*Douce.*

[23] *Bedlam, have done.*

The term *bedlam*, in the sense of a lunatic or mad person, is of frequent occurrence. Ritson proposed to read *beldam*, and it is worthy of remark that the two words are interchanged in two of the editions of the old play of King John.

[24] *Her injury,—the beadle to her sin.*

The key to this speech is contained in the last one of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the second commandment of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation," &c. Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother; but, also, by her, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not here immediate, but removed issue—the second generation from her sin-conceiving womb—it might have been expected that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have incidentally

befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by her immediate infliction.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment, but she is preserved alive to her second generation, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that he is plagued on her account, and with her plague, which is, her sin, that is, taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence, the penalty entailed upon it. His injury, or, the evil he suffers, her sin brings upon him, and her injury, or, the evil she inflicts, he suffers from her, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it.—*Henley.*

It has been proposed to read, in the previous line,—"And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury." The meaning then will be, I have no more than this to say, that my son is not only plagued upon account of her sin, but God hath made that very sin of hers, and her, the instruments of plaguing this her grandchild, who is plagued both on her account, and by her means; and thus her own prior sin, the very wrong my son now suffers from her, her present injustice which inflicts the punishment on him which is due to her own sin, all concur and centre in the punishment of this child.—*Heath.* Steevens suggested to read,—"and, with her sin, her plague," that is, "God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her;" the same power hath likewise "made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin," that is, Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself.—*Steevens.*

The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her sin-conceiving womb, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring.* "He's not only plagued for her *sin*," &c., he is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime;* but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is "plagued for her and with her;" to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.—*Johnson.*

Constance observes that *he*, pointing to King John, "whom from the flow of gall she names not," is not only plagued (with the present war) for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue (Arthur), plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury (the usurpation of Arthur's rights) may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child.—*Tollet.*

Plagued, in these plays, generally means *punished.* So, in King Richard III: "And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed." So, Holinshed: "—they for very remorse and dread of the divine *plague*, will either shamefully flie," &c. Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I

suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words—"And with her—." If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, as in many other passages, and Tollet's interpretation is the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—"From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues."—*Malone*.

The beadle in a corporation is the officer, whose business it is to execute the sentences pass'd upon any offenders; such as, whipping, &c., to which Shakespeare alludes; and because her injustice was the instrument, by which the punishment of her sins was inflicted upon Arthur; he therefore calls it, the *beadle* to her sins. —*Edwards*. A similar expression occurs in Henry the Fifth. The engraving on p. 389 represents the beadle to the University of Paris, copied by Mr. Fairholt from a painted glass window in the Imperial Library at Paris, temp. Francis I.

[25] *To cry aim to these ill-tuned repetitions.*

That is, to approve of or encourage them. So, in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 1567, "Standyng rather in his window to—*crye ayme*, than helpyng any waye to part the fraye," f. 165. The phrase was perhaps derived from archery, the spectators near the shooter crying aim, or encouraging him to do his best to hit the mark. Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Ford says: "— and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*," that is, approve of them. Again, in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607: "Thou smiling *aim-crier* at princes' fall." Again, ibid.: "— while her own creatures, like *aim criers*, beheld her mischance with nothing but lip-pity." Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Fair Maid of the Inn, make the Duke say: "must I *cry aime* to this unheard of insolence?" that is, encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other. So, again, Massinger, in his Guardian:—"I will *cry aim*, and in another room—Determine of my vengeance." And again, in his Renegado:

——to play the pander
To the viceroy's loose embraces, and *cry aim*,
While he by force or flattery, &c.—*Steevens*.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid: "Can I *cry aim* to this against myself?" Again, in the same authors' False One,—

—— By Venus, not a kiss
Till our work's done: The traytors once dispatch'd,
To't, and we'll *cry aim* ——.

[26] *Confronts your city's eyes.*

"Comfort yours citties eies," ed. 1623. The very plausible correction here made was suggested by Rowe. Capell has justly observed that the verb must be in the present tense, the nominative being the word *preparation*. It has been proposed to retain the old reading on the supposition that *comfort* is used ironically, but the whole tenor of the speech is in opposition to the probability of such a conjecture.

[27] *Your winking gates.*

That is, gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. So, in King Henry IV. P. II:—"And *winking* leap'd into *destruction*."—*Malone*. So, in Old Fortunatus, 1600: "Whether it were lead or latten that hasp'd those *winking* casements, I know not."—*Steevens*.

[28] *For-wearied in this action of swift speed.*

For-wearied, very much wearied, the prefix *for* having a strong intensive

power. "If it were forwerid," Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose, the mantle of Avarice being spoken of. "I forwerye, *je lasse*, prim. conj., I have more forweryed my horse this journaye than ever I dyd in my lyfe; *jay plus lassé mon cheval ceste journée icy que je ne fys jamays en ma vie*," Palsgrave, 1530. "*Forwearied* with my sportes, I did alight—From loftie steed, and down to sleepe me layd," Spenser's Faerie Queene.

Gan grow to this, that Greekes, to bleare the eyes
Of their *foreweried* foes, began devise.
Peele's Farewell to the English Forces, 1589.

——and with his nimble feete,
Make our *fore-wearied* counselloures to sweat.
Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598.

[29] *The rondure of your old-fac'd walls.*

Roundure means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle or roundness. So, in All's Lost by Lust, a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:—"will she meet our arms with an alternate *roundure?*" Again, in Shakespeare's 21st Sonnet:—"all things rare,—that heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems."—*Steevens.*

——your cries to me are musicke,
And fill the sacred *roundure* of mine eares,
With tunes more sweete, &c.—*Old Fortunatus*, 1600.

[30] *For him, and in his right, we hold this town.*

This is one of the few lines which Shakespeare has adopted, with only the alteration of one word, from the old play of John, where the citizens say, in a prose speech,—"he that tries himselfe our soveraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subjects, and for him, and in his right, we hold our towne."

[31] *We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.*

Shakespeare is correct in placing Angers in the possession neither of John nor Philip, after the return of John from England; and it is true that, just before the expiration of the truce, a personal conference took place between the kings near Butevant; which, I suppose, is that which the poet describes as occurring under the walls of Angers, when he again makes Philip, without any warrant in history, the champion of Arthur's claim to the crown.—*Courtenay.*

[32] *St. George, that swing'd the dragon.*

The story of St. George and the Dragon formed a grand feature in the processions of Shakespeare's native town in the sixteenth century. Mention is also made of an altar dedicated to that saint. Amongst the records of Stratford-on-Avon, in an account made by Richard Coton and Thomas Gilbard, bridge-wardens, 22 March, 34 Henry VIII., 1542-3, is this item:—"Item, payd Whytley for kepyng the Alter, iij*s.* iij*d.*" and in a subsequent account, evidently relating to the same matter, 36 Henry VIII., "Item, payd to Thomas Whytley for kepyng *Sent Georg* Alter, viij*d.* Item, payd for scowryng *Sent Georg* harnes (armour), ij*s.* x*d.*—Primo anno Mariæ reginæ, videlicet decimo quarto die Aprilis, Richard Pers and Johannes Taylour, wardens:—Item, payd for dressynge the Dragon, and for bering the Dragon, and weryng Seint George harnes on holy thursday, ij*s.* viij*d.* Payd for gune powder, iiij*d.* Payd for scowrynge Seint George harnes, ij*s.*" In the account of George Whatley and Robert Prat, bridge-wardens, 8 April, 1 Ed. VI. 1547:—"Payd for scowryng Sent George harnes, ij*s.* viij*d.*—Item, to Walter for rydyng Sent George, vi*d.*—Item to hym that bare the Dragon, iiij*d.*" In an account made by John Bell and Edward West, 2 & 3 Ph. & Mar. April 23, 1556:—"Payd to iij. men

for berynge the Dragon and Sent George harnes, ij*s*." The same custom was long kept up; for in the accompt of Robert Smart and William Wilson, chamberlains, from Michaelmas, 1578, to Michaelmas, 1579, is—"Paid to William Evans (a smith) for scowring of the George armour, the vj. daye of June, iiij*d*." The annexed woodcut of St. George and the dragon is copied from an original one

attached to a black-letter ballad. The story, as popularly known in Shakespeare's time, may be gathered from the following extract from Johnson's Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendome, a chapter entitled,—"How Saint George slew the burning dragon in Egypt, and redeemed Sabra the Kings daughter from death; How hee was betrayed by Almidor, the blacke King of Moroco, and sent to the Souldan of Persia, where he slew two lyons, and remained seven yeeres in pryson;"—After the seven champions departed from the inchanted cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the citty of Coventrie, for the space of nine moneths, in which time they erected up a sumptuous and costly monument over the herse of Saint Georges mother, and so in that time of the yeere, when the spring had overspred the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandring knights, and tooke their journey to seeke for forraine adventures, accounting no dishonour so great, as to spend their dayes in idlenes, atchieving no memorable accident; so travailing for the space of thirty dayes without any adventure worthy the noting, at length came to a large broad plaine, whereon stood a brazen piller, whereat seven severall waies devided, which caused the seven knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a contrary way, where wee leave sixe of the champions to their contented travailes, and wholy discourse upon the fortunate successe of our worthie English knight, who after some few moneths travaile, happily arived within the territories of Egypt, which countrey as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous dragon, but before hee had journied fully the distance of a mile, the silent night approched, and solitary stilnesse tooke possession of all living things; at last hee espied an old poore hermitage, wherein hee purposed to rest his horse, and to take some repast after his wearie journey, till the sun had renewed his mornings light, that hee might fall to his travaile againe; but entring the cottage, hee found an aged hermit over-worne with yeeres, and almost consumed with griefe; to whome in this manner he began to conferre:—Father, said he, for so you seeme by your gravitie, may a travailer for this night crave entertaynement within your cottage, not onely for himselfe but his horse; or is there some citie neere at hand, whereto

I may take my journey without danger? The old man, starting at the sudden approch of Saint George, replied unto him in this order,—Sir knight, quoth hee, of thy countery I neede not demaund, for I know it by thy burgonet, for indeed thereon were graven the armes of England, but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destinie to arrive in this our countery of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distresse of this land, through a dangerous and terrible dragon nowe ranging up and downe the countrey, which if he be not every day appeased with a pure and true virgin, which hee devoureth downe his venimous bowels, but that day so neglected, will he breath such a stinch from his nostrels, whereof will grow a most grievous plague and mortalitie of all thinges, which use hath beene observed for these foure and twentie yeeres, but now there is not left one true virgin but the kings onely daughter throughout Egypt, which damosell to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the dragon; therefore the king hath made proclamation that, if any knight dare prove so adventurous as to combate with the dragon, and preserve his daughters life, shall in reward have her to his wife, and the crowne of Egypt after his decease. This large proffer so encouraged the English knight, that he vowed eyther to redeeme the king's daughter, or else to loose his life in that honourable enterprise. So taking his repose and nightly rest in the olde man's hermitage, till the chearefull cocke, beeing the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the sunnes up-rise, which caus'd him to buckle on his armour, and to furnish his steede with strong habilliments of warre, the which being done, he tooke his journey, guided onely by the olde hermite to the valley where the king's daughter should be offered up in sacrifice. But when he approched the sight of the valley, he espyed a-farre off a most fayre and beautifull damsell, attired in pure Arabian silke, going to sacrifice, garded to the place of death onely by sage and modest matrons; which wofull sight so encouraged the English knight to such a forwardnesse, that hee thought every minute a day, till hee had redeemed the damsell from the dragon's tyranny; so, approching the lady, gave her comfort of deliverie, and returnde her backe to her father's pallace againe. After this the noble knight, like a bold adventurous champion, entred the valley, where the dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but hee gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered in the elements; the bignes of the dragon was fearefull to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his tayle were fiftie foote in distance, his scales glistered brighter then silver, but farre more harder then brasse, his belly of the colour of golde, but more bigger then a tun. Thus weltred hee from his hidious denne, and fiercely assailed the sturdie champion with his burning winges, that at the first encounter, he had almost felled him to the ground; but the knight, nimbly recovering himselfe, gave the dragon such a thrust with his speare, that it shivered in a thousand peeces; whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venymous tayle, that downe fell man and horse, in which fall two of Saint George's ribs were sore brused, but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leape under an orringe tree, which tree had such precious vertue, that no venymous worme durst come within the compasse of the braunches, nor within seven foote thereof, where this valiant knight rested himselfe, untill hee had recovered his former strength, who no sooner feeling his spirits revived, but with an eager courage smote the burning dragon under his yellow burnisht belly with his trustie sword Askalon, whereout came such aboundance of venome that it sprinkled uppon the champion's armour, whereby immediately through the impoysoned strength of the venome his armour burst in twaine, and the good knight fell into a grievous and dead sound, that for a time hee lay breathles, but yet having that good memory remaining, that hee tumbled under the branches of the orringe tree, in which place the dragon coulde proffer him no further violence. The fruite of the tree

was of such an excellent vertue that whosoever tasted thereof should presently bee cured of all maner of diseases and infirmities whatsoever; so it was the noble champion's good and happie fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the tree, and to espie an orringe which a little before had dropped downe, wherewith hee so refreshed himselfe, that he was in short time as sound as when he first began the incounter. Then kneeled he downe, and made his divine supplication to heaven, that God would send him (for His deare Sonne's sake) such strength and agilitie of bodie, as to slay the furious and terrible monster; which being done with a bolde and couragious heart, he smote the dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Askalon with an easie passage went to the very hilts through both the dragons heart, liver, bone and blood, whereout issued such aboundance of purple gore, that it turned the grasse, which grewe in the valley, into a crimson coulour, and the ground which before partched through the burning stinch of the dragon, was now drenched with overmuch moisture which voyded from his venemous bowels, where at last, through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the dragon yeelded his vitall spirites to the mercie of the conquering champion. The which being happily performed, the noble knight Saint George of England, first yeelding due honor to Almightie God for the victorie, then with his good sword Askalon he cut off the dragon's head, and pitcht it upon the trunchion of a speare, which at the beginning of the battaile hee shivered against the dragon's scalie backe. During this long and dangerous combat, his trustie steede lay altogether in a sounde without any mooving, which caused the English champion with all speed to crush the juyce of an orenge into his could mouth; the vertue whereof presently expelled the venemous poysons, and recovered his former strength againe.

The above story forms, in various shapes, the subject of numerous old ballads and chap-books. One of the earliest and most curious representations of St. George and the dragon known is a carved figure, executed in wood and emblazoned, forming part of an altar-piece now in the museum at Dijon. It is a work of the fourteenth century, and is also interesting as an example of the knightly costume of the period.

[33] *Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door.*

This is probably one of Shakespeare's unimportant anachronisms, for the inn-sign of St. George and the Dragon, though sufficiently common in the poet's own days, could not have been known in the reign of King John. According to a passage in the Woman's Prize, there was a tavern sign at Kingston, in which St. George was represented as running away on foot from the dragon, who was belabouring him with its tail. The annexed token belonged to an old tavern in Southwark called the George and Dragon.

What fame in forraine coasts this hero got,
The lake Silene shewes, if we should not;
Where in the reskew of a lovely mayde,
A fearefull dragon he discomfited,
So as we have portraide to every viewe,
On signes of innes, how George the dragon slew;
Which story to expresse were too-too long,
Being a subject for each fidlers song.

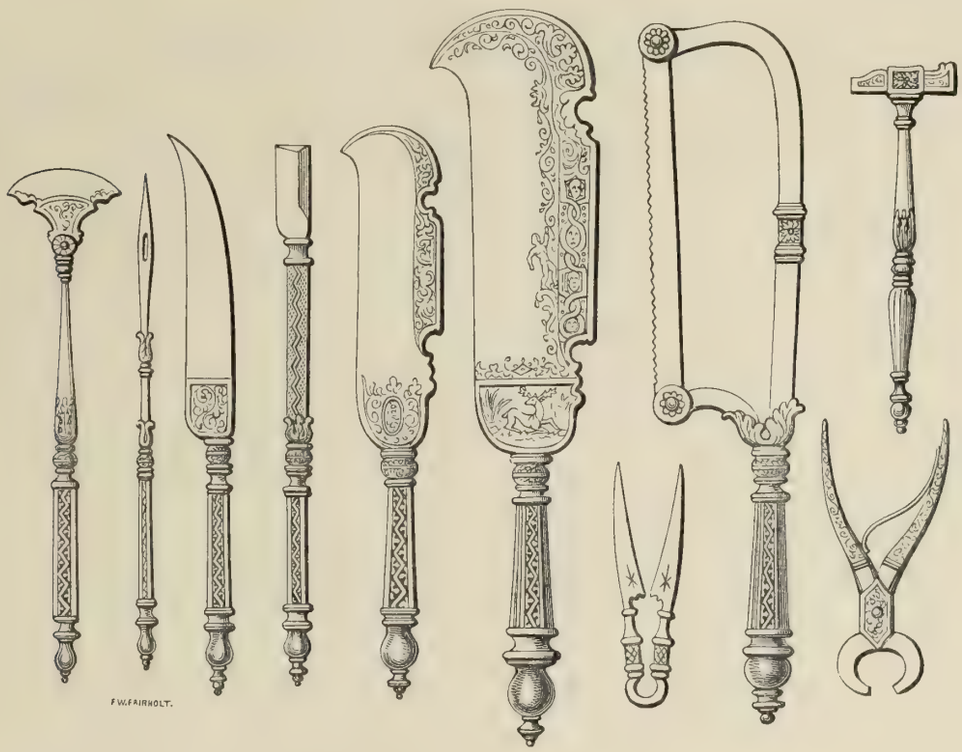
Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

[34] *Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.*

Shakespeare has used this image again in Macbeth, Act ii. Sc. 3 :—" Here lay Duncan,—his *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood.*" It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth Iliad :—" The curets from great Hector's breast all *gilded* with his *gore.*" Again, in the same translator's version of the nineteenth Odyssey :—" And show'd his point *gilt* with the gushing *gore.*"—*Singer.*

[35] *All with purpled hands.*

There is in Julius Cæsar, a passage quite similar to this ; Mark Antony, in an apostrophe to the dead body of Cæsar, compares his murderers to hunters stained with the blood of the slain deer. Dr. Johnson thinks it was one of the savage practices of the chase, for all the hunters to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Upon looking into Turbervile's Booke of Hunting, I can see no trace of that practice ; but there are two different accounts of the French and English manner of dissecting or breaking up the deer. In dividing the several



parts of the deer, the French employed the hand of the huntsman alone ; but our English kings, barons, and other great men, took part of that office upon themselves. " Our order is," says Turbervile, " that the prince or chiefe (if so please them) do alight, and take assaye of the deere, with a sharpe knife, the which is done in this manner ; the deere being layde upon his backe, the prince, chiefe, or such as they do appoint, comes to it, and the chiefe huntsman, kneeling, if it be to a prince, doth hold the deer by the fore foot, while the prince or chiefe do cut a slit, drawn alongst the brysket of the deere." The deer's head is also cut off by the prince or chief ; in these operations, the dissecters must necessarily be sprinkled or besmeared with the blood of the animal, and to this our author, in both passages, seems plainly to allude.—*Davies.*

In illustration of this note, it may be observed that the leading member of a

hunt generally carried a case of elaborate instruments, commonly known by the name of *trousseaux de chasse*, which were used in the process above described. Lord Londesborough possesses a very complete *trousseaux* of this kind, preserved in its original case of cuir-bouilli, which contains a great number of instruments, partly gilt, with ivory handles, here engraved on a scale of one-third of the size of the originals.

[36] *Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.*

This quibble is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn :—" He that *dyed* so oft in sport,—*Dyed* at last, no colour for 't." So, Heywood, in his Epigrammes, 1562 :

Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman ? alack,
Had he no colour to *die* thee on but black ?
Dieth he oft ? yea too oft when customers call ;
But I would have him one day *die* once for all.
Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,
Dyers be ever *dying*, but never dead.

Again, Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589 :—" We once sported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the best game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big swelling legs,—

He is but *coarse* to run a *course*,
Whose shanks are bigger than his thigh :
Yet is his luck a little worse
That often *dyes* before he *die*.

" Where ye see the words *course* and *die* used in divers senses, one giving the rebound to the other."—*Steevens.*

Turbine the dyer stalkes before his dore,
Like Cæsar, that by *dying* oft did thrive ;
And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
Yet (like the mortifide) he dyes to live.
Davies's Scourge of Folly, 1611, *Epig.* 273.

[37] *By our best eyes cannot be censured.*

That is, cannot be *estimated.* Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured. So, in King Henry VI. part I. :—" If you do *censure* me by what you were,—not what you are."—*Steevens.*

[38] *Say, shall the current of our right run on ?*

The first folio has, *rome ;* but *rome* is manifestly a misprint for *runne* (or perhaps for *ronne*, as the MS. might have had that spelling) ; and the editor of the second folio rightly substituted, *run*, or, as it is there spelt, *runne.* Steevens justly remarks ; " The King would rather describe his right as *running on* in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied by the word *roam.*" So, in a later passage of this play, " and calmly *run on* in obedience, even to *our ocean.*" &c.—*Dyce.*

[39] *Mousing the flesh of men.*

Mousing, like many ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Pope : and *mouthing*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, mammocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream : " Well *moused*, lion !" Again, in the Wonderful

Year, by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mowsing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonefires of their houses."—*Malone.*

[40] *You equal potents.*

Potents, for *potentates.* So, in Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus, &c. 1603:—"Ane of the *potentes* of the town."—*Steevens.*

[41] *A greater power than we, denies all this.*

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip (*Fra*), and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another.—*Malone.*

[42] *King'd of our fear.*

The old copy reads—"*Kings* of our feare—" &c. "A greater power than we," may mean, "the Lord of hosts, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates." Secure and confident as lions, they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, that is, masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful King of England are removed.—*Tollet.*

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads: "Kings are our fears;" which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us." As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:—"*King'd of* our fears." *King'd* is used as a participle passive by Shakespeare more than once. In Henry the Fifth, the Dauphin says of England: "——she is so idly *king'd.*" It is scarce necessary to add, that *of*, here, as in numberless other places, has the signification of *by.*—*Tyrwhitt.*

"*King'd* of our fears;" that is, our fears being our kings, or rulers. *King'd* is again used in King Richard II:—"Then I am *king'd* again." It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed.* Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is, therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text. The following passage in the Rape of Lucrece, strongly, in my opinion, confirms this conjecture:—"So shall these *slaves* (Tarquin's unruly *passions*) be *kings*, and thou their slave." Again, in King Lear:—

——It seems, she was a queen
Over her *passion*, *who*, most rebel-like,
Sought to be *king* o'er her.—*Malone.*

If the old reading be preserved, this explanation may possibly be accepted, that their strong-barr'd gates are their kings occasioned by their fears ruling over them, and will so remain, until those fears be deposed. Dr. Verplanck, however, with greater plausibility, understands the words of the original text to be meant as an address to the two sovereigns: "We say to you, sovereigns whom we fear, that we must bar our gates against both, until that fear is dissipated by the victory or withdrawal of one of you."

[43] *These scroils of Angiers.*

Scroils, scabs, a term of great contempt, said to be from the French *escrouellé*, "troubled with the king's evill," Cotgrave. "And by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum; hang 'em, *scroyles!* there's nothing in 'em i' the world," Every Man in his Humour. Again, in the Poetaster,—"I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle."

Imagine, his father had beene able to give him 100. pounds, would hee have bound him prentice to a blinde harper, whose boy he cannot deny but he was, whom the hungry sawcy *scroyle* almost famisht with beguiling him of his victuals? so that the poore musician was faine to shift him off, for his guts were clung in his belly, and Fennor meant to make harp-strings of them.—*The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630.

This clarke shall be a drudge too, all his time,
Weeds in the garden, beares out dung and slime;
Then upon Sabbath dayes the *scroyle* beginnes
With most unhallowed hands, to weed up sinnes.—*Ibid.*

[44] *At your industrious scenes.*

Malone once wished to read, *illustrious;* but the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Your *industrious* scenes and acts of death, is the same as if the speaker had said—your laborious *industry* of war. So, in Macbeth:—"and put we on *industrious* soldiership."—*Steevens.*

[45] *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem.*

That is, the *mutineers* of Jerusalem. In the case alluded to, the mutineers, or seditious parties, of Jerusalem combined their forces against the Roman besiegers: here, the converse was proposed—the besiegers were to unite against the inhabitants of the town. Henslowe, in his Diary, mentions a play to which he gives the title of "Titus and Vespasian," under date April, 1591, perhaps relating to the siege of Jerusalem, in which the combination of "the mutines of Jerusalem" against the Roman besiegers might form an incident.—*Collier.*

Our author had probably read the following passages in a Compendious and Most Marvellous History of the Latter Times of the Jewes Common-Weale, &c., written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion, translated into English, by Peter Morwyn, 1575 (originally published in 1558): "The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse. The people were divided into *three parties;* whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high-priest; another part followed seditious Jehochanan; the third most cruel Schimeon.—Anani, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the *seditious*, gave over his third part, that stacke to him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his companie took the Temple, and the courts about it; appointing of his men, some to bee spyes, some to keepe watche and warde. But Jehochanan tooke the market-place and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then Schimeon, the Jerosolimite, tooke the highest part of the towne, wherefore his men annoyed Jehochanan's parte sore with slings and crosse-bowes. Betweene these three there was also most cruel battailes in Jerusalem for the space of four daies. Titus' campe was about sixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne seeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the captaines of the *seditious* assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending *to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the same *atonement* and purpose, by swearing one to another; and so became peace amongst them.

Wherefore *joyning together*, that before were *three severall parts*, they set open the gates, and all the best of them issued out with an horrible noyse and shoute, that they made the Romaines afraide withall, in such wise that they fled before the *seditious*, which sodainly did set uppon them unawares." This allusion is not found in the old play.—*Malone.*

[46] *Is near to England.*

For *near* the Perkins MS. correction is *niece;* but the Lady Blanch is repeatedly, throughout the play, spoken of as niece to King John and the Queen-mother. Therefore, if for no other reason than that of varying the expression, we must give our suffrage most decidedly in favour of the original reading. "*Near* to England," of course means, nearly related to England; and it seems much more natural, as well as more poetical, that the citizen should speak in this general way of Lady Blanch, than that he should condescend on her particular degree of relationship, and style her the "niece to England."—*Anon.* *Nearness* is used by old writers, Bacon for example, to express affinity of blood. Webster, a modern lexicographer, explains *near*, in one sense, as "closely related by blood." The common expression "*near* and dear" implies affinity and love.—*Knight.*

[47] *If zealous love should go in search of virtue.*

Dr. Johnson considers that *zealous* here signifies, pious, or influenced by motives of religion; but "zealous love" may be the rather interpreted, earnest or jealous love, love so fervent that it requires the certainty of the purest virtue in the object beloved to satisfy its disposition to jealousy. "*Zelé*, zealous, jealous; fervent, earnest, or affectionate, in extremitie. *Zeler*, to be zealous, or jealous of; to emulate, or envy; to affect extremely; to have an exceeding care of, or desire unto."—*Cotgrave.*

[48] *If not complete of.*

The meaning is that if the Dauphin be not complete of, or in, these qualities, it is merely because he is not Blanch. Sir Thomas Hanmer, and subsequent editors, changed the preposition *of* into the interjection, *O!*, but needlessly, the old copies being quite intelligible.—*Collier.*

If he be not complete, it is because he is not yet married to this princess; and she wants nothing, if it be not, indeed, a want that she has not yet him for her husband. Man and wife is one flesh.—*Seymour.*

[49] *With swifter spleen.*

Spleen, violent haste. As *spleen*, or anger, produces hasty movements, so Shakespeare has used it for hasty action of any kind. This is given as the 5th sense in Johnson, but is no longer in use.—It occurs twice in this play, and also in the Midsummer Night's Dream.—*Nares.*

[50] *Here's a stay.*

A *stay* here seems to mean *a supporter of a cause.* "Here's an extraordinary partisan or maintainer that shakes," &c. Barret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by, "the *stay*, the chiefe mainteyner and succour of," &c. So, in the last act of this play:—"What surety of the world, what hope, what *stay*, —When this was now a king, and now is clay?" Again, in King Henry VI., Part III.:—"Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no *stay*." Again, in King Richard III.:—"What *stay* had I, but Edward, and he's gone." Again, in Davies's Scourge of Folly, printed about the year 1611:—"England's fast friend,

and Ireland's constant *stay*." Again, in Chapman's translation of the 22d Iliad:

> Trie we then—if now their hearts will leave
> Their citie cleare, her cleare *stay* (i. e. Hector) slaine.—*Steevens.*

[51] *He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke.*

Shakespeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the Famous History of Thomas Stukely, 1605,—

> Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!
> He speaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow such
> A lad as this:—This is pure fire:
> Ev'ry look he casts, flasheth like lightning;
> There's mettle in this boy.
> He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire:
> Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.—*Steevens.*

Captain Stukely was killed in 1578. The drama of which he is the subject, was not printed till 1605, but it is in the black letter, and had been exhibited at least fifteen years before.

[52] *Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath.*

We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of zeal, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakespeare, as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool;* in Shakespeare's, to *melt* it: when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakespeare to be *congealed.—Johnson.*

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice; and if this passage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive, is, Lest the now zealous and to you well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has newly been melted and softened, should by the soft petitions of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again become congealed and frozen. I once thought that "the windy breath of soft petitions," &c., should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers; but now I believe that they were intended to be connected, in construction, with the following line.

In a subsequent scene we find a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions:

> This act, so evilly born, shall *cool the hearts*
> Of all his people, and *freeze* up their *zeal.*

Here Shakespeare does not say that *zeal*, when "*congealed*, exerts its utmost power," but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it *ceases* to exert itself at all; it is no longer zeal. We again meet with the same allusion in King Henry VIII:

> ——This makes bold mouths;
> Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
> Allegiance in them.

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we see, in the language of Shakespeare, are in their highest state of exertion, when melted; and repressed or diminished, when frozen. The word freeze, in the passages just quoted, shews that the allusion is

not, as has been suggested, to metals, but to ice. The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal*, which is, as it were, personified. Zeal, if it be understood strictly, cannot "cool and congeal again to what it *was*," for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal*, though a person who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, as he was, before he was warmed.—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, before it was zeal."—*Malone.*

The zeal of the King of France and of Lewis is "now melted," whether that melting represent metal in a state of fusion, or dissolving ice; it has lost its compactness, its cohesion; but—"the windy breath of soft petitions," the pleading of Constance and Arthur,—the pity and remorse of Philip for their lot,—may "cool and congeal" it "again to what it was;"—may make it again solid and entire.—*Knight.*

Lest by the tender supplications of Constance and her child, and the renovated impulse of pity and remorse, the king should relapse into his former vowed hostility.—*Seymour.*

[53] *For Anjou.*

Instead of *Anjou*, the old editions here, and in another passage in this act, read *Angiers*, but the alteration is confirmed both by the context and by the old play of King John. The "city now besieg'd" was Angiers.

[54] *Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.*

The *table* is the plain surface on which anything is depicted or written. *Tablette*, Fr. Our ancestors called their memorandum books a pair of writing *tables*. Vide Barret's Alvearie, 1575, Letter T. No. 2. Thus Helena, in All's Well that Ends Well:—

> ———to sit and draw
> His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
> In our heart's *table.—Singer.*

[55] *Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine.*

This line is nearly identical, and the next line is exactly so, with corresponding lines in the old play, only that the latter are spoken by Philip, and form a demand, which John agrees to comply with, subject to the concurrence of his mother. Volquessen, observes Nares, was the ancient name for the part of France afterwards contracted to Vexin. It was anciently the Pagus Velocassinus, and was, in later times, divided into Vexin Francois, the capital of which was Pontoies, and Vexin Normand, whose capital was Gisors. The latter was in dispute between Philip II. of France, and John of England.

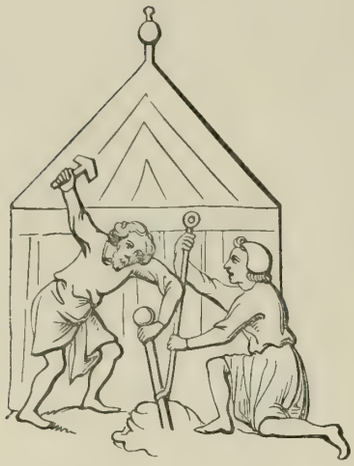
[56] *When I was first assur'd.*

Assur'd, affianced. "There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd—To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life," Faithful Shepherdess. In the previous line, the word is used in its ordinary sense.

[57] *For at saint Mary's Chapel presently.*

This line, with the exception of the first two words, is adopted from the old play. The chapel here referred to is the church of Ronceray at Angiers, probably the oldest one now existing in that city. It was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin in 1028, and re-dedicated in 1119 by Pope Calixtus II.

[58] *She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.*



Passionate, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a *prey to mournful sensations*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money:—"Thou art *passionate*,—hast been brought up with girls."—*Steevens*. Again, in the old play entitled the true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, 1600:—"Tell me, good madam, why is your grace so *passionate* of late?"—*Malone*.

In the old King John, Constance is present at the discussion and contract, and inveighs bitterly against it after the rest of the characters, excepting Arthur, have withdrawn.—*Collier*.

The annexed engraving representing persons setting up tents is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an ancient illuminated manuscript in the British Museum, MS. Bibl. Reg. 2 B. vii.

[59] *Hath willingly departed with a part.*

To *depart with*, that is, to part with, to give up. "The master of the leashe, being enformed hereof, pursued after them which had stolen that dogge, thinking in deede to have taken him from them, but they not willing to *departe with* him, fell at altercation," Holinshed's Chronicle, 1577. "Speak what you list, that time is yours; my right I have *departed with*," Jonson. "Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart with* ready money," ib. "I may *depart with* little while I live;—Something I may cast to you, not much," Beaumont and Fletcher. "The feloe shewed himselfe as lothe to *depart with* any money, as if Diogenes had said," Udall's Apothegmes of Erasmus, 1564. So in Cynthia's Revels, "—it is a relick I could not so easily have *departed* with. . . . he will not *depart* with the weight of a soldered crown. . . . . I have denied it, princes; nevertheless to you (the true female twins of perfection) I am won to *depart* with all." Again, in the Sad Shepherd, —"I have *departed* it 'mong my poor neighbours."

[60] *Rounded in the ear.*

That is, whispered in the ear. "I rounde one in the eare, *je suroreille, prim. conj.* Go rounde hym in the eare and bydde him come and suppe with me, *allez luy suroreiller, et dictez luy quil viengne soupper avecques moy*," Palsgrave, 1530. "But yf it lyke you that I might *rowne in your eare*,—To shew you my mynde I wolde have the lesse fere," Skelton. "But, being come to the supping place, one of Kalander's servants *rounded in his eare*," Sydney's Arcadia.

Diseases, age, death, still in *our eare they rounde*,
That hence we must, the sickly and the sound.—*Puttenham*.

"A she that *rounds* Paul's pillars *in the eare*," Hall's Sat. v. 3, printed *yeare* in later editions, but not in the first. This phrase occurs in Camden's Remains: —"Which proud speech, when the unfortunate father heard, he rounded the archbishop in the eare, and said—I repent me, I repent me of nothing more than of untimelie advancements," and in Middleton:—"Then is your grandsire rounded in the ear," A Mad World My Masters. So, in Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue, 1607; "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses, lent Pliny ink to write his history, and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear* when he historified Pan-

tagruel." Again, in the Spanish Tragedy :—" Forthwith Revenge, she *rounded* me *i' th' ear.*"—*Steevens.*

Coveytise upon his hors he wole be sone there,
And bringe the bishop silver, and *rounen in his ere,*
That alle the pore that ther comen, on ydel sholen theih worche.
Poem on the Times of Edward II., Auchinleck MS.

[61] *Who having no external thing to lose.*

The construction here appears extremely harsh, yet I do not believe there is any corruption, for I have observed a similar phraseology in other places in these plays. The construction is—Commodity, he that wins of all,—*he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely, the word maid, that is, her chastity. *Who having* is used as the absolute case, in the sense of " *they* having—;" and the words " who having no external thing to lose but the word maid," are in some measure parenthetical; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parenthesis, because then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In the Winter's Tale are the following lines, in which we find a similar phraseology:

——This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Here the pronoun *whom* is used for *him*, as *who*, in the passage before us, is used for *they.—Malone.*

[62] *Tickling commodity.*

Commodity, interest, advantage. " Whereof if men were carefull, for vertue's sake only—They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie*," Damon and Pythias, 1582. " And yet by my trouth, to speake my conscience playnely,—I wyll use his friendship to myne owne commodytie," ibid. So, in the translation of Tacitus, 1622, by Greenwey :—" That happened of late under Artabanus, who, for his owne commoditie, made the people subject to the chiefe gentlemen ;" and again, " No man laboured to attaine to any knowledge unlesse he had seene some commoditie in it."—*Seymour.*

[63] *The bias of the world.*

The allusion is to the game of bowls ; and the inference, that the business of mankind would advance fairly and directly to its object, were it not insidiously drawn aside by the influence of secret corruption. So, in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607 :—" O the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs all on the rich men's sides."—*Henderson.*

[64] *Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid.*

The aid, consisting of " a resolv'd and honourable war," which France had determined to give to the claims of Arthur, had not the subtle show of interest not been " clapp'd on the outward eye." Mason proposed to alter *aid* to *aim.*

[65] *Not that I have the power to clutch my hand.*

To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. So, in Measure for Measure : " putting the hand into the pocket, and extracting it *clutched.*" Again, in Antonio's Revenge, 1602 :—" The fist of strenuous vengeance is *clutch'd.*" Faulconbridge says —" I rail on this commodity, not because I have the power to resist temptation, or am *able* to shut my hand against the fair angels that would salute my palm : for I have no such power : in this respect I am just like other people, and am as easily bribed as they are."—*Anon.*

Act the Third.

Scene I.—France, near Angiers. *The* French King's *tent.*

Enter Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Louis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;[1]
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?[2]
Be these sad signs[3] confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die!—
Louis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,[4]
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,[5]
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and, at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and King John,—
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?

Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.[6]
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;[7]
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.[8]
[*She seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *the* Bastard, Austria, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy day.[9]

Const. A wicked day,[10] and not a holy day!— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides,[11] in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But, on this day,[12] let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,—
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd[13] and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:[14]
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Are cold in amity and painted peace,[15]
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O, Lymoges! O, Austria![16] thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool,—to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[17]

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[18]

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Enter PANDULPH.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,[19]
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,[20]
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,[21]
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,[22]
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,[23]
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hated life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou "amen"
To my keen curses; for without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. —your breeches best may carry them.[24]
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lou. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Louis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed[25] bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!
Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,[26]
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?[27]
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed[28] lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;[29]
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,[30]
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;[31]
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vow, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions;
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but if not, then know,
The peril of our curses lights on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lou. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?[32]
O husband, hear me!—ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!
Lou. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter,[33] that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood; fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.
Lou. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,—
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie !
[*Exeunt severally, the English and French Kings, &c.*

SCENE II.—FRANCE. *Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, *with* Austria's *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;
Some airy[34] devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.—Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip,[35] make up :
My mother is assailed in our tent,[36]
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Bastard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To Elinor.*
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad : [*To Arthur.*
Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. Cousin [*to the Bastard*], away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:[37]
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, Book, and Candle,[38] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray—
If ever I remember to be holy—
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes Arthur aside.*
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.[39]
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race[40] of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,—

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;—
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,[41]
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—FRANCE. *The* French King's *tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted[42] sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lou. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.—

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;[43]
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,[44]
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,—
Death, death!—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench!—sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife![45] Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.[46]

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy[47] to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:[48]
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then 'tis like, I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends[49]
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.[50]

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,—
"O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,[51]
There was not such a gracious creature born,[52]
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,[53]
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all-the-world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure. [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lou. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,[54]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,[55]
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lou. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lou. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lou. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lou. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots;[56] the times conspire with you;
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,[57]
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature,[58] no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lou. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[59]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king:—'tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence;
For England go;—I will whet on the king.

Lou. Strong reasons make strange[60] actions: let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *A widow, husbandless, subject to fears.*

Lady Constance makes a far less prominent and alluring figure in history than on the stage. The tragic muse has not described her as the widow of Gefferey, the divorced wife of the earl of Chester, and the actual consort of a third husband, Guie de Tours, but has represented the only beautiful feature in her character, maternal tenderness, and super-added the "widow's plaint, that issues from a wounded soul," as it is worded in the Troublesome Raigne. The maternal distress of Constance, in the old play, is clamorous and passionate, vindictive and contumelious. The hand of Shakespeare tempered her rage into vehemence, attuned her clamour to eloquence, and, for the most part, modulated her coarse vindictiveness into a deep sense of gross injuries and undeserved misfortunes. For those passages in her character most worthy of admiration, Shakespeare drew chiefly from his own resources. Of her eloquent rejoinder to the prayer of Arthur that she would be "content," not a trace is to be met with in the original, nor of that noble burst of passion, commencing,—"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud." Equally free from obligation, also, is Constance's designation of the nuptial day of Blanch and Lewis, and her animated exposure of the perfidy of Philip and Austria.—*Skottowe.*

[2] *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds.*

Marston's Insatiate Countess, which, according to Langbaine, was printed in 1603 (perhaps an error for 1613, no earlier edition being now known), contains a passage, which may be considered as an imitation of the present one,—

> Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
> Like a proud river, overflow their bounds.

[3] *Be these sad signs.*

The sad signs are, the shaking of his head, the laying his hand on his breast, &c. We have again the same words in our author's Venus and Adonis:—"So she, at these sad signs, exclaims on death." Pope and the subsequent editors read —"Be these sad sighs—" &c.—*Malone.*

[4] *Full of unpleasing spots, and sightless stains.*

Blots are the birth-hour blots mentioned in the Rape of Lucrece, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born. *Sightless*, used in the sense of *unsightly*, is one of the many instances in which Shakespeare has the negative at the end of the adjective where we now use it at the beginning: and he not infrequently turns the practice to good poetical uses. "Shame makes them *sightless* to themselves," Davenant.

——If thou hadst been born
Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind;
Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, &c. &c.
I had been blest.—*Massinger's Unnatural Combat.*

[5] *Prodigious.*

That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.* In this sense it is used by Decker, in the first part of the Honest Whore, 1604:—"yon comet shews his head again;—Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us—*Prodigious* looks." Again, in the Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:—"Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet." Again, in the English Arcadia, by Jarvis Markham, 1607:—"O, yes, I was *prodigious* to thy birth right, and as a blazing star at thine unlook'd for funeral."—*Steevens.* Again, in the Unnatural Combat, —"Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves—By his *prodigious* issue." Thus, in King Richard III.—"If ever he have child, abortive be it,—Prodigious and untimely brought to light," &c. So also in the present scene of this play, "lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd," that is, be disappointed by the birth of a portentous monster or prodigy.

[6] *For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.*

Grief is proud and arrogant, so much so that its owner is compelled to stoop under its burthen. Compare a line in Richard the Second,—"A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey."

[7] *Here I and sorrows sit.*

Thus the old copy. Perhaps we should read—"Here I and *sorrow sit.*" Our author might have intended to personify sorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his King Edward II.:

While I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where *Sorrow* at my elbow still attends.

The transcriber's ear might easily have deceiv'd him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike. So, we find, in the quarto copy of King Henry IV. Part I.:—"The mailed Mars shall on his *altars* sit—" instead of—shall on his *altar* sit. Again, in the quarto copy of the same play we have, monstrous *scantle*, instead of, monstrous *cantle.* A preceding line, however,—"I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud,"—appears to render this conjecture somewhat disputable. Perhaps our author here remembered the following description of Elizabeth, the widow of King Edward IV.,—"The Queen *sat* alone *below on the rushes*, al desolate and dismaide; whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner that he coulde," Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543. So also, in A compendious and most marvelous History of the latter Times of the Jewes Commonweale:—"All those things when I Joseph heard tydings of, I tare my

head with my hand, and cast ashes upon my beard, sitting in great sorrow upon the ground."—*Malone.*

[8] *Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.*

In the old folio editions, the second act is marked as commencing with the first speech of Constance in the present scene, and concluding with this line. The match being concluded betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued, and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy.—*Theobald.*

[9] *Shall never see it but a holyday.*

So, in the Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge, 1616: "This joyful day of their arrival (that of Richard I. and his mistress, Clarabel) was by the king and his counsell canonized for a holy-day."—*Malone.*

[10] *A wicked day.*

Wicked is, perhaps, here used in the sense of *dangerous, unlucky.* The word, at all events, has occasionally that signification. Henderson points out the following parallel passage from Decker's Honest Whore:

Curst be that day for ever, that robb'd her
Of breath, and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand
Within the wizzard's book (the kalendar)
Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child, with treason, sacrilege,
Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,
Slander, (the beggar's sin,) lies, (the sin of fools,)
Or any other damn'd impieties,
On Monday let them be delivered, &c.

[11] *Among the high tides in the calendar.*

I do not suppose that the poet used *high tides* as synonymous to, solemn seasons. The meaning, I apprehend, is—Why should this day be set down in the calendar, in golden letters, among the high tides and other remarkable occurrences, which are distinguished by a special mark? The high tides are marked in every almanac.—*Malone.*

High tides Malone cannot suppose is used by the poet as synonimous to what Steevens very properly alledges they are, solemn seasons: Malone did not reflect that high tides bear a very different meaning from his intention. They are marks

of ruin and desolation, not of prosperity and festivity; and, I believe, are oftner found in chronological tables than in the rubric of a calendar.—*Davies.*

[12] *But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck.*

That is, *except* on this day. In the ancient almanacs, the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623:—"By the almanack, I think—To choose good days and shun the critical." Again, in the Elder Brother of Beaumont and Fletcher:—"—— an almanack—Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out—Days of iniquity to cozen fools in."—*Steevens.*

—— Let this pernicious hour
Stand, aye, accursed in the calendar.—*Macbeth.*

[13] *A counterfeit, which, being touch'd.*

That is, a false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a portrait. A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally. Being *touch'd*—signifies, having the *touchstone* applied to it.—*Malone.*

[14] *But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.*

A quibble is intended on the word *arms.* "You came in war to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them in embraces."—*Johnson.*

[15] *Are cold in amity and painted peace.*

The word *painted,* observes Capell, "is peculiarly happy, as including the idea of gawdiness and hypocrisy jointly; it is, therefore, emphatical." The amity is cold, and the professed peace nothing but a colour or pretence.

[16] *O Lymoges! O Austria.*

Shakespeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition in 1193; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell in 1199, belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow, of which wound he died, was Bertrand de Gourdon. Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of Limoges, in revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria, in the old play, is called Lymoges, the Austrich duke. It appears from the Patent Rolls that Limoges was taken at Mirabeau, and that he negotiated with John for a peace.—*Steevens.*

[17] *And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*

When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a calf's-skin coat, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries. In a little penny book, intitled the Birth, Life, and Death, of John Franks, with the Pranks he Played though a meer Fool, mention is made in several places of a calf's-skin. In chap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new calf-skin, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance, and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool.*—*Hawkins.* "The scribe claims

the manor of Noverinte, by providing *sheep-skins and calves skins to wrappe his highness wards* and idiotts in," Gesta Grayorum, 1688, 4to.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's* or cow's *skin*. In the prologue to Wily Beguiled, are the following passages:—"I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's-skin*."—"His *calf's-skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd."—"I'll come wrapp'd in a *calf's-skin*, and cry bo, bo."—"I'll wrap me in a rousing *calf-skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."—"I mean my *Christmas calf's-skin* suit."—*Steevens.*

It does not appear that Constance means to call Austria a fool, as Hawkins would have it; but she certainly means to call him coward, and to tell him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a calf-hearted fellow; and a run-away school boy is usually called a great calf.—*Ritson.*

[18] *And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*

On the supposition they were necessary to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria, Pope here inserted the speech from the old play, commencing, "Methinks that Richard's pride," and the next one, spoken by Faulconbridge, the latter altered and abridged. There is great spirit in this addition, which would no doubt be spoken effectively on the stage by a competent actor, but it is impossible to sanction its incorporation into the text, were it only that the sentiment is not in consonance with the intention of the dialogue, where the bastard is treating Austria with the greatest contempt, quite irreconcileable here with an outburst of angry passion; and, moreover, these two speeches do not occur in that part of the old play corresponding with the present scene.

[19] *I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal.*

This line, and the remainder of the speech, are very closely copied from the cardinal's demand in the old play. See the prose paragraph commencing with the words,—"Know, John, that I, Pandulph, cardinall of Millaine," &c.

[20] *What earthly name to interrogatories.*

Compare the corresponding speech in the old play commencing,—"And what hast thou or the pope," &c. The meaning appears to be plainly, What mortal can task the free breath of a sacred king to the answering interrogatories?—What earthly name, *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads, *earthy*. The emendation was made by Pope. It has also *tast* instead of *task*, which was substituted by Theobald. To *taste* is used ludicrously in Twelfth Night: "That puts quarrels purposely on others to *taste* their valour."——To *taste the breath*, is, however, a very harsh phrase, and can hardly be right. *Breath* for speech is common with our author. So, in a subsequent part of this scene:—"The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words." Again, in the Merchant of Venice, "*breathing* courtesy," for *verbal* courtesy.—*Malone.*

The emendation *task* may be justified by the following passage in King Henry IV. Part I.:—"How show'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt?" Again, in King Henry V.:—"That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France."—*Steevens.*

In Richard the Second, in the line,—"O! thou, the *earthly* author of my blood;" the folio of 1623 reads *earthy*. It happens that in the latter passage only one old copy has the misprint, which in the former passage all the old copies exhibit. In Massinger's Duke of Milan, Sforza says to the Doctors, according to

the old eds.,—"O you *earthy* gods,—You second natures," &c.; but in a copy of 4to, 1623, Massinger has crossed out *earthy* with a pen, and written *earthly* on the margin.—*Dyce.*

The word *task* is altered to *taxe* in the Dent annotated copy of the third folio.

[21] *But as we under heaven are supreme head.*

Mr. R. G. White suggests that *heaven* should be altered to *God*, on account of the pronoun in the next line, but the probability is, as Mr. Knight observes, that *Heaven* is put, as in the New Testament, as the impersonation of the Father of Heaven. So, in the last act,—"Heaven *he* knows." It is known that the name of the Deity was in many instances altered to *heaven* on account of a stringent statute against the use of the word God in plays; but, in this case, the old printed text seems to contain the most preferable expression.

[22] *Though you, and all the kings of Christendom.*

The corresponding speech of the old play, which is in prose, commences with nearly the same words,—"Philip, though thou and all the princes of Christendome."

[23] *Then, by the lawful power that I have.*

It has been conjectured that there is, in this speech, a reference to contemporary history, but there is no probability that such is the case, for it is founded on the similar one in the old play of King John, commencing,—"Then I, Pandulph of Padua," &c. One of the lines in this speech is similar to one which occurs in another part of the latter play,—"And be canonized for a holy saint." It was not an unusual practice with Shakespeare, when dealing with a crude original, to adopt similarities of expression without reference to the circumstances under which they were first used.

[24] *Your breeches best may carry them.*

Perhaps there is somewhat proverbial in this sarcasm. So, in the old play of King Leir, 1605:—"*Mum.* Well I have a payre of slops for the nonce,—Will hold all your mocks."—*Steevens.*

[25] *In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.*

The ordinary meaning of *untrimmed*, unadorned or undressed, hardly makes sense, Constance meaning to speak of the bride as an attraction; unless indeed the refined criticism that the term means, loosely apparelled, be adopted with the idea that a beautiful woman so clothed is more fascinating than when attired in all the elegancies of fashion. "*Acosmus*, one that is undecked or untrimmed, a slooven," Eliotes Dictionarie, ed. Cooper, ed. 1559. Theobald proposed to alter *untrimmed* to, *and trimmed*, or *betrimmed*, and Mr. Dyce ingeniously suggests, *uptrimmed;* but the rapidity with which the match has been made, and the King's allusion to "this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp," appear to show that Constance would not refer especially to the splendor of the bride's dress. Allusions to brides and bridegrooms being trimmed, or trimmed up, in other words, sprucely dressed, on the occasion of their marriages, are not uncommon; but they by no means prove that Constance speaks of a lady so adorned, and the context shows that such is probably not the case. Without the necessity of considering a wanton allusion is intended, which it clearly cannot be, *untrimmed* may merely mean virgin, used as innocently as we might say, "a new maiden bride," in allusion to her absolute

freshness, a meaning far more forcible than the very prosaic one of a new well-dressed wife. The verb, to *trim*, is used with a double meaning in Titus Andronicus.

Twenty to one she is some honest man's wife of the parish that steals abroad for a *trimming*, while he sits secure at home, little knowing, God knows, what hangs over his head; the poor cuckold esteeming her the most virtuous wife in the world; and should one tell him he had seen her dress'd like a page following a knave thus, I'll lay my life he would not believe it.—Chapman's May Day, 1611.

> She is sent to dispossess you of your honour;
> A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
> And she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers *trim her;*
> They'll give her what she came for.—*The False One.*

> They would not only have abused your buildings,
> Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
> Purloined your lordship's plate, the duke bestowed on you,
> For turning hansomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins,
> Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship,
> 'Tis ten to one, your wife too.—*The Loyal Subject.*

See another example in a loose song in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1638.

[26] *So strong in both.*

The meaning apparently is,—so strong in both love and hatred, equally vehement in the pursuit of either passion.

[27] *And this kind regreet.*

A *regreet* is an exchange of *salutation.* So, in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632: —"So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba." Again, in Fairfax's Tasso,—"After their reverence done, with kind *regreet*—Requited was."—*Steevens.*

[28] *A chafed lion by the mortal paw.*

Cased lion, old eds. Some editors read *chased*, others *caged* or *chafed*, the last lection being thus supported by Mr. Dyce,—"in the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, where the 4to of 1620 has, *chaf'd*, the other eds. have, *chast*, and, let it be particularly observed, *cast;*—

> And what there is of vengeance in *a lion*
> *Chaf'd* among dogs or robb'd of his dear young, &c.

"I may add, that in Henry VIII. we find,—"so looks the *chafed lion*—Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him," &c. And in Fletcher's Loyal Subject, —"He frets like a *chaf'd lion*," Act v. sc. 3."

I see little reason for change. "A *cased* lion" is 'a lion irritated by confinement.' So, in King Henry VI. Part III.

> So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch
> That trembles under his devouring paws; &c.—*Steevens.*

Again, in Rowley's When you See Me you Know Me, 1621:—"The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne—As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene." Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used.—*Malone.*

The last quotation might appear to justify the alteration, *caged*, were it not for the obvious reflection that the idea of extreme danger is intended, and that such would not be incurred by holding the paw of a lion caged up so that he could not destroy the person who so held it.

[29] *Is not amiss when it is truly done.*

Pandulph, having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for that, says he, which you have sworn to do amiss, is not amiss, that is, becomes right, when it is done truly, that is, as he explains it, not done at all; and being not done, where it would be a sin to do it, the truth is most done when you do it not. So, in Love's Labour's Lost:—"It is religion to be thus forsworn."—*Ritson.*

Again, in Cymbeline:—"she is fool'd—With a most false effect, and I the truer—So to be false with her." By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first, the passage will appear perfectly clear. "Where doing tends to ill," where an intended act is criminal, the truth is most done, by not doing the act. The criminal act, therefore, which thou hast sworn to do, is not amiss, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done truly, in the sense I have now affixed to truth; that is, if you do not do it.—*Malone.*

Compare also what he afterwards says in the next page but one:—"But thou dost swear only to be forsworn:—And *most forsworn*, to keep what thou dost swear." The sense, as usual in such cases, is sacrificed to a jingle: the plain meaning seems to be, your nonperformance of an oath which would bind you to do wrong, becomes meritorious when you have conformed to your prior and superior duty of doing right: the construction requires, according to a common licence, that the oath itself should be understood for the object of the oath.—*Seymour.*

In the Perkins manuscript, *not* is altered to *but.*

[30] *But thou hast sworn against religion.*

The propositions, that "the voice of the church is the voice of heaven," and that "the Pope utters the voice of the church," neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the jingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety. "By *what*,"—Hanmer reads,—by *that.* I think it should be rather, by *which.* That is, thou swear'st against the thing, by *which* thou swear'st; that is, *against religion.*—*Johnson.*

I believe the old reading is right; and that the line, "By *what*," &c., is put in apposition with that which precedes it: "But thou hast sworn against religion; thou hast sworn *by what thou swearest*, that is, in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest by*, that is, religion. Our author has many such elliptical expressions. So, in King Henry VIII.:—"Whoever the king favours,—The cardinal will quickly find employment (*for*)." Again, ibidem:—"This is about that which the bishop spake (*of*)." Again, in King Richard III.:—"True ornaments to know a holy man (*by*)." Again, in the Winter's Tale;—"A bed-swerver, even as bad as those—That vulgars give bold'st titles (*to*)."—*Malone.*

[31] *Swear'st only not to be forsworn.*

Swears, old editions, generally altered to *swear.* The meaning seems to be, to use the words of Heath, and makest an oath the surety for thy truth in this lately concluded treaty, against a prior oath to heaven to be the champion of the church. If thou couldst have any doubt, which of the two oaths is in support of truth and right, yet this at least thou canst have no doubt about, that no oath can be valid which necessarily makes thee forsworn if thou keep'st it. Interpret therefore thy last oath accordingly. Collier retains the old reading, explaining it, —"the truth, which you are unsure to swear, *swears* only that it will not be forsworn." Thus, if a person swear that such a thing is true, and it is truth, he

cannot be forsworn; "else what a mockery should it be to swear," for we might swear to what was false and be forsworn.

[32] *Be measures to our pomp.*

The *measures*, it has already been observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time. This speech is formed on the following lines in the old play:

> *Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding-day
> Forsake your bride, and follow dreadful drums?
> *Phil.* Drums shall be musick to this wedding-day.—*Malone.*

[33] *Old Time, the clock-setter.*

The *custos* and *setter* were formerly esteemed a part of the clock establishment. An excerpt from a manuscript treatise on morals in Lincoln cathedral shows that the office could be held by a female—"Gelosye salle kepe the orloge, and salle wakkyne the other ladyse, and make them arely to ryse;" a passage which shows that orloge-keeping was a responsible situation, and apparently it was not slightly given. We can readily imagine that such works were at first rather rude, but it does not at all follow that they were therefore worthless; and the practice of employing a *setter* is not so widely different from the present method of looking after the hands, as those who never visit clock-lofts may suppose. The patent (1 Hen. V. p. 2, m. 7) states "Henricus Berton valectus cameræ Regis, custos horologii Regis, infra Palatium Westm. pro vita cum feod. vi. den. per diem."—*Smyth.*

[34] *Some airy devil hovers in the sky.*

The different kinds of devils are described at length in Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy, Part I. sect. ii. p. 45, 1632:—"Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphes, &c. Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ships' masts, &c. Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones," &c.—*Percy.*

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, 1592. With respect to the passage in question, take the following: "—the spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."—*Henderson.*

Warburton reads, *fiery devil*, but, although Shakespeare is indifferent to the exactness of his metaphors, that lection would be oddly followed by the words, *pours down.*

[35] *Philip, make up.*

A forgetfulness, I suppose, of the first editors, instead of Richard; for so he is constantly called, from his being first knighted by the king. Indeed, he is often called Falconbridge from his family name, though the king had given him the sirname of Plantagenet.—*Theobald.* He had just spoken of himself as Philip, as King John was entering, and, moreover, the name was a familiar one likely to be used by the king under the circumstances. In the fifth act, he is duly spoken of by a messenger under his new name.

[36] *My mother is assailed in our tent.*

The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in

possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau. Other historians, however, say that Arthur took Eleanor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Eleanor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son.—*Malone.*

[37] *Must by the hungry now be fed upon.*

The accumulations of peace and idleness must now be called forth to feed and sustain the needy and the laborious. The fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops, to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings: "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation," 107th Psalm. Again; "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things," St. Luke, i. 53. This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated;

Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;
Ransack their abbeys, cloysters, priories,
Convert their coin unto my *soldiers'* use.—*Malone.*

[38] *Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.*

In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies. Four times a year, the following curse was read in the church, *in terrorem*, against all who in any way defrauded the church of her dues.

The prelate stood in the pulpit in his albe, the cross was lifted up, and the candles lighted; when he proceeded thus:—"Thorow authoritie of Lord God Almighty, and our Lady St. Mary, and all the saints of heaven, of angels or archangels, patriarches and prophets, evangelists, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins; also by the power of all holy church, that our Lord Jesu Christ gave to S. Peter, we denounce all those accursed that we have thus reckned to you: and all those that maintaine hem in her sins, or given hem hereto either helpe or councell, so that they be departed from God, and all holy church, and that they have noe part of the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, ne of noe sacraments that been in holy church, ne noe part of the prayers among christen folke, but that they be accursed of God and of holy church, from the sool of their foot unto the crown of their head, sleaping and waking, sitting and standing, in all her words, and in all her workes, and but if they have grace of God for to amend hem here in this life, for to dwell in the pain of hell, for ever withouten end, *fiat, fiat.* Doe to the book, quench the candle, ring the bell. Amen. Amen." This form was extracted from the Canterbury book, by Sir Thomas Ridley, or his annotator, J. Gregory. See

his view of the Civile and Ecclesiasticall Law, p. 249. The days of cursing were Advent Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, the Sunday in the Feast of Trinity, and the Sunday within the *utas* or octave of the Virgin Mary. The curse was very like that of Ernulphus.—*Nares.*

In Archbishop Winchelsea's Sentences of Excommunication, anno 1298, it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be "—throughout explained *in order in English*, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences." Chaucer alludes to the practice in his Manciples Tale,—

> Thei move by law, as that thei sain,
> Us curse and dampne to hellis brink;
> And thus thei puttin us to pain,
> With candles queint, and bellis clink. . . . .
> And Christis people proudly curse
> With brode boke, and braying bell.

The engraving, p. 432, by Mr. Fairholt, represents the stone-coffin lid of a priest of the thirteenth century, originally in the church of St. Giles', and now in the abbey church, Shrewsbury. The bell, chalice, book, and candle, the insignia of his priestly office, are executed by incised lines.

[39] *But I will fit it with some better time.*

The old editions read *tune* instead of *time*, but, as these words were frequently interchangeably misprinted in old plays, and *time* here makes better sense, the latter reading may safely be adopted. If the old reading be accepted, the tune would mean the accompaniment to the words. Compare, however, Macbeth,—"*Mac.* Went it not so?—*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words."

[40] *Sound on into the drowsy race of night.*

The image of the midnight bell, sullenly tolling its leisured strokes, is well spoken of as sounding onwards into the drowsy race or progress of night. "The *iron tongue* of *midnight* hath toll'd twelve," Midsummer Night's Dream. The "drowsy race" of night may be compared with the "heavy gait of night" in the last named play. As the words *on* and *one* are frequently interchangeably printed in old English books, it has been proposed to read,—*sound one*, but although the term *midnight* is sometimes used generally for any portion of the dead of night, the expression of the *midnight bell* striking *one* appears too inaccurate to be admitted. "It happened that *betweene twelve and one a clocke at midnight*, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house," Famous History of Doctor Faustus, ap. Dyce. Steevens supports the reading *one*, observing that, "the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single note, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakespeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in Hamlet,—'The bell then beating *one*.'"

[41] *Then, in despite of brooded watchful day.*

The expression *brooded* is used, with a common licence, for *brooding;* that is, day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. The same image is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca,—"See how he *broods* the boy." Again, in the Woman's Prize,—"This fellow *broods* his master." *Brooded* is used for *brooding*, as *delighted* for *delighting* in Othello:—"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack." Discontenting,

for discontented:—"Your *discontenting* father strive to qualify." And so in a multitude of other instances.—*Malone.*

All animals while *brooded*, that is, "with a brood of young ones under their protection," are remarkably vigilant.—The king says of Hamlet:——"there's something in his soul—O'er which his melancholy sits on *brood.*" In Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, a *broodie* hen is the term for a hen that sits on eggs. See p. 301, edit. 1601. Milton also, in L'Allegro, desires Melancholy to—"Find out some uncouth cell—Where *brooding* darkness spreads his *jealous* wings:" plainly alluding to the *watchfulness* of fowls while they are sitting.—*Steevens.* "*Accouvé*, brooded, set close on," Cotgrave. One of the old annotated folios reads, *broody.*

[42] *A whole armado of convicted sail.*

Convicted, conquered, overcome, baffled. "*Convittione*, a conviction or convicting, a vanquishing; *convitto*, vanquished, convicted," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "To *convict* or convince, a Lat. *convictus*, overcome," Minsheu. "*Convencido*, convicted, convinced, overthrowne," Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, 1599.

King Philip being certified of the danger wherein his ships stood by the sudden comming of his enimies, and therewithall being in good hope to come to their succours in time, and yer the Englishmen had wrote their full feat, he raised his siege, and made hast toward the coast; but as he was comming forward towards his navie, he was advertised that the enimies had *woone all his whole fleet*, and were now marching foorth to meet him, and to give him battell.—*Holinshed.*

[43] *A grave unto a soul.*

Compare the following impassioned language of Job on a similar thought.—"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul! which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave."

[44] *In the vile prison of afflicted breath.*

Breath is life, and the "vile prison of afflicted breath" is the body, the prison in which the distressed soul is confined. Compare a passage in the Workes of Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in prison, but in a *grave.*"—*Farmer.*

We have the same image in King Henry VI. Part III.:—"Now my *soul's* palace is become her *prison.*" Again, more appositely, in his Rape of Lucrece:

> Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
> A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;
> That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
> Of that polluted *prison* where it *breath'd.*

Again, in Sir John Davies's Nosce Teipsum:

> Yet in the *body's prison* so she lies,
> As through the body's windows she must look.—*Malone.*

This exquisitely vivid address to Constance should be compared with the corresponding speech in the old play,—"Be brief, good madam," &c., and with what there follows it. They show how little beyond mere incident is common to the two dramas.

[45] *And buss thee as thy wife.*

Thus the old copy. The word *buss*, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for kiss. The former is used by Drayton, in the third canto of his Barons' Wars, where Queen Isabel says:—"And we by signs sent many a secret *buss.*" Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. x.:

> But every satyre first did give a *busse*
> To Hellenore; so *busses* did abound.—*Steevens.*

[46] *Which scorns a modern invocation.*

The term *modern*, in the sense of, common, ordinary, slight or trifling, occurs several times in Shakespeare. It here simply means, moderate, not sufficiently impassioned; all ordinary and accustomed modes of exclamation are feeble and fruitless. So, in Romeo and Juliet,—"which modern lamentation might have mov'd." Pope altered *modern* to *modest*, and Heath proposed to read, *mother's.*

[47] *Thou art not holy.*

The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, evidently omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, was inserted in the fourth folio.—*Malone.* Steevens suggests, *unholy.*

[48] *Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.*

Shakespeare's son, Hammet, died in August, 1596, at the age of twelve. Hence the inspiration, according to Malone, of the deep pathos of the grief of Constance on the probable death of Arthur. We doubt this. The dramatic poetry of Shakespeare was built upon deeper and broader foundations than his own personal feelings and experiences. In the Sonnets, indeed, we have, in some particulars, a key to as much of the character as he chose to disclose of the one man, Shakespeare; but in the plays his sense of individuality is entirely swallowed up in the perfectly distinct individuality of the manifold characters which he has painted. From the first to the last of his plays, as far as we can discover, we have no "moods of his own mind," and we are, for this reason, not disposed to regard the opinion of Malone upon this point as of much importance. The conjecture is, however, recommended by its accordance with our sympathies; and it stands, therefore, upon a different ground from that absurd notion that Shakespeare drew Lear's "dog-hearted daughters" with such irresistible truth, because he himself had felt the sharp sting of filial ingratitude.—*Knight.*

[49] *Ten thousand wiry friends.*

"Wiery fiends," ed. 1623. Hairs are often compared to wires by our old writers. In the Instructions to the Commissioners for the Choice of a Wife for Prince Arthur, it is directed "to note the eye-browes" of the young Queen of Naples, they answer, "her browes are of a browne heare, very small, like a *wyre of heare.*" Thus also, Gascoigne:

> First for her head, her hairs were not of gold,
> But of some other mettall farre more fine,
> Whereof each crinet seemed to behold,
> Like glist'ring *wyars* against the sunne that shine.—*Henley.*

[50] *To England, if you will.*

Neither the French king nor Pandulph has said a word of England since the entry of Constance. Perhaps, therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John: "Take my son to England, if you will;" now that he is in

your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is, therefore, of no consequence to me where he is.—*Malone.*

This is spoken, tearing some of her hair, and giving it to the winds. Bear it to England, that John might seize on it, as he had on her son, and wreak his spite upon both.—*Capell.*

[51] *To him that did but yesterday suspire.*

To *suspire*, in its common acceptation, is, to sigh, to fetch the breath hard, in the same sense as *suspirare* in Latin, from whence it is taken. But our author uses it in the sense we now use to *respire*, simply, to breathe. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:—"Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down—Perforce must move." Again, in a Copy of Verses prefixed to Thomas Powell's Passionate Poet, 1601:—

> Beleeve it, I *suspire* no fresher aire,
> Than are my hopes of thee, and they stand faire.—*Steevens.*

[52] *There was not such a gracious creature born.*

Gracious, graceful, beautiful. A passage in Marston's Malcontent, 1604, induces me to think that *gracious* likewise, in our author's time, included the idea of *beauty*: "— he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes,—sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an ould lady *gracious* by torch-light." So, in Albion's Triumph, a Masque, 1631: "— on the which (the freeze) were festoons of several fruits in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures, lay children sleeping." Again, in the same piece: "— they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures." Again, in Chapman's version of the eighteenth Iliad: —"then tumbled round, and tore,—his *gracious* curles." From the sequel of the speech, it appears that, having only seen him so *gracious*, Constance expected not to recognise her son again, when disfigured by grief.—*Steevens.*

[53] *I will not keep this form upon my head.*

Form is, composed appearance. I will derange the attire of my head to suit the disorder that is within it. She here unlooses the bands that confined her back hair, having already unbound the tresses of the front.—*Seymour.*

In the modern editions this line is followed by the stage-direction, "Tearing off her head-dress," but nothing of the kind is found in the old copies. Constance perhaps wore no head-dress, but her hair, as we may gather from the preceding part of the scene, and when she says, "I will not keep this form upon my head," she begins again to disorder her hair, which she had previously knit up at the words, "But now, I envy at their liberty," &c.—*Collier.*

In the Dent annotated copy of the third folio the MS. stage-direction is,—"looses her hair again."

[54] *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.*

Our author here, and in another play, seems to have had the ninetieth Psalm in his thoughts,—"For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*" So again, in Macbeth:—"Life's but a walking shadow;—it is a tale," &c.—*Malone.* The same thought is repeated in the next act of the present play,—"This act is as an ancient tale," &c.

[55] *The sweet world's taste.*

The old copy reads *word's.* The alteration was made by Pope. Malone

thinks that it is unnecessary; and that by the "sweet word," *life* is meant. Steevens prefers Pope's emendation, which is countenanced by Hamlet's—

> How weary, *stale, flat,* and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!—*Singer.*

[56] *John lays you plots.*

That is, lays plots, which must be serviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your business.—*Malone.*

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. A similar phrase occurs in the First Part of King Henry VI.:—"He writes *me* here,—that," &c. Again, in the Second Part of the same play: "He would have carried *you* a fore-hand shaft," &c. —*Steevens.*

[57] *For he that steeps his safety in true blood.*

True blood, says Johnson, is the blood of him that has the *just* claim; but the expression seems to mean no more than *innocent blood* in general.—*Ritson.*

[58] *No scope of nature.*

The word *scope* was altered by Pope to *scape.* The speaker's design is to show that all the *common effects of nature* which he mentions would be *perverted* by the people; but an *escape* of nature would be very *properly* deemed *an abortive.* The original reading is therefore correct; nor could an apter word have been selected. Thus in King Henry the Fourth, Part I.: "And curbs himself even of his *natural scope.*"—*Douce.* Malone, however, thinks that "the word *abortives,* in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature,* confirms the emendation that has been made."

[59] *They would be as a call.*

The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call.* —*Malone.*

[60] *Strong reasons make strange actions.*

The word *strange* is altered to *strong* in ed. 1632, and in the later folios; but although the repetition is in Shakespeare's manner, and could be countenanced by the production of many examples, there is no reason for disturbing the original reading of the first folio edition, which is the only real authority for the text of this play.

Act the Fourth.

Scene I.—Dover.[1] *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Hubert *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,[2]

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,[3]
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I wish you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?[4]

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you!," and, "Where lies your grief?"
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning:—do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,[5]
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,[6]
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him,—no tongue but Hubert's.[7]
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven' sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Attend. [*Aside.*] I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.[8]
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,[9]
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!—
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,[10]
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;[11]
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.[12]
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live;[13] I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:[14]
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Dover. *A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* King *takes his Seat of State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous:[15] you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any longed-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To gard a title that was rich before,[16]
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness;[17]
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it: and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, the[18] lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I,—as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,—
Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,—heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why, then,[19] your fears,—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?[20]
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,[21]
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold;—bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and, ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.[22]—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before! but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard,—if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—[23]
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—

Enter the Bastard, *and* PETER *of Pomfret.*

—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then, let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,

I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet,[24] that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And, on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,—
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,—
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.
[*Exit Bastard.*
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night;[25]
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,[26]
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—[27]
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.[28]
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had,[29] my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings[30] to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant[31]
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
[*The King snatches the warrant out of Hubert's hands.*
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done![32] Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,[33]
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive;—this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought;[34]
And you have slander'd nature in my form,—
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,[35]
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste!
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Dover. *Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:[36]—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me,[37] of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.
Sal. Or, rather, then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained[38] cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison:—what is he lies here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard,—or could you think,—
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;[39]
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,[40]
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright,[41] sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;[42]
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,[43]
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Falconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him,—I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheums;
And he, long traded in it, makes them seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir:—

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell[44]
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up;—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble,[45] and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.[46]
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,—
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,—
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture[47] can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,[48]
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Dover.*

There is no note of locality to this and the next scene, either in the original editions or in the old play, and the chronology is here so confused and incorrect, when the events introduced are compared with their sequence in real history, it is vain to attempt to reconcile the incidents of the drama with the statements of the historian. Arthur was confined in France, not in England, as related by Shakespeare. "Arthur was taken, who, being hereupon committed to prison, first at Faleyse, and after within the citie of Rouen, lived not long after," Holinshed, ed. 1577, p. 554. It is clear, therefore, that any attribution of place to the present scene must be historically erroneous; but, as John was at Dover when the dauphin had been invited to England by the barons, and he then appointed Hubert de Burgh constable of the Castle, it seems most natural to accept that locality as the scene of this portion of the drama. The only stage-direction in the old edition is,—"Enter Hubert and executioners."

[2] *As sad as night, only for wantonness.*

A solemn and even melancholy air was affected by the beaus of Queen Elizabeth's time, as a refined mark of gentility. This absurd affectation, which was certainly not confined to France, even if borrowed thence, had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in the character of Master Stephen, in Every Man in his Humour, 1601.

[3] *By my christendom.*

Christendom, faith in Christianity, or Christianity simply. This use of the term is not common, but an example occurs in Taylor's Workes, 1630,—

> To cheat me with base inhumanity,
> They have denide their Christianity;
> A halfe piece, or a crowne, or such a summe,
> Hath forc'd them falsifie their *Christendome.*

Another instance of it occurs in A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie, by Thomas

Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:—"She is baptiz'd in *Christendom*," that is, in Christianity.

[4] *Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?*

The words of the royal warrant for this act of cruelty are given at length in the old play, the incidents of which are here closely followed by Shakespeare, who has, however, committed an oversight in making Hubert, in the next scene, produce the king's warrant for the absolute murder of Arthur, as well as mentioning that he had previously shown such a document to a friend of the Earl of Pembroke. The error was evidently occasioned by the omission of Hubert's statement to the king, in the old play, that Arthur had died from the effects of the operation he pretended he had performed on his eyes. In the third act, both the king and Hubert evidently contemplated the death of Arthur, not merely a mutilation of his person. It is said that, by the ancient laws of Germany, the sovereignty of a kingdom could not be exercised by a person deprived of the sense of sight.

[5] *Though heat red-hot.*

The particle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*," Dan. iii. 19.—*Malone.* Again, in Chapman's version of the 20th Iliad:—"but when blowes, sent from his fiery hand—Thrice *heat* by slaughter of his friend—." Again, in the same translator's version of the 19th book of the Odyssey:—"And therein bath'd, being temperately *heat*,—Her sovereign's feet."—*Steevens.*

[6] *And quench his fiery indignation.*

The old copy—*this* fiery indignation. This phrase is from the New Testament, Heb. x. 27: "—a certain fearful looking-for of judgment, and *fiery indignation*."—*Steevens.*

By *this* fiery indignation, however, he might mean,—the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose.—*Malone.*

If the iron had been on the stage, and as yet the attendants have not brought it in, the reading, *this*, though very questionable, might perhaps have been tolerated.—*Dyce.*

[7] *No tongue, but Hubert's.*

The first five words of the line are understood before *no*, the use of the double negative, as strengthening a single one, being very common. Steevens suggested that the line was meant to be broken off imperfectly, Arthur being interrupted by Hubert's stamping.

[8] *I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.*

So, in the old play, Hubert says to the executioners,—"I perceive, by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed." According to Holinshed, only one of them remained to execute the cruel deed, and the others "rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein." The present line is no doubt spoken aside, for it would hardly be intended it should be uttered in the hearing of Hubert. Arthur judges of his kindness of heart from his compassionate looks.

[9] *There were but a mote in yours.*

The old copy reads *moth*, which is merely the old spelling of *mote*. In the

passage quoted from Hamlet, the word is spelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So also, in the preface to Lodge's Incarnate Devils of the Age, 4to. 1596: "—they are in the aire, like *atomi in sole*, mothes in the sonne." See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598:—"Festucco.—A *moth*, a little beame." So, in Hamlet:—"A *mote* it is, to *trouble* the mind's *eye*." A *mote* is a small particle of *straw* or *chaff*. It is likewise used by old writers for an atom.—*Malone*. "As thick as *motis* in the sunne beme," Chaucer. "To seek a *moth* in the sun," Fletcher's Pilgrim, old eds.

[10] *The fire is dead with grief.*

The sense is: the fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.—*Johnson*.

[11] *There is no malice in this burning coal.*

Hubert had threatned Arthur, in the same scene, to put out his eyes by fire; Arthur intreats him rather to cut out his tongue, and tells him the instrument, with which he intended to do it, was grown cold, and would not harm him; Hubert answers,—"I can heat it, boy." To which Arthur replies, in the words under consideration. So that one line, I think, should be read thus:—"There is no malice burning in this coal."—*Grey*.

Although Hubert says afterwards the fire is not so far extinguished, but that he could revive it with his breath, there can be no doubt that Arthur believed the coal was no longer burning. The original text may, however, be retained, a great exactitude of expression being often thought unnecessary by Shakespeare, who here intends Arthur to exclaim, even the burning coal itself, the coal that was but erewhile glowing, is extinguished by the breath of heaven; the burning coal bears no malice, because it is extinguished.

His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the *coal* which in his liver glows;
O rash-false heat, wrapt in *repentant* cold.

The Rape of Lucrece.

[12] *Doth tarre him on.*

Tarr on, to excite to anger or violence, is still used in Cheshire. It is a good old word, used by Wicliffe in his Path Waye to Perfect Knowledg; and also in a MS. translation of the Psalms by Wicliffe, "They have terrid thee to ire."—*Wilbraham*.

[13] *Well, see to live.*

"See to live" means only, "continue to enjoy the means of life."—*Steevens*. I believe the author meant—"Well, live, and live with the means of seeing;" that is, with your eyes uninjured.—*Malone*.

The sense is, Well, I grant you your sight, that you may hereafter have the means of preserving your life. Roderick's correction, therefore, *and live*, is unnecessary; for though the king might intend that Arthur's death should follow his blindness, yet it is plain, from Hubert's own declaration of the purport of his oath at the beginning of this scene, that the king had not yet communicated this his intention to him, and that he speaks of it only from rational conjecture.—*Heath*. Hubert observes, however, shortly afterwards,—"your uncle must not know but you are dead."

Well, take you thought how to live; adding, by implication, in the words that

follow, and think no more of your eyes, they are safe enough; see to do this or that is often us'd in this manner, and with great propriety here.—*Capell.*

[14] *Closely.*

That is, secretly, privately. So, in Albumazar, 1610, act iii. sc. 1:—"steal you *closely* into the room," &c. Again, in the Atheist's Tragedy, 1612,—"Enter Frisco *closely.*" Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Parallel:—"That when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take an out lodging at Greenwich."—*Reed.*

Sweet, never look so strange;
He shall come *closely*,—nobody shall see.
Death of R. Earle of Huntington, 1601.

[15] *This once again was once superfluous.*

This one time more was one time more than enough. John was crowned several times, and the present coronation may be best referred to that which was celebrated at Canterbury in the year 1201-2.

[16] *To gard a title that was rich before.*

To *gard*, that is, ornamented, as a garment is with fringes or gards. "Garded or purfled garments," Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593. "I garde a garmente, I sette one garde upon hym, *je bende*," Palsgrave. "Now may I were the brodered garde," King Cambises, p. 260. So, in Soliman and Perseda, 1599:—"*Piston.* But is there no reward for my false dice?—*Erastus.* Yes, sir, a *guarded* suit from top to toe." Again, in Albumazar, 1615:—"turn my ploughboy Dick to two *guarded* footmen." Again, in the Malcontent,—"You are in good case since you came to court, fool; what, *guarded, guarded!* Yes, faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament or honour, but for a badge of drudgery." The *guarded robe* is used by Massinger for the Laticlavian robe of the Roman senators. "A guarded lacky," Puritan, 1607.

[17] *They do confound their skill in covetousness.*

That is, in that covetousness or coveting of theirs to do better than well. So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:—"Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,—To mar the subject that before was well?" Again, in King Lear:—"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."—*Malone.*

[18] *The lesser is my fear.*

Then lesser, ed. 1623; *then lesse*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1684. "I have told you some reasons, in my opinion strong, and shall tell more, yet stronger; for the stronger my reasons are, the less is my fear of your disapprobation," Johnson. Tyrwhitt reads, *when lesser*, which is the common reading; but why the king should give them more and stronger reasons for his double coronation, when his fears were diminished, is not at all apparent. The strength of his fears should rather have led him at once to state his reasons explicitly.—*Anon.* The latter reading might be interpreted thus,—I shall communicate to you some more and stronger reasons when my fear of your disapprobation is less.

Capell defends the old reading, observing that *then* is, in that case; if I shall endue you (or possess you) with more, and more strong, reasons, *then* you may hold my fear to be lesser, and rather prudence than fear.

[19] *Why then your fears.*

The construction may be thus explained,—if what in quiet possession you have, you hold in right, what is the reason that your fears should move you, or, elliptically, why then is it that your fears, &c. Several critics have proposed to

transpose the words *then* and *should*, but the idiom of the original text is in accordance with the phraseology of the period.

[20] *The rich advantage of good exercise.*

In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as anywhere else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility.—*Percy.*

[21] *Between his purpose and his conscience.*

That is, between the criminal act that he planned and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. So, in Coriolanus:—"It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot." We have nearly the same expressions afterwards:—"Nay, in the body of this fleshy land (in John's own person),—Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns—Between my conscience and my cousin's death."—*Malone.*

The *purpose* of the king, which Salisbury alludes to, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished. So, when Salisbury sees the dead body of Arthur, he says—"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;—The practice and the *purpose* of the king."—*M. Mason.*

[22] *From France to England.*

That is, all in France goes from France to England; and he then goes on describing the formidable power designed for the invasion, as if every man in France were engaged in it.—*Edwards.* Another version is,—the king enquires about France; the messenger replies, turn your thoughts from France to England; for thither was the war now transferred, which was the object of his enquiry, the French being already landed.—*Pye.*

[23] *How wildly then walks my estate in France.*

So, in one of the Paston Letters,—"The country of Norfolk and Suffolk stand right *wildly*."—*Steevens.*

That is, how ill my affairs *go* in France! The verb, to *walk*, is used with great licence by old writers. It often means, to *go*, to *move*. So, in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543; "Evil words *walke* far." Again, in Fenner's Compter's Commonwealth, 1618; "The keeper, admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while," &c.—*Malone.*

[24] *And here's a prophet.*

In the old play, there is a scene between Peter the Hermit and the populace which Shakespeare has wisely disregarded. "There was in this season (1213, An. Reg. 15) an heremit whose name was Peter, dwelling about Yorke, a man in great reputation with the common people, bicause that, either inspired with some spirit of prophesie, as the people beleeved, or else having some notable skill in art magike, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. And for so much as oftentimes his saiengs prooved true, great credit was given to him as to a verie prophet. This Peter, about the first of Januarie last past, had told the king that, at the feast of the Ascension, it should come to passe that he should be cast out of his kingdome. And he offered himselfe to suffer death for it, if his prophesie prooved not true. Hereupon being committed to prison within the castell of Corf, when the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage unto King John, he was, by the king's commandement, drawne from the said castell unto the towne of Warham, and there hanged, togither with his sonne.

Some thought that he had much wrong to die, bicause the matter fell out even as he had prophesied; for the day before the Ascension-day King John had resigned the superioritie of his kingdome (as they tooke the matter) unto the Pope, and had doone to him homage, so that he was no absolute king indeed, as authors affirme. One cause, and that not the least which mooved King John the sooner to agree with the Pope, rose through the words of the said heremit, that did put such a feare of some great mishap in his hart, which should grow through the disloyaltie of his people, that it made him yeeld the sooner." Speed observes, that he was suborn'd by the Pope's legate, the French king, and the barons, for that purpose.

[25] *Five moons were seen to-night.*

To-night, last night; a common expression. This phenomenon is mentioned in the old play, in which it was represented, most likely, by tinsel in the shape of moons attached to the dark arras, the stage-direction being,—"There the five moones appeare." Shakespeare may, however, have also referred to some other source, probably Holinshed, who alludes to the circumstance of one of the moons moving round the others. "Aboute the moneth of December, there were seene in the province of Yorke fyve moones, one in the east, the seconde in the west, the thyrde in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifthe, as it were, set in the middes of the other, having many starres aboute it, and went five or sixe tymes in compassing the other, as it were the space of one houre, and shortly after vanished away," Holinshed's Chronicle, ed. 1577, p. 551. This is also alluded to afterwards in the old play.

[26] *His iron did on the anvil cool.*

The annexed curious illustration of smiths at work is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an ancient illuminated manuscript, which was executed not long after the reign of John.

[27] *Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.*

The custom of having pairs of slippers or shoes made of different shapes to fit the left and right feet, prevalent in Shakespeare's time and at the present day, had so completely gone out of fashion in the last century, that no tradition even of such a practice existed. Theobald, about the year 1720, observes on this line, "I could easily account for this in a Greek author; but do not know anything of a modern fashion with us of having shoes, or slippers, particular for one foot, and not the other." The use of the right and left shoe, which is of great antiquity, and known to the Egyptians, was revived in England some time about the year 1800. The following notes are curious as showing the history of this fashion.

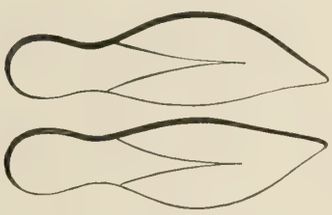
Scott, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan, by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot one;* and Davies, in one of his Epigrams, 1611, compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose, that serves each leg*."—*Farmer*. Baret, in his Alvearie, 1580, as an instance

of the word *wrong*, says:—"to put on his *shooes wrong*." Again, in A merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas, "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *right foote*. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them; but, an it please you, I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." Again, in Frobisher's Second Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataia, 1578: —"They also beheld (to their great marvaille) a dublet of canvas made after the Englishe fashion, a shirt, a girdle, three shoes for *contrarie feet*," &c. p. 21.—*Steevens*. See Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, 1703, p. 207: "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or aslant from the great toe to the little one.—*Tollet*. So, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606.—"If in a morning his shoes were put one wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Speed, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, speaks of a *left* shoe. I believe the word *contrary* was frequently accented on the second sylable, and that it was intended to be so accented here. So Spenser, in his Fairy Queen:—"That with the wind *contrary* courses sew."—*Malone*.

In an ancient tomb, known as St. Swithin's, in Winchester Cathedral, a pair of right and left soles were discovered some years ago. The legs of the wearer were enclosed in leathern boots or gaiters, sewed with neatness, the thread being still visible.

It appears from a passage in the Fleire, first printed in 1607, that sometimes shoes were made in the same shape for each foot, and were then called upright (straight) shoes,—"Looke, looke, this fellow is like your upright shoo, hee will serve eyther foot." In Donne's Paradoxes, p. 56, an *indifferent shoe* probably means the same as an upright shoe. The following note on the subject was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—

"The slippers of the Shaksperian era were made after the Oriental fashion, to *slip* on without a back-piece encircling the heel, as represented in the annexed woodcut, copied from an engraving dated 1601. The "eager haste" of the wearer might easily "thrust them on contrary feet." The fashion of shoes made to fit each foot only, was disused in Johnson's time; but had entirely prevailed for many centuries in England. Throughout the middle ages, this custom was universal, and the museum of Mr. Charles Roach Smith abounded in medieval examples obtained in London excavations. But the fashion had descended from classic times, and Roman shoes "right and left," also enriched the same collection. In the curious assemblage of sepulchral monuments, now deposited in the Vatican, and obtained from the Roman Catacombs, is one to the memory of a shoemaker, whose trade is indicated by the outline representation of a pair of shoes most decidedly made to fit "contrary feet." They were sketched from the original during a visit to Rome in 1856." It should be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted. Hence this newsmonger was under the necessity of putting on his shoes



or slippers, whether on the right or the contrary feet, before he could communicate his intelligence to his friend the smith.—*Malone.*

[28] *Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.*

"For the space of fifteene dayes, thys rumour (of Arthur's death) incessantly ranne through both the realmes of Englande and Fraunce, and there was rynging for hym through townes and villages, as it had bene for his funerals," Holinshed. According to Matthew Paris, the rumour was restricted to the continent; he observes it was current *per totum regnum Francorum*, and, *per partes transmarinas.*

[29] *No had, my lord.*

This singular colloquial idiom is well illustrated, by Mr. Arrowsmith, in the following examples:—

Fort. Oh, had I such a hat, then were I brave!—Where's he that made it?—*Sol.* Dead: and the whole world yields not a workman that can frame the like.—*Fort. No does?—Old Fortunatus.*

John. I am an elde fellowe of fifty wynter and more,
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before.
Parson. No dyd, why sayest thou so, upon thyselfe thou lyest,
Thou haste ever knowen the sacramente to be the body of Christ.—*John Bon and Mast. Parson.*

[30] *It is the curse of kings.*

Various conjectures have been made to connect this fine speech with the contemporary history of the author's country, but not one of them is supported by any evidence, nor is it in the least degree likely that any particular allusion is intended.

[31] *By slaves that take their humours for a warrant.*

There is no hint of this finely conceived speech in the corresponding scene of the old play, but Holinshed relates that Hubert de Burgh somewhat reckoned on the king's alteration of purpose,—"But through such resistance as he made agaynst one of the tormenters that came to execute the king's commaundement (for the other rather forsooke their prince and countrey than they would consent to obey the king's commaundement herein), and *such lamentable wordes as he uttered*, Hubert de Bourgh did preserve hym from that injurie, not doubting but rather to have thankes than displeasure at the kinges handes, for delyvering hym of such infamie as woulde have redounded unto his highnesse if the yong gentleman had beene so cruellye dealt with. For *he considered King John had resolved upon this poynt onely in some furie, and that afterwardes, uppon better advisement, hee woulde both repente himselfe so to have commaunded, and conne them small thanke that shoulde see it put in execution;* but yet to satisfie hys mynde for the tyme, and to staye the rage of the Brytains, he caused it to bee bruted abrode throughe the countrey that the king's commaundement was fulfilled, and that Arthure also, through sorrow and griefe, was departed out of this life," ed. 1577, p. 555.

For though the great to cover their intent,
Seem not to know if any that are ill,
Yet want they not a devilish instrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will.—*Drayton.*

[32] *Makes ill deeds done.*

Deeds ill, old eds. The ancient lection makes a poor sense, *ill* being an

adjective used for an adverb,—deeds evilly done; but, as Mr. Dyce well observes, in such passages the order of the words which are emphatically repeated is rarely, if ever, changed.

[33] *As bid me tell my tale in express words.*

That is, such an eye of doubt as bid me tell, &c. Steevens considers that *as* here means, as it often does, *as if.* Had you, says the king, speaking elliptically, turned an eye of doubt on my face, *as if* to bid me tell my tale in express words, &c.

[34] *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.*

He means to declare that his previous consent to the murder, as narrated in the third act, was insincere, and that he never intended to destroy the boy. The thought of a premeditated murder is attended with its terrors too before the actual commission. And in saying this also, Hubert would equally speak the truth; for it is evident, from the first scene of this act, that Hubert had no intention to murder Arthur, but only to burn out his eyes; an operation which, however shocking, has numerous examples in history.—*Davies.*

[35] *Throw this report on their incensed rage.*

"But when the Britains were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehementlie to worke all the mischeefe they could devise, in revenge of their sovereignes death, there was no remedie but to signifie abroad againe that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now, when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandement was not executed, sith there were diverse of his capteins which uttered in plaine words that he should not find knights to keepe his castels if he dealt so cruellie with his nephue; for if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France, or other their adversaries, they should be sure to tast of the like cup," Holinshed. The first part of the old play concludes with a speech corresponding to this, in which John hastens Hubert to proclaim the tidings of Arthur's safety to the nobles.

[36] *The wall is high, and yet I will leap down.*

Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word, *evanuit;* and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publickly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without either mentioning the manner of it, or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the nighttime, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.—*Malone.*

But now, touching the maner in verie deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundrie reports. Neverthelesse certeine it is, that, in the yeare next insuing, he was remooved from Falais unto the castell or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confesse that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that, as he assaied to have escaped out of prison, and prooving to clime over the wals of the castell, he fell into the river of Saine, and so was drowned. Other write that, through verie greefe and languor, he pined awaie and died of naturall sicknesse. But some affirme that King John secretlie caused him to be murthered and made awaie, so as it is not thoroughlie agreed upon in what sort he

finished his daies; but verelie King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthilie or not the Lord knoweth.—*Holinshed.*

[37] *Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love.*

Private witness, Dent MS. Pope understood the passage in the original, "whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters." *Private* is used as a noun in the same way that Ben Jonson used it,—"Nor must I be unmindful of my private." We understand that Count Melun had been in personal intercourse with Salisbury. He had *brought* a letter from the cardinal. When Bigot says,—"To-morrow morning let us meet him then," *him* refers to the Dauphin as the antecedent. —*Knight.*

The annexed representation of a messenger delivering a sealed letter is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an ancient illuminated MS. in the British Museum.

[38] *We will not line his thin bestained cloak.*

Sin-bestained, Perkins MS. There is a propriety in the use of the word *thin.* The king's cloak, that is, his authority, was *thin*, because not lined and strengthened with the power and honours of his nobles. The text ought not to be altered. —*Anon.*

Note the following words,—"with our pure honours." The cloak is *thin*, as well as *bestained.* The lords will not *line* its thinness, and cover its dirt, with their honourable reputation.—*Knight.*

The words *thin* and *bestained* are connected by a hyphen in all the folios, but this circumstance does not show that Shakespeare intended here to use a compound epithet, the hyphen, as Mr. Dyce has satisfactorily shown, often occurring in the old editions in cases where it can by no possibility be correctly used.

[39] *To the yet-unbegotten sin of times.*

That is, of all future times. So, in King Henry V. :—"By custom and the ordinance of *times.*" Again, in the Rape of Lucrece :

> For now against himself he sounds his doom,
> That through the length of *times* he stands disgrac'd.

Pope and the subsequent editors more elegantly read, *sins* of *time ;* but the peculiarities of Shakespeare's diction ought, in my apprehension, to be faithfully preserved.—*Malone.*

> —It is I
> Who all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
> By being worse than they.—*Cymbeline.*

[40] *Till I have set a glory to this hand.*

That is, till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed. Glory means splendor and magnificence in St. Matthew, vi. 29. So, in Markham's Husbandry, 1631, p. 353 : "But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a glory," that is, fills the banks without overflowing. A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson's Catiline, who says to Cethegus;—"When we meet again we'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praise our *hands* once!,"

Come ye you Blessed &c
Go ye you Curled &c
The of co
boke ceiues
Arise vnto deide
Come to your Judgement
Before man, lyte and death Eccles.
In all thi wokes remembre thy last,
and never wilt thou offend Eccleli.vii

that is, O! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action.—*Tollet.*

In the next act we have the following lines:—"I will not return,—Till my *attempt* so much be *glorified*—As to my ample hope was promised." The following passage in Troilus and Cressida is decisive in support of the old reading:

———Jove, let Æneas live,
If *to my sword* his fate be not the *glory*,
A thousand complete courses of the sun.—*Malone.*

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every *glory* up,
Yea, even the slightest *worship* of his time, &c.—*Henry IV.*

——Hast not thou decreed
That Ithacus should come, and *give his deed*
The glory of revenge on these and theirs?
Chapman's Homer, quoted by A. Dyce.

[41] *Your sword is bright, sir.*

So, in Othello:—"Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them." The speaker here is not really anxious that the swords should not be rusted; and still less is Falconbridge so. Othello speaks it in a kind of angry contempt of those who drew their swords in a private broil, and Falconbridge means to say, in sovereign contempt to Salisbury, You have shewn us your sword is bright, and now you may put it up again, for you shall not use it.—*Pye.*

[42] *Do not prove me so.*

In other words, do not bring me to a trial, or to the proof of it, for the consequence will be that yourself will be found a slanderer and a liar.—*Davies.* Hubert means, do not *provoke me*, or *try my patience* so. This was a common acceptation of the word. "To assay, to *prove*, to try, to tempt one to do evil," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.—*Singer.*

[43] *Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron.*

The same thought is found in King Henry V.: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine *iron*. It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese*." Again, in Fletcher's Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed:—"dart ladles, *toasting irons*,—And tongs, like thunder-bolts."—*Steevens.*

[44] *There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell.*

I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII., which Shakespeare possibly might have seen, where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot.—*Steevens.* The allusion seems to be general. The hideous faces of the devils were familiar to all at this period from the paintings on the walls of churches. There was scarcely a church in England without a painting in some form of the Last Judgement, including figures of "ugly fiends of hell."

[45] *To tug and scamble.*

Scamble is equivalent to *scramble.* "Thus sithe I have in my voyage suffred wracke with Ulisses, and wringing-wett *scambled* with life to the shore," Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, 1579.

[46] *The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.*

That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor, commonly called the maid of Bretagne, who, on her brother's death, was sent to England, and placed under rigorous but honorable confinement, that she might not, by marriage with a foreign prince, raise up a new competitor for the succession of her father.—*Malone.*

[47] *Whose cloak and cincture.*

We adopt Pope's amendment of the old text, which has *center* for "cincture," an easy misprint, when we recollect that perhaps the MS., from which the compositor printed, had the word written *ceinture*, from the French.—*Collier.*

One of the annotated folios, of no authority, reads curiously, "whose cloak and *bever*," the annotator, not making any meaning out of the original text, boldly altering it to suit his own taste.

[48] *A thousand businesses are brief in hand.*

Brief for, prevailing, abounding, in the same sense with *rife*, is at this day common in the south and west parts of England. Capell explains the line as follows,—a thousand businesses are now in hand, and ask brief despatch.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Bristol.[1] *A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again
[*Giving King John the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.[2]
Our discontented counties[3] do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,[4]

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life[5]
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.[6]
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage,[7] and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,[8]
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Near St. Edmund's-Bury.[9] *The French camp.*

Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lou. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again:[10]
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time

Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cry out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march[11]
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot[12] of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,[13]
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple[14] thee unto a pagan shore;[15]
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it[16] so unneighbourly!

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect![17]
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:[18]
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,

And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Louis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:[19]

Enter PANDULPH, *with his Retinue.*

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd-up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lou. Your grace shall pardon me,—I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,[20]
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi!, as I have bank'd their towns?[21]
Have I not here the best cards for the game,[22]
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lou. Outside or inside, I will not return,
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.— [*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd[23] sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;[24]
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;[25]
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,[26]
Thinking this[27] voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,[28]
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—[29]
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,—
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,[30]
Their needles to lances,[31] and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lou. There, end thy brave,[32] and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lou. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,

As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,—
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lou. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Near St. Edmund's-Bury. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me;—O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swineshead,[33] to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Is wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swineshead: to my litter straight;[34]
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Battle-Field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,[35]
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,[36]
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?[37]
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,[38]
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Louis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—[39]
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee:—and, beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,[40]
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence:
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right[41] in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE V.—*The French Camp, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Enter LOUIS *and his Train.*

Lou. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,[42]
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lou. Here:—what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;[43]
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Is cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.
Lou. Ah, foul shrewd news!—beshrew thy very heart!—
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lou. Well; keep good quarter[44] and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place near Swineshead Abbey.*

Enter, severally, the Bastard *and* HUBERT.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend.—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think?
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,

Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and endless night,[45]
Have done me shame :—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,—
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman,—I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:[46]
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.[47]
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?[48]
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not?[49] the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—[50]
I'll tell thee,[51] Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them,[52]
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Garden of Swineshead Abbey.*

Enter Prince HENRY,[53] SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly;[54] and his pure brain,—[55]
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here,—[56]
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* Bigot.
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance,[57] will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible;[58] and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest[59]
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT, *with* Attendants, *who bring in* King JOHN, *on a couch.*[60]

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :[61]
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;[62]
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed, to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd[63] and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And model[64] of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him ;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King Dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—but now a king,—now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems, you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd[65]
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so:—and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;[66]
For so he will'd it.[67]
Bast. Thither shall it, then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,[68]
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.[69] [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Bristol.*

The surrender of the crown by John to Pandulph, and his reception of it again as the Pope's vassal, took place on Ascension day, May 16th, 1213, at Dover, but it clearly appears, from the Bastard's first speech in the present scene, that such a locality cannot be intended, and it is necessary to amalgamate the incident of John's submission with the events that took place shortly before his death in 1216. John decamped from Dover on the approach of Louis, passing through Winchester to Bristol, where he was joined by the legate. No approach to historical accuracy can here be attained, but the present selection of a place for this scene appears that which is most consistent with the real narrative.

[2] *'Fore we are inflam'd.*

Before the rage of war shall commence, or, perhaps, before the *combustion* of invasive hostility and intestine revolt shall burst upon us.—*Seymour.*

[3] *Our discontented counties do revolt.*

Perhaps *counties*, in the present instance, do not mean the divisions of a kingdom, but lords, nobility, as in Romeo and Juliet, Much Ado About Nothing, &c.—*Steevens.*

[4] *Since you are a gentle convertite.*

A *convertite*, a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*, signified either one converted to the faith, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion. Marlowe uses the word exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert*,—" *Gov.* Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?—*Bar.* No, governour; I'll be no *convertite*," Jew of Malta, 1633.

John, who had in the former part of this play asserted, in very strong terms, the supremacy of the king of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for " the Pope, or his usurp'd authority," having now made his peace with the " holy church," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true

faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite.* The same term, in the second sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in As You Like It, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court, altered in fact from a tyrant to a penitent and a hermit." So, in the Rape of Lucrece:—"He thence departs a heavy *convertite.*"—*Malone.*

[5] *An empty casket, where the jewel of life.*

Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony, in All for Love:—"An *empty circle*, since the *jewel's* gone." The same kind of imagery is employed in King Richard II.:—

A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *chest*
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.—*Malone.*

For *where* we should now read *whence*, but there is no reason to suspect any corruption. In the old play, it is Hubert who communicates the intelligence of Arthur's death to the king, and there are no lines corresponding to the present speech of the Bastard, but there is a very graceful image in that play in Pembroke's speech on the discovery of Arthur's body,—"lo! lords, the withered flowre," &c.

[6] *So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.*

This seems strongly asserted, considering the Bastard's doubts expressed at the conclusion of the previous act; but he evidently good-naturedly wishes to shield Hubert from John's anger.

[7] *Forage, and run.*

Forage, to range abroad, which, Dr. Johnson says, is the original sense; but *fourrage*, the French source of it, is formed from the low Latin, *foderagium*, food: the sense of ranging, therefore, appears to be secondary, and is derived from the necessity of ranging far in foraging parties in quest of food.—*Nares.*

[8] *Yet, I know.*

Faulconbridge means—"for all their boasting, still I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder or more valiant, and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the king, whom he means to animate."—*Steevens.*

[9] *A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin, he says:—"Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-Bury;" and Count Melun, in this last act, says:—"and many more with me,—Upon the altar at *St. Edmund's-Bury*," &c. It appears likewise, from the Troublesome Reign of King John, that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons was at St. Edmund's-Bury.—*Theobald.*

[10] *Return the precedent to these lords again.*

That is, the rough draught of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. Thus, in King Richard III., the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, "that it took him eleven hours to write it, and that the *precedent* was full as long a doing."—*Steevens.*

[11] *Wherein we step after a stranger march.*

Shakespeare often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene,—"Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,—To *stranger* blood, to foreign royalty." So again, in Richard the Second,—"But tread the stranger paths of

banishment." The usage is common in poetry. "But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes," Rape of Lucrece.

[12] *Upon the spot of this enforced cause.*

Spot probably means, *stain* or *disgrace.* So, in a former passage:—"To look into the *spots* and stains of right." I follow the reading of the old copies, and throw the passage into parenthesis. This is what, I apprehend, the poet means,—Salisbury should say;—"I must turn aside, and weep for this stain, this disgrace of our revolt; to which we have been enforced by the king's proceedings." So, in the last speech of Salisbury to Prince Henry, the word spot again is used.—*Theobald.*

[13] *Who clippeth thee about.*

Who is here used, as in many other places, for *which.* "I clyppe, I take in myne armes, *j'embrasse;* he clyppeth me faste in his armes," Palsgrave, 1530. "To be bening, sobur, just, holy, chast, *biclipping* the feithful word that is after doctrin, that he be miȝti to exort or monest in his doctrin," Wickliffe's Apology, p. 33.

[14] *And grapple thee.*

The old copy reads—"And *cripple* thee," &c. Our author, in Macbeth, has the verb—*grapple:* "*Grapples* thee to the heart and love of us—." The emendation was made by Pope.—*Steevens.*

[15] *Unto a pagan shore.*

Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens, where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin were about to do.—*Malone.*

This wish of Salisbury's has the appearance of satire on Christian nations, living under the gospel of peace, and yet engaging in enmities more embitter'd and frequent than any a pagan world was acquainted with.—*Capell.*

[16] *And not to-spend it.*

To is a prefix to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, implying destruction or deterioration. This use of *to* in composition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but must have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakespeare. —*Steevens.*

[17] *Between compulsion and a brave respect.*

This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion, who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause,* could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.—*Warburton.*

In an old annotated copy of the third folio, *compulsion* is altered to *compassion.*

[18] *That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.*

The verb *progress,* to move on or pass forward, to advance, has long been obsolete in England, but is in common use in America. "To bestride a cloud, or progress in the chariot of the sun," Ford.

[19] *And even there, methinks, an angel spake.*

Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton, read here—"an angel *speeds,*"

unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorise him with the power of the church, he cries out, "at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel."—*Johnson.*

Rather, In what I have now said, an angel spake, my last words were prophetical; for see, the holy legate approaches to confirm them, to give a warrant from *heaven*, and the name of *right* to our cause.—*Malone.*

Thus, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, ap. Steevens,—

Hem thought it sowned in her ere,
As though that it an angell were.

"There spake an angel!", Eastward Hoe, 1605. *An angel spake* is put for—I spake with an angelical or prophetical tongue; for here the legate comes to accomplish my prophesy, by giving warrant from heaven, and so ensuring success. —*Capell.*

[20] *Acquainted me with interest to this land.*

This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time. So again, in the second part of King Henry IV.,—"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state." Again, in Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, "—in 4. R. 2. he had a release from Rose the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden before specified, of all her *interest to* the manor of Pedimore."—*Malone.*

[21] *Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns.*

Bank'd, thrown up intrenchments before. This seems to be the meaning, but in the Dauphin's speech in the old play, which is addressed to the barons, Echo is described as replying *Vive le roy* "from the hollow holes of Thamesis," the writer perhaps forgetting that Rochester, the town there alluded to, was not situated on the Thames, but on the banks of the Medway. The Dauphin landed, besieged and reduced the castle of Rochester, and hastened his march to the capital. It is this progress which is here alluded to.

[22] *Have I not here the best cards for the game.*

There is a general notion that cards were invented for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, who suffered an almost constant depression of spirits, nearly allied to insanity. This opinion was derived from an entry in an account-book of the treasurer to that unhappy king, about 1393, in which we find "fifty-six sols of Paris given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured, and of different sorts, for the diversion of his majesty." From a passage discovered in an old manuscript copy of the romance of Renard le Contrefait, it appears that cards were known in France about 1340; and there is no doubt that they were commonly used in France and Spain about the end of the fourteenth century.—*Knight.*

The annexed early and curious representation of persons playing at cards, perhaps the most ancient relic of the kind

known, is copied from an illuminated manuscript executed early in the fifteenth century.

[23] *This unhair'd sauciness.*

The printed copies, *unheard;* but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprise, savouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation "boyish troops, dwarfish war, pigmy arms," &c., which, according to my emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, that is, *unbearded* sauciness.—*Theobald.*

[24] *To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch.*

That is, make you leap over the hatch, or go out of doors. "To leape on horse-backe, to take horse," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phrase. Chapman has more than once employed it in his version of Homer. Thus, in the 22d Iliad:—"*take* the town; retire, dear son." Again, ibid.:—"and *take* the town, not tempting the rude field."—*Steevens.* So, in Massinger's Fatal Dowry, 1632:

> I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and ditch,
> Feed in my neighbour's pastures.—*Malone.*

[25] *In concealed wells.*

I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, used *concealed for concealing;* wells that afforded *concealment* and protection to those who took refuge there.—*Malone.* "Concealed wells" are wells in concealed or *obscure* situations, in places *secured from public notice.—Steevens.*

[26] *Even at the crying of your nation's crow.*

Pope, and some of the subsequent editors, read—*our* nation's crow; not remarking, observes Malone, that the Bastard is speaking of John's atchievements in France. "Even at the *crowing* of your nation's *cock*," Perkins manuscript, a violent alteration for which there is not the shadow of authority. Some editors refer the words of the text to the sound of King John's name, the *scare-crow* of the French, and Grey proposes to insert the word *scare-crow* into the text. The original text is perfectly intelligible,—to make you so afraid of the Englishmen, that you thrill and shake, even at the simple caw of your crow, mistaking it for his voice.

[27] *Thinking this voice.*

This voice, the voice or caw of the French crow. Some editors plausibly alter *this* to *his*. The misprint is common, but, in the present instance, the original text appears to make perfect sense.

[28] *O'er his aiery towers.*

The term *aiery*, generally used for the nest, means here, and in some other instances, the brood of young in the nest.

[29] *To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.*

"To leape or seaze greedily upon, to *souze* doune as a hauke," Florio. "So Perseus sowses on the horrid beast," Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609. "So ho ho! through the skies—How the proud bird flies,—And *sowcing*, kills with a grace," Sun's Darling, by Ford and Dekker.

> Even as a duck, that, nigh som crystall brook,
> Hath twice or thrice by the same hawk bin strook,

Hearing aloft her gingling silver bels,
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing els;
But when the falcon, stooping thunder-like,
With suddain *souse* her to the soyl shall strike,
And with the stroak, make on the sense-les ground,
The gut-les Quar, once, twice, or thrice rebound.—*Du Bartas.*

[30] *Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change.*

Mr. Dyce reads *chang'd*, which is perhaps an unnecessary deviation from the original text. The construction seems to be,—your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids, like Amazons come tripping after drums; they change their thimbles into armed gauntlets, &c.

[31] *Their needles to lances.*

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *needl's*, but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *neelds*, as it is frequently written in old English books. Many dissyllables are used by Shakespeare and other writers as monosyllables, though they generally appear at length in the original editions of these plays.—*Malone.*

[32] *There end thy brave.*

That under many a standarde well advanc'd,
Have bid the sweete allarmes and *braves* of love.
Peele's Farewell to the Generalls of our English Forces, 1589.

But ere the knight his message hath halfe told,
So much the gyant kings their *braves* disdaine,
That with their scornefull feet they spurne the mold,
Their browes they furrow, and their teeth they grate,
And all the Gods blaspheame, to shew their hate.
Heywood's Troia Britannica, 1609.

"If not, 'tis not your *braves* nor your affecting lookes can carrie it," Chapman's Widdowes Teares, 1612. "He will be first, because he will be first; his looks are full of darings; his voyce thunders out *braves;* hee laies downe threates insteed of wagers," Decker's Strange Horse Race, 1613.

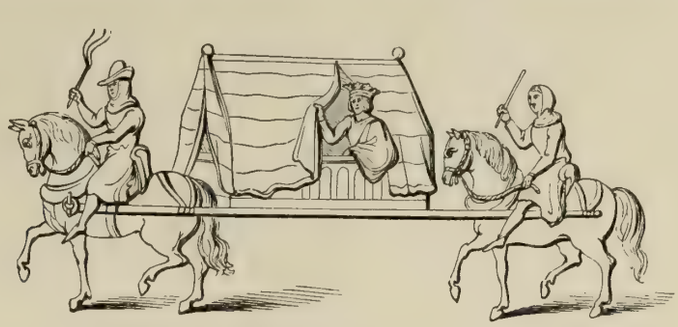
[33] *Toward Swineshead, to the abbey there.*

This place is called *Swinstead* in the old copies, an error derived from the old play, and one which also occurs in ballads of the time; but it is as well to correct it, there being places of both names within about twenty-five miles of each other, but at Swinstead there was no abbey, and all the best authorities agree that King John rested at Swineshead, where there was an abbey founded for the Cistertians by Robert de Greslie in 1134. There are no remains of the building in existence.

[34] *To my litter straight.*

Holinshed relates, after Matthew Paris, that the king "was not able to ride, but was fain to be carried in a litter, presently made of twigs, with a couch of straw under him, without any bed or pillow." Matthew of Westminster informs us that John was conveyed from the abbey of Swineshead, "in lectica equestri," —the horse-litter. The following representation of one form of this litter is from a drawing in the MS. history of the kings of France (Royal, 16 G. 6), written at the commencement of the fourteenth century. In the original the drawing appears to represent Queen Clotilde, who in her last illness was carried to Tours,

where she died.—*Knight.* Mr. Fairholt informs me that the litter represented is square, decorated with carved and painted panels; the curtains are yellow striped with red.



Lit. Is that all?—*Cro.* No, sir, shee shall have more privileges then that, to be as proud as shee list, and have new wayes to expresse it; shee shall ride up and downe in her *litter*, and have a coach, and foure horses follow after, full of gentlemen-ushers and waiting-women.—*Marmyon's Fine Companion*, 1633.

[35] *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.*

Rebellion is considered as a needle, which has been threaded for use, and Melun now advises the nobles to unthread its eye and cast it aside.

Theobald reads—*untread*, and alters *eye* to *way;* but Shakespeare in King Lear, uses the expression, "*threading* dark ey'd night." Some have supposed that the *eye* of *rebellion* was used like the *eye* of the *mind*, but Shakespeare was evidently thinking of the *eye* of a *needle.* Undo, says Melun to the English nobles, what you have done; desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged. In Coriolanus we have a kindred expression: "They would not *thread the gates.*" Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye.* He means, in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion.—*Malone.*

If Malone's last opinion be questioned, the expression "rude eye" may be interpreted as the rough passage of rebellion. Shakespeare was fond of domestic and familiar metaphors. So, in the present play,—"Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty;" and again, "Have I not here the best cards for the game."

[36] *He means to recompense the pains you take.*

The word *he* here refers to Lewis, by a common inaccuracy which makes the pronoun relate to what is understood by the context of the whole.

[37] *Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire.*

Resolveth, dissolveth. "This metall can nat be resolved without a marvayllous sharpe fyre," Palsgrave, 1530. This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised an image of wax, representing the king, which, by their sorcerie, by little and little consumed, intending thereby, in conclusion, to waste and destroy the king's person."—*Steevens.*

[38] *Paying the fine of rated treachery.*

It were easy to change *rated* to *hated*, for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine.* The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay.—*Johnson.*

[39] *For that my grandsire was an Englishman.*

There are several lines in the old play which are repeated very nearly word for

word, but the present one is adopted by Shakespeare without the slightest alteration.

[40] *Leaving our rankness and irregular course.*

Rank, as applied to water, here signifies, exuberant, ready to overflow: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate.* So, in Venus and Adonis:

> Rain added to a *river* that is *rank*,
> Perforce will force it overflow the bank.—*Malone.*

[41] *Right in thine eye.*

Right, plainly, directly, strongly indicated. "I only speak right on," Julius Cæsar. It has been proposed by various critics and annotators to alter this word to, *pight*, *fight*, *fright*, *light*, *bright*, &c. With reference to the last conjecture, it is well observed by Mr. Dyce that the lighting up of the eye is "never to be witnessed in persons who, like Melun, are dying of wounds, of exhaustion from loss of blood, in which case, the eye, immediately before death, becomes glazed and lustreless."

[42] *And wound our tattering colours clearly up.*

Tattering is used for *tattered*, the active participle employed for the passive, a practice of which there are many instances in these plays. The word is spelt *tott'ring* in the old editions, which has been accepted as used in the ordinary sense, unsteady, but *tatter* and its compounds are almost invariably written with an *o* instead of an *a* in works of the time.

[43] *By his persuasion, are again fallen off.*

The editor of the second folio, thinking that as these lords had not *before* deserted the *French* king, it was improper to say that they had "again fallen off;" substituted "—are *at length* fallen of;" not perceiving that the meaning is, that these lords had gone back again to their own countrymen, whom they had before deserted.—*Malone.*

[44] *Keep good quarter.*

That is, keep good care and watch, as in your quarter or limit. "For all you kept such a quarter, you are out of the councell of state," old ballad. "But the hangman, hearing their whispering, set up a paire of gallowes in his way, at which hee ran full-but, fell downe, brake his necke, and never since could *keepe* any *good quarter*," Decker's Strange Horse-Race, 1613.

[45] *Thou, and endless night.*

The epithet *endless* appears to be here applied to night in the sense of long-enduring, interminable, as it may well appear to a night-watcher. *Eyeless* has generally been substituted for it, a more expressive word, but having no authority. Hubert apostrophizing his imperfect recollection, observes that this, and night, had shamed him in not recognizing the Bastard. The term *eyeless* is, however, well supported by the following notes of the commentators.

Pindar calls the moon, *the eye of night.* This epithet I find in Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:—"O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death!" Again, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v.,—

> The daie made ende, and *loste his sight*,
> And comen was the darke night,
> The whiche all the daies *eie blent.*—*Steevens.*

Shakespeare has, however, twice applied the epithet *endless* to *night*, in King Richard II.:—"To dwell in solemn shades of *endless* night." Again:—"My oil-

dry'd lamp—shall be extinct with age and *endless* night." But in the latter of these passages a natural, and in the former, a kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the present passage, the epithet *endless* is inadmissible, because, if understood literally, it is false. On the other hand, *eyeless* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is also supported by our author's Rape of Lucrece:—"Poor grooms are *sightless* night; kings, glorious day."—*Malone.*

[46] *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk.*

There is no very good evidence that John died from the effects of poison, but the story was so narrated in many of the later chronicles, in the old play of King John, and in ballads of Shakespeare's time. According to Matthew Paris, he died after increasing his fever by surfeiting with peaches and new cider.

[47] *Than if you had at leisure known of this.*

That you might be able to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution in affairs which the king's death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened.—*Malone.*

[48] *Who did taste to him.*

For why, the monke the taste before him tooke,
Nor saw the king how ill it made him looke;
And therefore he a hearty draught did take,
Which of his royal life dispatch did make.
Deloney's Strange Histories, 1607.

[49] *Why, know you not?*

Sense would sanction a comma after the word *not*, but the present punctuation, which is that of the original, more clearly expresses Hubert's astonishment at the Bastard not being acquainted with that which he proceeds to mention.

[50] *And tempt us not to bear above our power.*

There hath no *temptation* taken you, but such as is common to man: but *God* is faithful, who will not suffer you to be *tempted* above that ye are able.—1 *Corinthians.*

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength.—*Milton's Comus.*

[51] *I'll tell thee.*

This phraseology, used for, "I tell thee," is not unusual. See an example at the commencement of Henry the Fifth.

[52] *These Lincoln Washes have devoured them.*

In the old play also the Bastard meets with this deplorable accident, escaping himself with difficulty upon horseback; but the circumstance really occurred to King John, in his journey from Lynn to Swineshead. Gough, in his additions to Camden's Britannia, says, the "Long Wash between Lynn and Boston was formerly travelled, and here King John lost his baggage, the memory of which is preserved by the corner of a bank between Cross-Keys Wash and Lynn, called King's Corner." He further says, "the King went from Lynn in October, 1216, in his way into Lincolnshire, and with his whole army crossed the Washes, which part the two counties. The tide coming up the Well-stream, which at high water overflows the Washes, put him in such imminent danger, that he hardly escaped with his life, having lost all his baggage. "Fluvius qui dicitur Well-streme," M. Paris, p. 287. Dr. Brady, p. 516, from Dugdale's History of

Imbanking, pp. 256, 300, says this was the river Ouse. If he means the first Wash, it was the Nene; and if the latter or small Wash, it is the Welland. The king arrived on the night of October 11th, at Swineshead, and after staying there a day or two, set out on horseback for Sleaford, the castle of which was at that time in his hands. He was forced to betake himself to a litter, and in Sleaford was roughly handled by a dysentery. Next day he was carried to Newark Castle, then also in his hands, where he died a few days after. It is admitted by all authors who have written the account of the reign and actions of this king, that he certainly did cross both the Washes. The distance from the first or Great Wash to the above place is about twenty miles; to Sleaford castle eleven more; and from thence to Newark, the distance would be about twenty miles, making the total of little more than fifty miles upon this line, from his first entrance in Lincolnshire, until he reached the final termination of his life and journey together at Newark."

[53] *Enter Prince Henry.*

This young prince was then only in his tenth year, while he is introduced as speaking like a young man, an oversight of the old play which Shakespeare was not at pains to correct, no doubt considering that dramatic laws were sufficient to sanction its retention.

[54] *Is touch'd corruptibly.*

That is, corruptively. Such was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age. So, in his Rape of Lucrece:—"The Romans plausibly did give consent;" that is, with acclamations. Here we should now say, plausively.—*Malone.*

[55] *And his pure brain.*

The infectious drinke fum'd up into his head,
And through the veines unto the heart it spread,
Distempering then the *pure* unspotted *braine*,
That doth in man his memorie maintaine.
Deloney's Lamentable Death of King John.

[56] *Into the orchard here.*

The term *orchard* is now exclusively applied to a garden or field planted with fruit trees, but, in Shakespeare's time, the term was often, as in the present instance, applied to a garden generally.

[57] *In their continuance.*

Continuance, that is, continuity. Bacon uses it in that sense also. So Baret, "If the disease be of any *continuance*, if it be an old and settled disease." Malone proposed to read "in *thy* continuance."—*Singer.* The continuation of Warner's historical poem is entitled, the Continuance of Albions England, 1606.

[58] *Leaves them invisible.*

Invisible is here used adverbially. Death, having glutted himself with the ravage of the almost wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds, from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisibly;* that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot precisely mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or, in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady, begins to be disturbed. Our poet, in his Venus and Adonis, calls Death, "*invisible* commander." Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in

the present scene. Our author has, in many other passages in his plays, used adjectives adverbially. So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "Was it not meant damnable in us," &c. Again, in King Henry IV., "— ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient." Compare also Milton,—"Nature boon pour'd forth *profuse*." . . . "*Sole* reigning holds the tyranny of heaven." . . . "The torrid clime smote on him *sore* besides."—*Malone.*

Various alterations of the word *invisible* have been proposed in the line in the text, which is, however, probably correct. A transposition of the term to *after* the word *siege*, placing a semicolon after *them*, would fulfil the conditions of sense and metre. The substitutes that have been proposed are, *insensible*, *invincible*, and *unvisited*. Mr. Collier, in support of the old reading, refers to the subsequent line in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, where, in the edit. 4to, 1606, we read thus appositely:

> These cowards *invisibly* assail his soul,
> And threaten conquest of our sovereign.

[59] *To set a form upon that indigest.*

The term *indigest* is here used as a substantive, that indigested or disorderly state. Shakespeare had probably in his mind the words of Ovid,—rudis indigestaque moles—thus translated by Golding, 1587,—

> Which Chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap,—
> No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the *shapeless* world did view.

[60] *King John on a couch.*

The usual stage-direction is, "in a chair," that in the early editions being merely, "John brought in." It seems more natural that the king should now be introduced in a reclining position. In the old play, John says to the Bastard,—"Philip, a chaire, and by and by a grave."

[61] *That all my bowels crumble up to dust.*

> Then felt the King an extreame griefe to growe
> Through *all his entrails*, poyson wrought it so:
> Whereby he knew, through anguish he then felt,
> The monks with him had treacherously delt.
> *Deloney's Lamentable Death of King John.*

[62] *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw.*

See the speech in the old play, commencing,—"Philip, some drinke; Oh, for the frozen Alpes," &c. The author of the play called Lust's Dominion, attributed to Marlowe, but certainly not written until several years after that author's death in 1593, has copied the line in the text almost verbally,—

> O, I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
> *Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,*
> And made a frost within me.

So, in Decker's Guls Hornbook, 1609,—"but if, as it often happens, unless the year catch the sweating sickness, the morning, like charity waxing cold, *thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosom*, pinching thee black and blue with her nails made of ice, like an invisible goblin." Again, in a pamphlet entitled the Great Frost, Cold Doings, &c., in London, 1608;—"The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms."—*Steevens.*

> O, poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,
> Fetch me some *water* for my *burning breast*,
> To *cool* and *comfort* me with longer date.—*Tamburlaine*, 1591.

The old play appears to be copied in a speech in the Valentinian of Beaumont and Fletcher,—"Drink, drink, drink, colder, colder than snow on Scythian mountains."

[63] *The tackle of my heart is crack'd.*

So, in the old ballad on the death of King John, printed in Deloney's Strange Histories, 1607,—

The grones he gave did make all men to wonder;
He cast as if his heart would split in sunder.

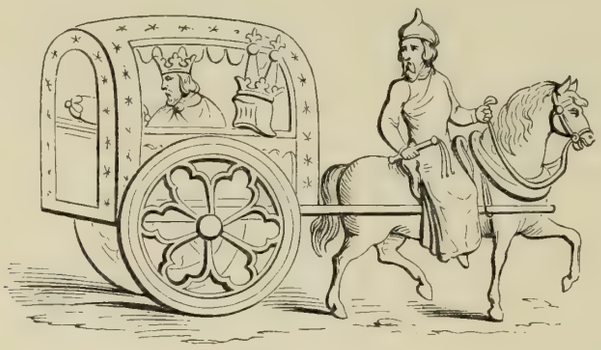
And, afterwards,—"My vaines in peeces cracke."

[64] *And model of confounded royalty.*

Module, old eds. *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were, in our author's time, only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for a *representation;* as Bullokar explains it, 1616, "the platform, or form of any thing." So, in the London Prodigal, 1605:—"Dear copy of my husband! O let me kiss thee! (*Kissing a picture.*)—How like him is this *model?*"—*Malone.*

[65] *Many carriages.*

In the Archæologia, there is a history of carriages in England, by Markland, illustrated by engravings, among which is one copied from a very valuable MS. formerly in the Roxburghe Library, entitled Le Roman du Roy Meliadus, written at the close of the fourteenth century. The elegant form of the wheel of this carriage (similar to what, in architecture, is called a Catherine wheel) deserves particular notice.—*Knight.*



The following note is by Mr. Fairholt,—"the waggon or *chare* used by royalty when travelling is represented in the annexed engraving. In it sits the king with his helmet beside him; a cushion is placed to lean on behind; the vehicle is studded with painted stars, and the wheel is of very elegant design. The driver sits upon the horse, and carries a whip of three thongs, similar to those used by the earlier Saxons."

[66] *At Worcester must his body be interr'd.*

"In crastino Sancti Lucæ Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newark obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigorniensi inter corpora sancti Oswaldi et sancti Wolstani," Chronic. sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstaple, i., 173. The original interment of King John took place before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Lady's Chapel, between the sepulchres of the Saints Oswald and Wulstan. The royal coffin, when in this locality, was probably let into the floor, the top of it being

level with the pavement, the sculptured figure of the king, the effigy now on the tomb, being placed on the coffin as its covering. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the king's sepulchre was removed from the Lady's Chapel to the upper end of the choir near the altar, when the coffin was placed on the pavement and a tomb erected over it to support the effigy. The memory of the ancient interment is preserved by the small statues of Oswald and Wulstan, each swinging a censer, which are placed in a recumbent position one on each side of the king's head. John holds a sceptre in his right hand, and in his left is a sword, the point of which enters the mouth of a lion which lies at his feet. The coffin was opened in the year 1797, and the body of the king was found, on examination, to have been interred in a dress like that represented on the effigy, excepting that on the skull in the coffin was found to be the celebrated monk's cowl in which, as a passport through the regions of purgatory, he is recorded to have been buried.

[67] *For so he will'd it.*

This circumstance is not mentioned in the old play, and is questioned by Holinshed, but it is a fact that was derived by Shakespeare from some other source, for there is no doubt of its correctness. In his dying moments, according to Matthew Paris, the king had committed his soul to God and St. Wulstan, the chosen saint by whose remains most other accounts agree in stating he desired to repose.

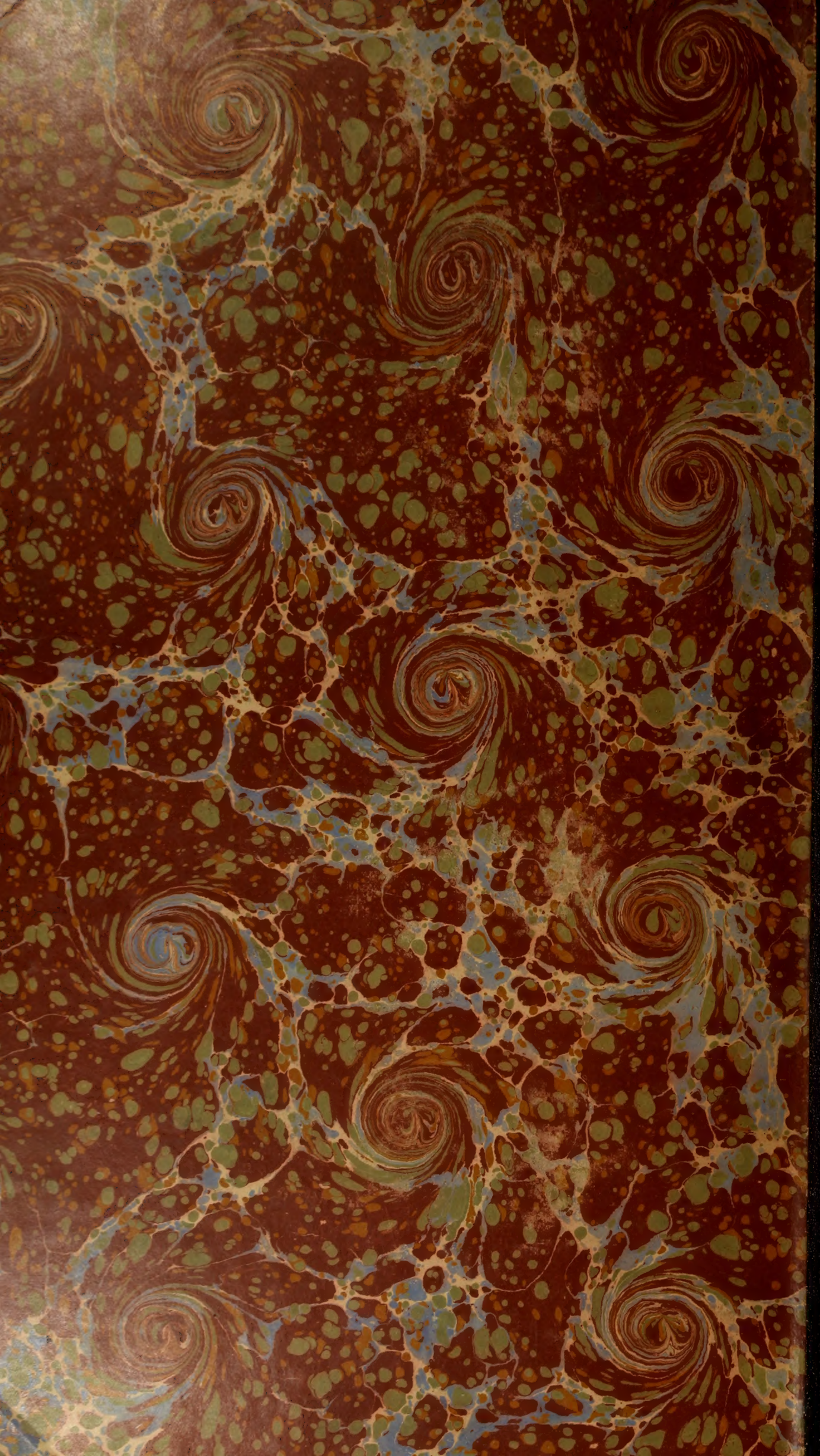
[68] *O, let us pay the time but needful woe.*

Do not let us indulge in superfluous grief, and pay that tribute to Time, from which we have already received so much woe.

[69] *If England to itself do rest but true.*

This trite sentiment is found in various early English works. Andrew Borde, in his Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, says, "they (the English) fare sumptuously; God is served in their churches devoutli, but treason and deceit amonge them is used craftyly, the more pitie, *for if they were true wythin themselves, they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them,* specialli now consydering our noble prince (Henry VIII.) hath and dayly dothe make noble defences, as castells," &c. Again, in a Discourse of Rebellion drawn forth for to warne the Wanton Wittes how to kepe their Heads on their Shoulders, by T. Churchyard, 12mo. 1570:—

> O Britayne bloud, marke this at my desire—
> If that you sticke together as you ought,
> This lyttle yle may set the world at nought.—*Steevens.*

A ballad, "Eche wyght that ys to Englonde tru," is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company under the date of 1570-1. "Yet maugre all, if we ourselves are true,—We may despise what all the earth can do," Fuimus Troes, 1633. "England is safe, if true within itself," Third Part of Henry the Sixth. "Let England be true within itselfe," True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, 1595. See the last two lines of the old play of King John, and two others, still more similar to the above, in the last speech in that drama.

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